



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07607779 5

1

.

.

.

.



[REDACTED]

-

L

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

SELECT
BRITISH CLASSICS:

VOL. XXXII.

2
33

[REDACTED]

.

.

.

TO NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



1000

1

THE

W O R L D.

BY ADAM FITZ-ADAM. *pages*

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL F. BRADFORD, NO. 4, SOUTH THIRD
ST. AND JOHN CONRAD & CO. NO. 30, CHESNUT ST.
(TESSON AND LEE, PRINTERS.)

.....
1803.



TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,

THAT I presume to dedicate the first volume of *THE WORLD* to your Lordship, will I hope be forgiven me. It is not enough that I can flatter myself with having been frequently honoured with your correspondence; I would insinuate it to the public, that under the sanction of your Lordship's name, I may hope for a more favourable reception from my readers.

If it should be expected upon this occasion, that I should point out which papers are your Lordship's, and which my own, I must beg to be excused; for while, like the Cuckow in the fable, I am mixing my note with the Nightingale's, I cannot resist the vanity of crying out, "How sweetly we birds sing!"

If I knew of any great or amiable qualification that your Lordship did not really possess, I would (according to the usual custom of dedications) bestow it freely: but still I am otherwise instructed, I shall rest satisfied with paying my most grateful acknow-

DEDICATION.

ledgments to your Lordship, and with subscribing
myself,

Your Lordship's

Obliged and

Most obedient Servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

MEMOIRS

OF

EDWARD MOORE, Esq.

THE subject of these memoirs was distinguished for the elegance of his person; the brilliancy of his mental endowments; and for these productions which they enabled him to produce; and which at this moment rank high in the estimation of such, who prefer the sterling of wit, satire, and invention, where they find it enriching the page, sacred to virtue and morality; where the rational amusement of the adult is considered, and where the dearest interests of the rising generation are ensured.

Our hero, it report errs not, passed some of his early years behind the counter; but his choice by no means taking to muslins and cambricks; and perhaps no adept in that kind of small talk, which forms the chief qualification of those who vend them, he resigned the ell and the yard, and took up the quill; which he held with credit to himself, and advantage to society.

While very young, Mr. Moore became enamoured with Miss Hamilton, whose father filled the office of table-decker to the princesses; in a little time they were united, and it was generally allowed that a finer pair never appeared at the altar of Hymen.

Death, who puts in his claim, regardless of the hour of human existence, its blessings, or its ties, suffered not this victim to witness many years of wedded felicity ; a few only were elapsed when he took an eternal leave of a young and beautiful partner, whom he left with one pledge of their mutual affection, the image of his father.

Mrs. Moore is at this time employed about the Queen's person at St. James's ; her son died abroad in his eighteenth year ; and thus may be said to have resembled his father in fate as well as form.

Mrs. Duck, a maiden lady, daughter to the Rev. Mr. Duck, patronized by Queen Caroline, who now resides at Kew, house-keeper to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, was the intimate friend and companion of Miss Hamilton at the time of her marriage. In several poetical effusions Miss H. had displayed an elegance of mind and talent, which called the admiration of the polite circles where she was well known, and as well respected. One of these, entitled ' Miss Jenny to Miss Duck,' printed from a copy given by the author to a friend, we lay before the reader.

MISS JENNY TO MISS DUCK.

I.

Would you think it, my Duck, for the fault I will own,
Your Jenny at last is quite covetous grown ;
For millions if fortune would lavishly pour,
I still should be wretched, if I had not MORE.

II.

As gay as I am, could I spend half my days
In dances, and operas, ridottos and plays,
Her fate your poor Jenny with tears would deplore
For alas ! my poor girl, what were these without MORE.

III.

'Tis the same thing with pleasures, with money, and me,
 And I think I shall never be happy again.
 I have dangles and orators, and lovers good store,
 And yet, like true woman, I still sigh for MORE.

IV.

Mamma, she cries, Jenny, why all this ado,
 You may have a husband, you know, child, or two ;
 But I pouted and whimper'd, and fretted and swore,
 That I would not have one, if I could not have MORE.

V.

Tho' the fools I despise, should censure my fame,
 Yet I am as wise as some fools I could name ;
 I but worship the idol which others adore,
 For they that have husbands would gladly have MORE.

VI.

Now in spite of this craving I vow and protest,
 That avarice never had place in my breast ;
 I swear I'd not envy the miser his store,
 If I had but enough for myself and one MORE.

VII.

You will wonder, dear Duck, who this charmer can be,
 Whose merit could boast such a conquest as me ;
 But you shan't know his name, tho' I told you before,
 It begins with an M. and I durstn't say MORE.

As a poetical and prose-writer, Mr. Moore is equally worthy of our warmest encomiums. His tragedy of the Gamester is an offering to nature, and a lesson to the unguarded. A love of play involves every nobler faculty, and destroys every domestic comfort ; a truth forcefully exemplified in this impressive drama,

where the man of virtue, the affectionate husband, the tender father, and the worthy brother, becomes lost to himself, by indulging a propensity which leads from crime to suicide.

It has been said, that Mr. Moore was assisted in his *Gamester* by his lady; but we are well assured that all the aid she gave him was in a song, of which, having lost the copy, it is here given from memory.

When Damon languish'd at my feet,
And I believ'd him true,
The moments of delight how sweet,
Yet ah! how swift they flew.
The sunny hill, the flowery vale,
The garden, and the grove,
Have listen'd to his artful tale,
And vows of endless love.

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize,
And left her to complain,
To talk of joys with weeping eyes,
And measure time by pain;
Yet heav'n will take the mourner's part,
In pity to despair,
And the last sigh that rends her heart,
Shall waft the spirit there!

The *Gamester* is written in animated prose, which is surely much better calculated than blank verse to produce effect, and give Nature to a tale of woe. It was first performed at Drury-Lane Theatre in 1753; but, notwithstanding its strong recommendations in respect to fable, plot, and character, it was not, for reasons disgraceful to *that* day, received with a general welcome: to the honour of the present, however, it ranks as a favourite.

Besides this tragedy, Mr. Moore was the author of *two comedies*: one entitled *Gil Blas*, taken from the *Story of Aurora*, in the Spanish novel of that name,

nd which was first acted at Drury-Lane in 1751; the other, *The Foundling*, brought out at the same Theatre three years before.

Had our Author produced only his *Gamester*, and his *Fables for the Female Sex*, his literary fame would have been established. His *Female Seducers*, and *Sparrow and Dove*, are not inferior to the best of Gay's admirable fictions.

In the year 1753, Mr. Moore commenced a weekly miscellaneous paper, entitled *THE WORLD*, by Adam Fitz-Adam, in which undertaking he was assisted by Lord Chesterfield*, H. Walpole, D. Bellamy, and others. This work was afterwards published in four volumes a little before his death, which was sudden, and happened on the 28th of February, 1757.

* Lord Chesterfield's papers are distinguished by four **A's** in the margins.

T H E
W O R L D.



No. I. THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1753.

Nihil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena :
Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palanteis quærere vitæ.
Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
Nocteis atque dies niti præstante labore
Ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri.

LUCRET.

“ AT the village of Aronche, in the province of Estremadura (says an old Spanish author) lived Gonzales de Castro, who from the age of twelve to fifty was deaf, dumb and blind. His cheerful submission to so deplorable a misfortune, and the misfortune itself, so endeared him to the village, that to worship the Holy Virgin, and to love and serve Gonzales, were considered as duties of the same importance; and to neglect the latter was to offend the former.

“ It happened one day, as he was sitting at his door, and offering up his mental prayers to St. Jago, that he found himself, on a sudden, restored to all the privileges he had lost. The news ran quickly through the village, and old and young, rich and poor, the busy and the idle thronged round him with congratulations.

“ But, as if the blessings of this life were only given us for afflictions, he began in a few weeks to lose the relish of his enjoyments, and to repine at the pos-

session of those faculties, which served only to discover to him the follies and disorders of his neighbour and to teach him that the intent of speech was to often to deceive.

" Though the inhabitants of Aronche were as honest as other villagers, yet Gonzales, who had formed his ideas of men and things from their nature at Aronche, grew offended at their manners. He saw the avarice of the age, the prodigality of youth, the quarrels of brothers, the treachery of friends, the frauds of lovers, the insolence of the rich, the knavery of the poor, and the depravity of all. These, as he saw and heard, he spoke of with complaint; and endeavoured by the gentlest admonitions to excite men to goodness."....

From this place the story is torn out to the last paragraph, which says, " That he lived to a comfortable old age, despised and hated by his neighbours for pretending to be wiser and better than themselves and that he breathed out his soul in these memorable words: " That he who would enjoy many friends and live happy in the world, should be deaf, dumb, and blind to the follies and vices of it."

If candour, humility, and an earnest desire of instruction and amendment, were not the distinguishing characteristics of the present times, this simple story had silenced me as an author. But when every day's experience shews me, that our young gentlemen of fashion are lamenting at every tavern the follies of their natures, and confessing to one another whose daughters they have ruined, and whose wives they have corrupted; not by way of boasting, as some have ignorantly imagined, but to be reprov'd and amended by their penitential companions: when we observe too, from an almost blameable degree of modesty, they accuse themselves of more vices than they have constitutions to commit, I am led by a kind

impulse to this work ; which is, indeed, to be a public repository for the real frailties of those young gentlemen, in order to relieve them from the necessity of such private confessions.

The present times are no less favourable to me in another very material circumstance. It was the opinion of our ancestors, That there are few things more difficult, or that required greater skill and address, than the speaking properly of one's self....But if by speaking properly be meant speaking successfully, the art is now as well known among us as that of printing, or of making gun-powder.

Whoever is acquainted with the writings of those eminent practitioners in physic, who make their appearance either in hand-bills, or in the weekly or daily papers, will see clearly that there is a certain and invariable method of speaking of one's self to every body's satisfaction. I shall therefore introduce my own importance to the public, as near as I can, in the manner and words of those gentlemen ; not doubting of the same credit, and the same advantages.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO be spoke with every Thursday, at Tully's Head, in Pall-Mall, Adam Fitz-Adam ; who, after forty years travel through all the parts of the known and unknown world ; after having investigated all the sciences, acquired all languages, and entered into the deepest recesses of nature and the passions, is, at last, for the emolument and glory of his native country, returned to England, where he undertakes to cure all the diseases of the human mind. He cures lying, cheating, swearing, drinking, gaming, avarice, and ambition in the men ; and envy, slander, coquetry, prudery, vanity, wantonness, and inconstancy in the women. He undertakes, by a safe, pleasant, and

speedy method, to get husbands for young maids, and good-humour for old ones. He instructs wives, after the easiest and newest fashion, in the art of pleasing, and widows in the art of mourning. He gives common sense to philosophers, candour to disputants, modesty to critics, decency to men of fashion, and frugality to tradesmen. For farther particulars enquire at the place above-mentioned, or of any of the kings and princes in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America.

N. B. The doctor performs his operations by lenitives and alteratives; never applying corrosives but when inveterate ill habits have rendered gentler methods ineffectual.

Having thus satisfied the public of my amazing abilities, and having, no doubt, raised its curiosity to an extraordinary height, I shall descend, all at once, from my Doctorial dignity, to address myself to my readers as the author of a weekly paper of amusement, called *THE WORLD*.

My design in this paper is to ridicule, with novelty and good-humour, the fashions, follies, vices, and absurdities of that part of the human species which calls itself the World; and to trace it through all its business, pleasures, and amusements. But though my subjects will chiefly confine me to the town, I do not mean never to make excursions into the country; on the contrary, when the profits of these lucubrations shall have enabled me to set up a one-horse chair, I shall take frequent occasions of inviting my reader to a seat in it, and of driving him to scenes of pure air, tranquillity, and innocence, from smoke, hurry, and intrigue.

There are only two subjects which, as matters stand at present, I shall absolutely disclaim touching upon; and these are religion and politics. The for-

anner of them seems to be so universally practised, and the latter so generally understood, that to enforce the one, or to explain the other, would be to offend the whole body of my readers. To say truth, I have serious reasons for avoiding the first of these subjects. A weak advocate may ruin a good cause: and if religion can be defended by no better arguments than some I have lately seen in the public papers and magazines, the wisest way is to say nothing about it. In relation to politics I shall only observe, that the minister is not yet so thoroughly acquainted with my abilities as to trust me with his secrets. The moment he throws aside his reserve, I shall throw aside mine, and make the public as wise as myself.

My readers will, I hope, excuse me, if hereafter they should find me very sparing of mottoes to these essays. I know very well that a little Latin or Greek to those who understand no language but English, is both satisfactory and entertaining: it gives an air of dignity to a paper, and is a convincing proof that the author is a person of profound learning and erudition. But in the opinion of those who are in the secret of such mottoes, the custom is, as Shakspeare says, "more honoured in the breach than the observance;" a motto being generally chosen after the essay is written, and hardly ever having affinity to it through two pages together. But the truth is, I have a stronger reason for declining this custom: it is, that the follies I intend frequently to treat of, and the characters I shall from time to time exhibit to my readers, will be such as the Greeks and Romans were entirely unacquainted with.

It may perhaps be expected, before I dismiss this paper, that I should take a little notice of my ingenious brother authors, who are obliging the public with their daily and periodical labours. With all these gentlemen I desire to live in peace, friendship, and good neighbourhood; or if any one of them shall think pro-

per to declare war against me unprovoked, will not insist upon my taking farther notice than only to say, as the old serjeant did to who was beating him, " I beseech your Honour not to hurt yourself."

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE WORLD.

WHEREAS it is expected that the title of this Paper will occasion certain quips, cranks, and jests at the Bedford and other coffee-houses in London, this is therefore to give notice, that the words *a sad world...a vain world...a dull world...a trifling world...an ignorant world...or that, I hate the world...am weary of the world...sick of the world*, or phrases to that effect, applied to this Paper, shall be voted, and heard them, to be without wit, humour, or sense, and to be treated accordingly.



No. II. THURSDAY, JANUARY

IT is an observation of Lord Bacon, that the fame of Cicero, Seneca, and the Younger scarce lasted to this day, or at least not so long as they had not been joined with some vanity and ostentation in themselves: for boasting (continues that great philosopher) seems to be like varnish, that not only rubs off, but lasts not.

How greatly are the moderns obliged to the ancients for giving another reason for the superiority of merit! These have taken care, it seems, to lay on their

extremely thick, that common wood has been mistaken for ebony, and ebony for enamel.

But if the ancients owe all their reputation to their skill in varnishing, as no doubt they do, it appears very wonderful, that while the art remains, it should be so totally neglected by modern authors; especially when they experience every day, that for want of this covering, the critics, in the shape of worms, have eat into their wood, and crumbled it to powder.

But to treat this matter plainly, and without a figure, it is most certainly owing to the bashfulness of the moderns that their works are not held in higher estimation than those of the ancients. And this, I think, will be as apparent as any other truth, if we consider for a moment the nature and office of the people called Critics. It is the nature of these people to be exceedingly dull; and it is their office to pronounce decisively upon the merit and demerit of all works whatsoever. Thus, chusing themselves into the said office, and happening to set out without taste, talents, or judgment, they have no way of guessing at the excellency of an author, but from what the said author has been graciously pleased to say of it himself: and as most of the moderns are afraid of communicating to the public all that passes in their hearts on that subject, the critics, mistaking their reserve for a confession of weakness, have pronounced sentence upon their works,...That they are good for nothing. Nor is it matter of wonder that they proceed in this method; for by what rule of reason should a man expect the good word of another, who has nothing to say in favour of himself?

To avoid therefore the censure of the critics, and to engage their approbation, I take this early opportunity of assuring them, that I have the pleasure of standing extremely high in my own opinion; and if I do not think proper to say with Horace,

Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

or with Ovid,

Jamque opus incepi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

it is, because I chuse to temper vanity with humility; having sometimes found that a man may be too arrogant as well as too humble; though it must always be acknowledged that in affairs of enterprize, which require strength, genius, or activity, assurance will succeed where modesty will fail.

To set forth the utility of blending these two virtues, and to exemplify in a particular instance the superiority of assurance, as I began my first paper with a tale, I shall end this with a fable.

Modesty, the daughter of Knowledge, and Assurance, the offspring of Ignorance, met accidentally upon the road; and as both had a long way to go, and had experienced from former hardships that they were alike unqualified to pursue their journey alone, they agreed, notwithstanding the opposition in their natures, to lay aside all animosities, and, for their mutual advantage, to travel together. It was in a country where there were no inns for entertainment; so that to their address, and to the hospitality of the inhabitants, they were continually to be obliged for provision and lodging.

Assurance had never failed getting admittance to the houses of the great; but it had frequently been her misfortune to be turned out of doors at a time when she was promising herself an elegant entertainment, or a bed of down to rest upon: Modesty had been excluded from all such houses, and compelled to take shelter in the cottages of the poor; where, though she had leave to continue as long as she pleased, a truss of straw had been her usual bed, and roots

the coarsest provision her constant repast. But as both, by this accidental meeting, were become friends and fellow-travellers, they entertained hopes of assisting each other, and of shortening the way by dividing the cares of it.

Assurance, who was dressed lightly in a summer silk and short petticoats, and who had something commanding in her voice and presence, found the same easy access as before to the castles and palaces upon the way; while Modesty who followed her in a russet gown, speaking low, and casting her eyes upon the ground, was, as usual, pushed back by the porter at the gate, until introduced by her companion; whose fashionable appearance and familiar address got admission for both.

And now, by the endeavours of each to support the other, their difficulties vanished, and they saw themselves the favourites of all companies, and the parties of their pleasures, festivals, and amusements. The sallies of Assurance were continually checked by the delicacy of Modesty; and the blushes of Modesty were frequently relieved by the vivacity of Assurance; who, though she was sometimes detected at her old pranks, which always put her companion out of countenance, was yet so awed by her presence, as to stop short of offence.

Thus in the company of Modesty, Assurance gained that reception and esteem which she had vainly hoped for in her absence; while Modesty, by means of her new acquaintance, kept the best company, feasted upon delicacies, and slept in the chambers of state. Assurance indeed, had in one particular the ascendancy over her companion; for if any one asked Modesty whose daughter she was, she blushed and made no answer; while Assurance took the advantage of her silence, and imposed herself upon the world as the offspring of Knowledge.

In this manner did the travellers pursue their journey; Assurance taking the lead through the great towns and cities, and apologizing for the rusticity of her companion; while Modesty went foremost through the villages and hamlets, and excused the odd behaviour of Assurance, by presenting her as a courtier.

It happened one day, after having measured a tedious length of road, that they came to a narrow river, which by a hasty swell had washed away the bridge that was built over it. As they stood upon the bank, casting their eyes upon the opposite shore, they saw at a little distance a magnificent castle, and a crowd of people inviting them to come over. Assurance, who stopped at nothing, throwing aside the covering from her limbs, plunged almost naked into the stream, and swam safely to the other side. Modesty offended at the indecency of her companion and diffident of her own strength, would have declined the danger; but being urged by Assurance and deterred for her cowardice by the people on the other side, she unfortunately ventured beyond her depth; as oppressed by her fears, as well as entangled by her cloaths, which were bound tightly about her, immediately disappeared, and was driven by the current none knows whither. It is said, indeed, that she was afterwards taken up alive by a fisherman upon the English coast, and that shortly she will be brought to the metropolis, and shewn to the curious of both sexes with the surprising Oronoto Savage, and the wonderful Panther-Mare.

Assurance, not in the least daunted, pursued her journey alone; and though not altogether as successfully as with her companion, yet having learned in particular companies, and upon particular occasions, to assume the air and manner of Modesty, she was received kindly at every house; and at last arriving at the end of her travels, she became a very great lady.

seto be the first maid of honour to the queen of
ntry.



No. III. THURSDAY, JANUARY 18.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

IF I had an inclination and ability to do the
deest thing upon earth to the man I hated, I would
him under the necessity of borrowing money of a
ad.

ou are to know, Sir, that I am curate of a parish
in ten miles of town, at forty pounds per annum ;
I am five-and-thirty years old, and that I have a
and two children. My father, who was a clergy-
of some note in the country, unfortunately died
after I came from college, and left me master
eventeen hundred pounds. With this sum, which
ought a very great one, I came up to town, took
gings in Leicester-Fields, put a narrow lace upon
frock, learned to dance of Denoyer, bought my
es of Tull, my sword of Becket, my hat of Wag-
, and my snuff-box of Deard. In short, I entered
the spirit of taste, and was looked upon as a fashi-
ble young fellow. I do not mean that I was really
according to the town acceptance of the term ;
I had as great an aversion to infidelity, libertinism,
nings, and drunkenness, as the most unfashionable
n alive. All that my enemies, or, what is more,
that my friends can say against me, is, that in my
sa, I had rather imitated the coxcomb than the
ren; that I preferred good company to reading the

fathers; that I liked a dinner at a tavern better than at a private house; that I was oftener at the than at evening prayers; that I usually went to the play to the tavern again; and that in five years time I spent every shilling of my fortune. I may also add, if they please, as the climax of my lies, that when I was worth nothing myself, I married the most amiable woman in the world without any to her fortune, only because we loved each other to distraction, and were miserable asunder.

To the whole of this charge I plead guilty; I have most heartily repented of every article of it except the last; I am indeed a little apprehensive my wife is my predominant passion, and that I shall carry it with me to the grave.

I had contracted an intimacy at college with a young fellow, whose taste, age, and inclinations were exactly suited to my own. Nor did this intimacy with our studies; we renewed it in town; and as our fortunes were pretty equal, and both of us our masters, we lodged in the same house, dressed in the same manner, followed the same diversions, spent our time as we had, and were ruined together. My friend, who was a genius, was more enterprising than mine, steered his course to the West Indies, while I entered into orders at home, and was ordained to the curacy abovementioned.

At the end of two years I married, as I told you before; and being a wit as well as a parson, I increased my income by a shift by pamphlets, poems, sermons, and surplice fees, to encrease my income to about a hundred a year.

I think I shall pay a compliment to my wife's economy, when I assure you, that notwithstanding the narrowness of our fortune, we did not run out above ten pounds a year: for if it be considered that we had both been used to company and good living; that

est part of our income was precarious, and consequently if we starved ourselves we were not sure of laying up; that as an author I was vain, and as a parson ambitious; always imagining that my wit would induce me to the minister, or my orthodoxy to the pople; and exclusive of these circumstances, if it also considered that we were generous in our natures, and charitable to the poor, it will be rather a wonder that we spent so little.

t is now five years and a quarter since our marriage; in all which time I have been running in debt without a possibility of helping it. Last Christmas I made a survey of my circumstances, and had the mortification to find that I was fifty one pounds fifteen shillings worse than nothing. The uneasiness I felt in this discovery determined me to sit down and write a tragedy. I soon found a fable to my mind, and was making a considerable progress in the work, when I received intelligence that my old friend and companion was just returned from Jamaica, where he married a planter's widow of immense fortune, and her, and farmed out the estate she had left him for two thousand pounds a-year upon the exchange of land.

rejoiced heartily at this news, and took the first opportunity of paying my congratulations upon so happy an occasion. As I was dressed for this visit in clean canonicals, my friend, who, possibly, had conceived the idea of a good living with a good case, received me with the utmost complaisance and humour; and after having testified his joy at my return, desired to be informed of my fortune and management. I gave him a particular account of all that had happened to me since our separation; and concluded with a very blunt request, that he would send me fifty guineas to pay my debts with, and to

make me the happiest curate within the bills of mortality.

As there was something curious in my friend's answer to this request, I shall give it to you word for word, as near as I can remember it; making the whole speech in *italics*, that my own interruption may not be mistaken.

Fifty guineas ! And so you have run yourself in fifty-two pounds ten shillings ! Within a very trifling sum. Ay, ay, I mean so. Fifty guineas is the sum you want, and perhaps you would think it hard if I refused to lend it. I should indeed. I knew you would. Let me go (going to the escritoire.) Can you change me a hundred pound note ? Who I, Sir ? You surprize me. John ! (enters John) get change for a hundred pound note : I want to lend this gentleman some money.... No, no ; I shan't want you (exit John.) I believe I have forty guineas in my pocket. You may get the other forty somewhere else. One, two, three.... Ay, there are forty guineas. And pray, Sir, when do you intend to pay me ? I had rather be excused, Sir, from troubling you ; I did not expect to be so mortified. Extravagance, Sir, is the sure road to mortification. I must deal plainly with you. He that lends his money has a right to deal plainly. You began the world with about two hundred pounds in your pocket.... Seventeen hundred, And these seventeen hundred pounds, I think, lasted about five years. True, Sir. Five times three hundred.... Ay, you lived at the rate of about three hundred and fifty pounds a year. After this, as you tell me yourself, you turned curate ; and because forty pounds was an immense sum, you very prudently fell in love and married a beggar. Do you think, Sir, that if I had intended to marry a beggar, I should have spent my time as I did ? No, Sir ; I married a woman of great fortune ; and so might you.... What hindered me ? But I say nothing against your wife. I hope

re both heartily sorry that you ever saw one another's faces. Are your children boys or girls? Girls, Sir. And I suppose I am to portion them? But I must tell you once for all, Sir, that this is the last sum you must expect from me. I have proportioned my expences to my estate, and will not be made uneasy by the extravagance of any man living. I have two thousand a year, and I spend two thousand. If you have but forty, I see no occasion for your spending more than forty. I have a sincere regard for you, and I think my actions have proved it; but a gentleman who knows you very well, told me yesterday, that you were an expensive, thoughtless, extravagant young fellow.

I know not to what length my friend would have extended his harangue; but as I had already heard enough, I laid the forty guineas upon the table, and, like Lady Townly in the play, taking a great gulp, and swallowing a wrong word or two, left the room without speaking a syllable.

I have now laid aside my tragedy, and am writing a comedy called, *The Friend*. I do not know that I have wit enough for such a performance; but if it be damned, it is no more than the author (though a parson) will consent to be, if ever he makes a second attempt to borrow money of a friend.

Your taking proper notice of this letter, will oblige

Your humble servant and admirer,

T. H.

To gratify my correspondent, I have published his letter in the manner I received it. But I must entreat, the next time I have the favour of hearing from him, that he will contrive to be a little more new in his subject: for I am fully persuaded, that ninety-nine out of every hundred, as well clergy as laity, who have borrowed money of their friends, have been treated exactly in the same manner.

No. IV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 25.

TO the entertainment of my fair readers, and to recommend to them an old-fashioned virtue, called prudence, I shall devote this and a following paper. If the story I am going to tell them should deserve their approbation they are to thank the husband and wife from whom I had it; and who are desirous, this day, of being the readers of their own adventures.

An eminent merchant in the city, whose real name I shall conceal under that of Wilson, was married to a lady of considerable fortune and more merit. They lived happily together for some years, with nothing to disturb them but the want of children. The husband, who saw himself richer every day, grew impatient for an heir: and as time rather lessened than increased the hopes of one, he became by degrees indifferent, and at last avers to his wife. This change in his affection was the heaviest affliction to her; yet so gentle was her disposition, that she reproached him only with her tears; and seldom with those, but when upbraidings and ill-usage made her unable to restrain them.

It is a maxim with some married philosophers, that the tears of a wife are apt to wash away pity from the heart of a husband. Mr. Wilson will pardon me if I rank him, at that time, among these philosophers. He had lately hired a lodging in the country, at a small distance from town, whither he usually retired in the evening; to avoid (as he called it) the persecutions of his wife.

In this cruel separation, and without complaint, she passed away a twelvemonth; seldom seeing him but when business required his attendance at home, and never sleeping with him. At the end of which time, however, his behaviour, in appearance, grew kinder;

her oftener, and began to speak to her with
tenderness and compassion.

The next morning, after he had taken an obliging leave
to pass the day at his country lodging, she
went on her visit to a friend at the other end of the town ;
on her way home at a thread-shop in a
street near St. James's, she saw Mr. Wilson cross-
ing the way, and afterwards knocking at the door of a
small house over against her, which was opened by a
servant in livery, and immediately shut, without
any being spoken. As the manner of his entrance,
and not knowing he had an acquaintance in the
street, a little alarmed her, she enquired of the shop-
woman if she knew the gentleman who lived in the
little house. " You have just seen him go in,
madam, replied the woman. His name is Roberts,
a mighty good gentleman they say he is. His
name is Wilson.".....At those words Mrs. Wilson changed colour
and interrupting her....." His lady, madam !
I thought that.....Will you give me a glass
of water ? This walk has so tired me. ...Pray give
me a glass of water.....I am quite faint with fa-
tigue." The good woman of the shop ran herself
to fetch the water, and by the additional help of some heart-
seasickness that was at hand, Mrs. Wilson became, in ap-
pearance, tolerably composed. She then looked over
her shoulders she wanted, and having desired a coach
to be sent for, " I believe, said she, " you were
afraid to be frightened to see me look so pale ; but I had
looked a great way, and should certainly have
stepped in if I had not stepped into your shop....But
I was talking of the gentleman over the way...I
thought I knew him ; but his name is Roberts, you
say. Is he a married man pray ?" " The happiest
in the world, madam (returned the thread-woman)
is wonderfully fond of children, and to his great
joy his lady is now lying-in of her first child, which

"is to be christened this evening; and as fine a boy as they say it is, as ever was seen." At this moment, and as good fortune would have it, for the saving of a second dose of hartshorn, the coach that was sent for, came to the door; into which Mrs. Wilson immediately stepped, after hesitating an apology for the trouble she had given: and in which coach we shall leave her to return home, in an agony of grief which herself has told me she was never able to describe.

The readers of this little history have been informed that Mr. Wilson had a country lodging, to which he was supposed to retire almost every evening since his disagreement with his wife; but in fact, it was to his house near St. James's that he constantly went. He had indeed hired the lodgings above-mentioned, but from another motive than merely to shun his wife. The occasion was this.

As he was sauntering one day through the bird-cage walk in the park, he saw a young woman sitting alone upon one of the benches, who, though plainly, was neatly dressed, and whose air and manner distinguished her from the lower class of women. He drew nearer to her without being perceived, and saw in her countenance, which innocence and beauty adorned, the most composed melancholy that can be imagined. He stood looking at her for some time; which she at last perceiving, started from her seat in some confusion, and endeavoured to avoid him. The fear of losing her, gave him courage to speak to her. He begged pardon for disturbing her, and excused his curiosity by her extreme beauty, and the melancholy that was mixed with it.

It is observed by a very wise author, whose name and book I forget, that a woman's heart is never so brim-full of affliction, but a little flattery will insinuate itself into a corner of it; and as Wilson was a handsome fellow, with an easy address, the lady was soon

persuaded to replace herself upon the bench, and to admit him at her side. Wilson, who was really heart-ruck, made her a thousand protestations of esteem and friendship; conjuring her to tell him if his fortune or services could contribute to her happiness, and vowing never to leave her, until she made him acquainted with the cause of her concern.

Here a short pause ensued; and after a deep sigh and a stream of tears, the lady began thus:

“ If, sir, you are the gentleman your appearance speaks you to be, I shall thank Heaven that I have found you. I am the unfortunate widow of an officer that was killed at Dettingen. As he was only a lieutenant, and his commission all his fortune, I married him against a mother's consent, for which she has disclaimed me. How I loved him, or he me, as he is gone for ever from me, I shall forbear to mention, though I am unable to forget. At my return to England (for I was the constant follower of his fortunes) I obtained, with some difficulty, the allowance of a subaltern's widow, and took lodgings at Chelsea.

“ In this retirement I wrote to my mother, acquainting her with my loss and poverty, and desiring her forgiveness for my disobedience; but the cruel answer I received from her determined me, at all events, not to trouble her again.

“ I lived upon this slender allowance with all imaginable thrift, till an old officer, a friend of my husband, discovered me at church, and made me a visit. To this gentleman's bounty I have long been indebted for an annuity of twenty pounds, in quarterly payments. As he was punctual in these payments, which were always made me the morning they became due, and yesterday being quarter-day, I wondered I neither saw him nor heard from him.

“ Early this morning I walked from Chelsea to en-

"quire for him at his lodgings in Pall-Mall ; but how shall I tell you, sir, the news I learned there?.. This friend ! this generous and disinterested friend ! who killed yesterday in a duel in Hyde-park." She stopped here to give vent to a torrent of tears, and then proceeded. "I was so stunned at this intelligence that I knew not whither to go. Chance more than choice brought me to this place ; where if I have found a benefactor...and indeed, sir, I have need of one...I shall call it the happiest accident of my life."

The widow ended her story, which was literally true in so engaging a manner that Wilson was gone all at once in love in a few minutes. He thanked her for the confidence she had placed in him, and swore never to desert her. He then requested the honour of attending her home, to which she readily consented, walking with him to Buckingham-gate, where a coach was called, which conveyed them to Chelsea. Wilson dined with her that day, and took lodging in the same house calling himself Roberts, and a single man. These were the lodgings I have mentioned before where, by unbounded generosity and constant assiduities, he triumphed in a few weeks over the honour of this fair widow.

I shall stop a moment here, to caution those virtuous widows who are my readers, against too hasty a disbelief of this event. If they please to consider the situation of this lady, with poverty to alarm, gratitude to incite, and a handsome fellow to inflame they will allow that in a world near six thousand years old, one such instance of frailty, even a young and beautiful widow, may possibly have happened. But to go on with my story.

The effects of this intimacy were soon visible on the lady's shape ; a circumstance that greatly added to the happiness of Wilson. He determined to remove her to town ; and accordingly took the house

St. James's, where Mrs. Wilson had seen him, and where his mistress, who passed in the neighbourhood for his wife, at that time lay-in.



No. V. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1.

[*Conclusion of the story of Mrs. WILSON.*]

I RETURN now to Mrs. Wilson, whom we left in a hackney-coach, going to her own house, in all the fury of despair and jealousy. It was happy for her that her constitution was good, and her resolution equal to it; for she has often told me, that she passed the night of that day in a condition little better than madness.

In the morning her husband returned; and as his heart was happy, and without suspicions of a discovery, he was more than usually complaisant to her. He received his civilities with her accustomed cheerfulness; and finding that business would detain him in the city for some hours, she determined whatever distress it might occasion her, to pay an immediate visit to his mistress, and to wait there till she saw him. For this purpose she ordered a coach to be called, and her handsomest undress, and with the most composed countenance, she drove directly to the house. She enquired at the door if Mr. Roberts was within; being answered no, but that he dined at home, she asked after his lady, and if she was well enough to see company; adding, that as she came a great way, she had business with Mr. Roberts, she should be glad to wait for him in his lady's apartment. The servant immediately up stairs, and as quickly returned

with a message from his mistress, that she would be glad to see her.

Mrs. Wilson confesses that at this moment, notwithstanding the resolution she had taken, her spirits totally forsook her, and that she followed the servant with her knees knocking together, and a face paler than death. She entered the room where the lady was sitting, without remembering on what errand she came; but the sight of so much beauty, and the elegance that adorned it, brought every thing to her thoughts, and left her with no other power than to fling herself into a chair, from which she instantly fell to the ground in a fainting fit.

The whole house was alarmed upon this occasion, and every one busied in assisting the stranger; but most of all the mistress who was indeed of a humane disposition, and who, perhaps, had no other thoughts to disturb her than the mere feelings of humanity. In a few minutes, however, and with the proper applications, Mrs. Wilson began to recover. She looked round her with amazement at first, not recollecting where she was; but seeing herself supported by her rival, to whose care she was so much obliged, and who in the tenderest distress was enquiring how she did, she felt herself relapsing into a second fit. It was now that she exerted all the courage she was mistress of, which, together with a flood of tears that came to her relief, enabled her (when the servants were withdrawn) to begin as follows.

“ I am indeed, madam, an unfortunate woman, and subject to these fits; but will never again be the occasion of trouble in this house. You are a lovely woman, and deserve to be happy in the best of husbands. I have a husband too; but his affection are gone from me. He is not unknown to Mr Roberts, though unfortunately I am. It was for his advice and assistance that I made this visit; and

finding him at home, I begged admittance to the lady, whom I longed to see and to converse with." "Me, Madam!" answered Mrs. Roberts, with some emotion, "had you heard any thing of me? that you were such as I have found you, madam," said the stranger, "and had made Mr. Roberts happy in a fine boy. May I see him, madam? I all love him for his father's sake." His father, Mr. Roberts, returned the mistress of the house, his father, you say? I am mistaken then; I thought you had a stranger to him. "To his person I own," Mrs. Wilson, "but not to his character; and therefore I shall be fond of the little creature. If it is not too much trouble, madam, I beg to be obliged."

The importunity of this request, the fainting at first, the settled concern of this unknown visitor, gave Mrs. Roberts the most alarming fears. She had, however, the presence of mind to go herself for the child, and to watch without witnesses the behaviour of the stranger. Mrs. Wilson took it in her arms, and turning into tears, said, "'Tis a sweet boy, madam; could I had such a boy! Had he been mine, I had been happy!" With these words, and in an agony of grief and tenderness, which she endeavoured to restrain, she kissed the child, and returned it to its mother.

She was happy for that lady that she had an excuse to leave the room. She had seen and heard what made her shudder for herself; and it was not till some minutes, after having delivered the infant to its nurse, that she had resolution enough to return. They both calmed themselves again, and a melancholy silence reigned for some time. At last Mrs. Roberts began to say,

You are unhappy, madam, that you have no child; pray Heaven that mine be not a grief to me. But

" I conjure you, by the goodness that appears in you,
 " to acquaint me with your story. Perhaps it con-
 " cerns Me ; I have a prophetic heart that tells me it
 " does. But whatever I may suffer, or whether I live
 " or die, I will be just to you.

Mrs. Wilson was so affected with the generosity,
 that she possibly had discovered herself, if a loud
 knocking at the door, and immediately after it the en-
 trance of her husband into the room had not prevent-
 ed her. He was moving towards his mistress with
 the utmost cheerfulness, when the sight of her visitor
 fixed him to a spot, and struck him with an astonish-
 ment not to be described. The eyes of both ladies
 were at once rivetted to his, which so increased his
 confusion, that Mrs. Wilson, in pity to what he felt,
 and to relieve her companion, spoke to him as fol-
 lows : " I do not wonder, Sir, that you are surprised
 " at seeing a perfect stranger in your house ; but my
 " business is with the master of it ; and if you will
 " oblige me with a hearing in another room, it will
 " add to the civilities which your lady has entertain-
 " ed me with."

Wilson, who expected another kind of greeting
 from his wife, was so revived at her prudence, that
 his powers of motion began to return ; and quitting
 the room, he conducted her to a parlour below stairs.
 They were no sooner entered into this parlour, than
 the husband threw himself into a chair, fixed his eyes
 upon the ground, while the wife addressed him in
 these words :

" How I have discovered your secret, or how the
 " discovery has tormented me, I need not tell you.
 " It is enough for you to know that I am miserable
 " for ever. My business with you is short ; I have
 " only a question to ask, and to take a final leave of you
 " in this world. Tell me truly then, as you shall an-
 " swer it hereafter, if you have seduced this lady

"under false appearances, or have fallen into guilt by the temptation of a wanton?" "I shall answer you presently (said Wilson); but first I have a question for you. Am I discovered to her? And does she know it is my wife I am speaking to?" "No, upon my honour," she replied; "her looks were so amiable, and her behaviour to me so gentle, that I had no heart to distress her. If she has guessed at what I am, it was only from the concern she saw me in, which I could not hide from her." You have acted nobly then, returned Wilson, and have opened my eyes at last to see and to admire you. And now, if you have patience to hear me, you shall know all.

He then told her of his first meeting with this lady, and of every circumstance that had happened since; concluding with his determinations to leave her, and with a thousand promises of fidelity to his wife, if she generously consented, after what had happened, to receive him as a husband....." She must consent," cried Mrs. Roberts, who at that moment opened the door, and burst into the room; "She must consent. You are her husband, and may command it. For me, madam," continued she, turning to Mrs. Wilson, "he shall never see me more. I have injured you through ignorance, but will atone for it to the utmost. He is your husband, madam, and you must receive him. I have listened to what has passed, and am now here to join my entreaties with his, that you may be happy for ever."

To relate all that was said upon this occasion, would be to extend my story to another paper. Wilson was all submission and acknowledgment; the wife cried and doubted, and the widow vowed on eternal separation. To be as short as possible, the harmony of the married couple was fixed from that day. The widow was handsomely provided for, and her

child, at the request of Mrs. Wilson, taken to her own house ; where at the end of a year she was so happy, after all her distresses, as to present her with a sister, with whom he is to divide his fortune. His mother retired into the country two years after, was married to a gentleman of great worth : to whom, on his first proposals to her, she related every circumstance of her story. He has since paid her a visit every year, and is now with his sister on one of these visits. Mr. Wilsöh is perfectly satisfied in his wife, and has sent me, in his own handsome manner, a moral to his story.

“ That though prudence and generosity are always sufficient to hold the heart of a husband, yet a constant perseverance in them will, on any other, most certainly regain it.”



NO. VI. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY :

Totum mundum agit histrio.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

SIR,

AS you have chosen the whole world for your province, one may reasonably suppose, that you will not neglect that epitome of it, the theatre. By your predecessors have bestowed their favours upon it: the learned and the critics (generally of very distinct denominations of men) have expended many hours and much paper in comparing the ancient and modern stage. I shall not undertake to determine a question which seems to me so impossible to be determined, as which have most merit, plays

a dead language, and which we can only read; or
 as we every day see acted inimitably, in a tongue
 familiar to us, and adapted to our common ideas and
 customs. The only preference that I shall pretend
 give to the modern stage over Greece or Rome, re-
 lates to the subject of the present letter: I mean the
 progress we make towards nature. This will
 trouble any bigot to Euripides, who perhaps will im-
 mediately demand, whether Juliet's nurse be a more
 natural gossip than Electra's or Medea's. But I did
 not hint at the representation of either persons or
 characters. The improvement of nature, which I
 had in view, alluded to these excellent exhibitions of
 animal or inanimate parts of the creation, which
 are furnished by the worthy philosophers of Rich-
 mond; the latter of whom has refined on his com-
 petitor; and having perceived that art was become
 perfect that it was necessary to mimic it by nature,
 has happily introduced a cascade of real water.
 I know there are persons of a systematic turn who
 affirm that the audience are not delighted with this
 beautiful water-fall, from the reality of the element,
 but merely because they are pleased with the novelty
 of any thing that is out of its proper place. Thus they
 say that the town is charmed with a genuine cas-
 cade upon the stage, and was in raptures last year
 with one of tin at Vauxhall. But this is certainly
 no judice: the world, Mr. Fitz-Adam, though never
 tired with show, is sick of fiction. I foresee the
 day approaching, when delusion will not be suffered
 any part of the drama: the amorous Ostrich in the
 desert, shall be replaced by real monsters from
 Africa. It is well known that the pantomime of the
 giant narrowly escaped being damned, on my lady
 Oxim's observing very judiciously, "that the brick-
 bat was horridly executed, and did not smell at all
 like one."

When this entire castigation of improprieties is brought about, the age will do justice to one of the first reformers of the stage, Mr. Cibber, who attempted to introduce a taste for real nature in his *Cæsar in Egypt*, and treated the audience with real...not swayed indeed, for that would have been too bold an attempt in the dawn of truth, but very personable geese. The inventor, like other original genius's, was treated by a barbarous age: yet I can venture to affirm, that a stricter adherence to reality would have saved even those times from being shocked by absurdities, now ways incidental to fiction. I myself remember, how much about that æra, the great Senesino, representing Alexander at the siege of Oxydrace, so far from getting himself in the heat of conquest, as to stick his sword in one of the pasteboard stones of the wall of the town, and bore it in triumph before him as he entered the breach: a peurility so renowned a general could never have committed, if the ramparts had been built, as in this enlightened age they would be, of actual brick and stone.

Will you forgive an elderly man Mr. Fitz-Adam, if he cannot help recollecting another passage that happened in his youth, and to the same excellent performer? He was stepping into Armida's enchanted bark; but treading short (as he was more attentive to the accompaniment of the orchestra than to the breadth of the shore) he fell prostrate, and lay for some time in great pain, with the edge of a wave running into his side. In the present state of things, the worst that could have happened to him, would have been drowning; a fate far more becoming Rinaldo, especially in the sight of a British audience!

If you will allow me to wander a little from the stage, I shall observe that this pursuit of nature is not confined to the theatre, but operates where one should least expect to meet it, in our fashions. The

part of the creation are shedding all covering of the head, displaying their unveiled charming tresses, and if I may say so, are daily moulting the rest of their clothes. What lovely fall of shoulders, what snowy necks, what snowy breasts in all the pride of nature, are continually divested of art and ornament! In gardening, the same love of nature prevails. Tipped hedges, regular platforms, strait canals have even for some time very properly exploded. There is not a citizen who does not take more pains to torture his acre and a half into irregularities, than he formerly would have employed to make it as formal as a cravat. Kent, the friend of nature, was the Caliban of this reformation; but like the other champion of truth, after having routed tinsel and trumpery, with the true zeal of a founder of a sect, he pushed his disfigurement to the deformity of holiness; not content with abolishing symmetry and regularity, he imitated nature even in her blemishes, and planted dead trees and mole-hills, in opposition to parterres and quincunxes. The last branch of our fashions into which the close observation of nature has been introduced, is our delectables; a subject I have not room now to treat at large, but which yet demands a few words, and not improperly in this paper, as I see them a little in the light of a pantomime. Jellies, biscuits, sugar-plumbs and charms have long given way to harlequins, gondoliers, rakes, Chinese, and shepherdesses of Saxon-china. But these, unconnected, and only seeming to wander among groves of curled paper and silk flowers, were soon discovered to be too insipid and unmeaning. By green whole meadows of cattle of the same brittle materials, spread themselves over the whole landscape: cottages rose in sugar, and temples in barley-sugar; pigmy Neptunes in cars of cockle-shells, triumphed over oceans of looking-glass, or seas of silver-sue: and at length the whole system of Ovid's me-

tamorphosis succeeded to all the transformations which Chloe and other great professors had introduced into the science of hieroglyphic eating. Confectioners found their trade moulder away, while toy-met and china-shops were only fashionable purveyors of the last stage of polite entertainments. Women of the first quality came home from Chenevix's laden with dolls and babies, not for children, but their house-keeper. At last even these peurile puppet-shows are sinking into disuse, and more manly ways of concluding our repasts are established. Gigantic figures succeeded to pigmies. And if the present taste continues, Rysbrack and other neglected statues, who might have adorned Grecian saloons, though not Grecian deserts may come into vogue. It is known that a celebrated confectioner (so the architects of our deserts still humbly call themselves) complained, that after having prepared a middle dish of gods and goddesses, eighteen feet high, his lord would not cause the ceiling of his parlour to be demolished to facilitate their entrée: "Imaginez vous," said he, que mi lord n'a pas voulu "faire oter la plafond."

I shall mention but two instances of glorious magnificence and taste in deserts, in which foreigners have surpassed every thing yet performed in this sumptuous island. The former was a duke of Wirtemberg, who so long ago as the year thirty-four, gave a desert, in which was a representation of Mount Atna, which vomited out real fire-works over the heads of the company, during the whole entertainment. The other was the intendant of Gascony, who, on the birth of the late duke of Burgundy, among other magnificent festivities, treated the noblesse of the province with a dinner and a desert, the latter of which concluded with a representation, by wax-figures moving

clock-work, of the whole labour of the dauphiness,
the happy birth of an heir to their monarchy.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

JULRO.



No. VII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15.

THERE are certain follies and impertinences which people of good sense and good nature are every-day guilty of, and which are only considered by them as things of course, and of too little consequence to palliate or apologize.

Whoever is a frequenter of public assemblies, or sits in a party at cards in private families, will give evidence to the truth of this complaint. I am, for my own part, a lover of the game of Whist, and could oftener be seen in those places where it is played for trifles, if I was not offended at the manners of my friends. How common it is with some people at the conclusion of every unsuccessful hand of cards, to burst forth into sallies of fretful complaints of their own amazing ill-fortune, and constant and invariable success of their antagonists! They have such excellent memories as to be able to recount every game they have lost for six months successively, and yet are so extremely forgetful at the same time, as not to recollect a single game that they have won. Or if you put them in mind of any extraordinary success that you have been witness to, they acknowledge it with reluctance, and assure you upon their honours, that in a whole twelvemonth's play, they never rose winners but that once.

But if these Growlers (a name which I shall ~~always~~ call the men of this class by) would content themselves with giving repeated histories of their own ill-fortunes, without making invidious remarks upon the successes of others, the evil would not be so great. Indeed, I am apt to impute it to their fears, that they stop short of the grossest affronts: for I have seen in their faces such rancour and inveteracy, that nothing but a lively apprehension of consequences could have restrained their tongues.

Happy would it be for the ladies if they had the same consequences to apprehend: for, I am sorry to say it, I have met with female....I will not say Growlers: the word is too harsh for them; let me call them Fretters, who, with the prettiest faces and the liveliest wit imaginable, have condescended to be the jest and disturbance of the whole company.

In fashionable life, indeed, where every one is acting behind the mask of good-breeding, and where nature is never seen to open out but upon very extraordinary occasions, frequent convulsions of the features, flushings succeeded by paleness, twistings of the body, fits of the fidgets, and complaints of immoderate heat, are the only symptoms of ill-fortune. But if we travel eastward from St. James's, and visit the territories of my good lord-mayor, we shall see nature stripped of her masquerade, and hear gentlemen and ladies speaking the language of the heart.

For the entertainment of polite life, and because polite life is sometimes a little in want of entertainment, I shall set down a conversation that passed a few nights ago, at an Assemblée in Thames-street, between two Fretters at a Whist-table; one of which had a beautiful daughter of eighteen years of age, leaning upon her mother's chair.

“ Five trumps, two honours, and lose four by cards !

But I believe, madam, you never lost a game in the whole course of your life.

"Now and then, madam.

"Not in the memory of your daughter, I believe: and miss is not so extremely young neither. Clubs are trumps...Well! if ever I play again!....You are three by cards, madam....

"And two by honours, I had them in my own hand.

"I beg your pardon, madam; I had really forgot whose deal it was. But I thought the cloven-footed gentleman had left off teaching. Pray, madam, will he expect more than one's soul for half a dozen lessons?

"You are pleased to be severe, madam; but you know I am not easily put out of temper. What's the trump?"

I was extremely pleased with the cool behaviour of this lady, and could not help whispering to her daughter, "You have a sweet-tempered mamma, miss. How happy would it be if every lady of her acquaintance was so amiably disposed!" I observed, that miss blushed and looked down; but I was ignorant of the reason, till all at once her mamma's good fortune changed, and her adversary, by holding the four honours in her own hand, and by the assistance of her partner won the game at a deal.

"And now, madam," cried the patient lady, "is it you or I who have bargained with the devil? I declare it upon my honour I never won a game against you in my life. Indeed I should wonder if I had, unless there had been a curtain between you and your partner. But one has a fine time on't indeed! to be always loosing, and yet always to be baited for winning; I defy any one to say, that I ever rose a winner in my born days. There was last summer at Tunbridge! Did any human creature see me so

" much as win a game? And ask Mr. A, and Sir Richard B, and dean C, and lord and lady D, and all the company at Bath this winter, if I did not lose two or three guineas every night at half crown whist, for two months together. But I did not fret and talk of the devil, madam; no madam; nor did I trouble the company with my losings, nor play the after game nor say provoking things.. ...No madam; I leave such behaviour for ladies that.....
 " Lord! my dear, how you heat yourself! You are absolutely in a passion. Come let us cut for partners."

Which they immediately did; and happening to get together, and to win the next game, they were the best company, and the civilest people I ever saw.

Many of my readers may be too ready to conceive an ill opinion of these ladies; but I have the pleasure of assuring them, from undoubted authority, that they are in all other respects very excellent people, and remarkable for patience and good-humour, that one of them has been known to lose her husband, and both of them their reputations, without the least emotion or concern.

To be serious on this occasion; I have many a acquaintance of both sexes, who, though really good-natured and worthy people, are violating every day the laws of decency and politeness by these outrageous follies of petulance and impertinence.

I know of no other reason for a man's troubling his friends with a history of his misfortunes, but either receive comfort from their pity, or advantage from their charity. If the Growler will tell me that I reap either of these benefits by disturbing all about him, if he will assure me of his having raised compassion in a single breast, or that he has once induced his adversary to change hands with him out of charity, I shall allow that he acts upon principles of prudence.

that he is not a most teasing, ridiculous, and contemptible animal.

would not be understood to hint at gaming in this way. I am glad to find that destructive passion attacked from the stage, and wish success to the attempt. Nor do I condemn the custom of playing at cards for small sums, in those whose tempers and circumstances are unhurt by what they lose. On the contrary, I look upon cards as an innocent and useful amusement: calculated to interrupt the formal conversations and private cabals of large companies, and give a man something to do, who has nothing to do. My design at present is to signify to these Growlers and Fretters, that they are public as well as private nuisances; and to caution all quiet and civil persons against cutting in with them at the same tables, or replying to their complaints but by a laugh and contempt.

I shall conclude this paper with acquainting my readers, that in imitation of the great Mr. Hoyle, I am preparing a book for the press, entitled Rules of Behaviour for the game of Whist; shewing through almost infinite variety of good and bad hands, in what degree the muscles of the face are to be contracted or extended; and how often a lady may be permitted to change colour, or a gentleman to bite his lips, in the course of the game. To which will be added, for the benefit of all cool and dispassionate players, an exact calculation of the odds against Growlers and Fretters.

No. VIII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1

Date obolum Belisario.

A PHILOSOPHER, as I am, who contemns the world with serious reflection, will be struck by nothing in it more than its vicissitudes. If I have lived any time, he must have had ample opportunities of exercising his meditations on the vanity of sublunary conditions. The changes of empire, the fall of ministers, the exaltation of obscure persons are the continual incidents of human comedy. I remember that one of the first passages in life which made an impression upon me in my youth was the fate of Dionysius, who from being monarch of a city, was reduced to teach school at Corinth. This tyranny was the cause of his ruin (if it be called ruin to be deprived of the power of oppressing and to be taught to know one's self) I could not feel that sort of superstitious pity which always attends royalty in distress. Who ever peruses the stories of Edward the second, Richard the second, Charles the first, but forgot their excesses, and is not moved for their catastrophe? In this free-spirited age there are not more hands ready to punish than eyes to weep their fall. It is a common saying we are Romans in resisting oppression, very different in lamenting oppressors.

If (and I think it cannot be contested) there be a liberality in these sensations, ought we not to feel such emotions, in cases where regal virtues come the sport of fortune? This island ought to be as much the harbour of afflicted majesty, as it has been the scourge of offending majesty. And every throne of arbitrary power is an asylum for the martyrs of so bad a cause, Britain ought to be

uch princes as have been victims for liberty...when-
 ver so great a curiosity is seen, as a prince contend-
 ing on the honest side.

How must I blush then for my countrymen, when
 mention a monarch! an unhappy monarch! now
 actually suffered to languish for debt in one of the
 common prisons of this city! A monarch, whose
 courage raised him to a throne, not by a succession
 of ambitious bloody acts, but by the voluntary elec-
 tion of an injured people, who had the common right
 of mankind to freedom, and the uncommon resolution
 of determining to be free! This prince is Theodore,
 King of Corsica! A man, whose claim to royalty is as
 indisputable, as the most ancient titles to any monar-
 chy can pretend to be; that is, the choice of his sub-
 jects; the only kind of title, allowed in the excellent
 Gothic constitutions, from whence we derive our own;
 the same kind of title, which endears the present
 royal family to Englishmen: and the only kind of ti-
 tle, against which, perhaps, no objection can lie.

This prince (on whose history I shall not at present
 enlarge) after having bravely exposed his life and
 crown in defence of the rights of his subjects, miscar-
 ied, as Cato and other patriot heroes did before him.
 For many years he struggled with fortune, and left no
 means untried, which indefatigable policy or solici-
 tation of succours could attempt, to recover his crown.
 At last, when he had discharged his duty to his sub-
 jects and himself, he chose this country for his retire-
 ment, not to indulge a voluptuous inglorious ease, but
 to enjoy the participation of those blessings, which he
 had so vainly endeavoured to fix to his Corsicans....
 Here for some months he bore with more philosophic
 dignity the loss of his crown, than Charles the fifth,
 Casimir of Poland, or any of those visionaries, who
 wantonly resigned theirs, to partake the sluggish in-
 dolence, and at length the disquiets, of a cloister....

Theodore, though resigned to his fortune of that contemptible apathy, which almost James the second to the supreme honour of sainthood. It is recorded of that prince, to his courtiers at St. Germain, he wished peace between France and Great-Britain. "then, said he, we shall get English honours."

The veracity of an historian obliges me to disguise the situation of his Corsican majesty which has reduced him to be a prisoner for King's Bench ; and so cruelly has fortified her rigours upon him, that last session of he was examined before a committee of the commons, on the hardships to which the that gaol had been subject. Yet let no man make sport with these misfortunes ! His nothing to blush at, nothing to palliate or mitigation of his distresses. The debts on were owing to no misapplication, no in of his own, no corruption of his minister's licence to favourites or mistresses. His philosophical, his palace humble, his robes his butcher, his landlady, and his taylor continue to supply an establishment, which mesnes to support it, no taxes to maintain it, no lotteries to provide funds for its and emergencies.

A nation so generous, so renowned for it has always made in the common cause can only want to be reminded of this duty to grant him its protection and compassionate reasons forbid the open espousal of liberty commands the assistance which private friends lend him. I do not mean at present that youths should offer themselves as volunteers in service, nor do I expect to have a small flock at the expence of particular persons to

hopes to Corsica. The intention of this paper is to warm the benevolence of my country-behalf of this royal captive. I cannot think be beneath the dignity of majesty to accept supply as might be offered to him by that (and to this country peculiar) method of raising gift, a benefit play. The method is wor-rican age ; nor would Asiatic monarchs have o receive a tribute from genius and art. Let that the same humane and polite age raised ent to Shakspeare, a fortune for Milton's ighter, and a subsidy for a captive-king, by performances ; I have no doubt but the mu-anagers of our theatres will gladly contribute s. That incomparable actor who so exquis-ches the passions and distresses of self-de-ear (a play which from some similitude of nces, I should recommend for the benefit) re say, willingly exert his irresistible talents of fallen majesty, and be a competitor with Grand for the fame which results from the of exiled kings. How glorious will it be o have the Kings-Bench as renowned for generosity to king Theodore, as the Savoy ward the third's treatment of king John of

mean time, not to confine this opportunity of ice to so narrow a sphere as the theatre, I uaint my readers, that a subscription for a or the use of his Corsican majesty, is opened s head in Pall-mall, where all the generous air are desired to pay in their contributions t Dodsley, who is appointed high-treasurer l librarian of the island of Corsica for life... hich, give me leave to say, Mr. Dodsley ve disdained to accept under any monarch of principles.

A bookseller of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,
Would not have been lord-treas'rer to a king.

I am under some apprehensions that the intended subscription will not be so universal as for the honour of my country I wish it. I foresee that the partizans of indefeasible hereditary right will withhold their contributions. The number of them is indeed but small and inconsiderable: yet as it becomes my character, as a citizen of the world, to neglect nothing for the amendment of the principles and morals of my fellow-creatures, I shall recommend one short argument to their consideration; I think I may say, to their own conviction. Let them but consider, that though Theodore had such a flaw (in their estimation) in his title, as to have been elected by the whole body of the people, who had thrown off the yoke of their old tyrants; yet as the Genoese had been the sovereigns of Corsica, these gentlemen of monarchic principles will be obliged, if they condemn Theodore's cause, to allow divine hereditary right in a republic; a problem in politics which I leave to be solved by the disciples of the exploded sir Robert Filmer: at the same time declaring by my censorial authority all persons to be Jacobites, who neglect to bring in their free gift for the use of his majesty of Corsica: and I particularly charge and command all lovers of the glorious and immortal memory of king William, to see my orders duly executed; and I recommend to them to set an example of liberality in behalf of the popular monarch, whose cause I have espoused, and whose deliverance, I hope, I have not attempted in vain.

N. B. Two pieces of king Theodore's coin, struck during his reign, are in the hands of the high-treasurer aforesaid, and will be shewn by the proper officers of the exchequer of Corsica, during the time the

subscription continues open at Tully's Head above-mentioned. They are very great curiosities, and not to be met with in the most celebrated collections of this kingdom.

No. IX. THURSDAY, MARCH 1.

"I AM that unfortunate man, madam," was the saying of a gentleman, who stopped and made a low bow to a lady in the Park, as she was calling to her dog by the name of Cuckold.

What a deal of good might be expected from these essays, if every man who should happen to read his own character in them, would as honestly acknowledge it as this gentleman: but it is the misfortune of general satire, that few persons will apply it to themselves, while they have the comfort of thinking that it will fit others as well. It is therefore, I am afraid, only furnishing bad people with scandal against their neighbours: for every man flatters himself, that he has the art of playing the fool or knave so very secretly, that, though he sees plainly how all else are employed, no mortal can have the cunning to find him out.

Thus a gentleman told me yesterday, "That he was very glad to see a particular acquaintance of his exposed in the third number of the World. The parson who wrote that letter," continued he, "was determined to speak plainly; for the character of my friend was so strongly marked, that it was impossible to mistake it." He then proceeded to inform me that he had read Seneca, by observing, "That there should be no mixture of severity and

“ reproof in the obligations we confer ; or
 “ trary, if there should be only occasion for
 “ tlest admonition, it ought to be deferred
 “ season ; for men, added he, are much more
 “ remember injuries than benefits ; and it is
 “ if they forgive an obligation that has thus
 “ an offence.”

My reader may, possibly, be surprized, to find
 him, that the man who could commit to memory the
 maxims of Seneca, and who could rejoice in
 a character exposed as the curate's friend in the
 paper, is an old bachelor with an estate of five
 hundred pounds a year, and fifty thousand in
 the bank ; who never was known to lend a guinea
 for a week, without making the borrower more than
 the benefit than he had been before by his loan ;
 it is the peculiar talent of this gentleman to
 knock himself down by the recoiling of his own
 I remember he told me some time ago, that he
 harangued very learnedly upon the detestable
 avarice, “ That the common people of a county
 “ ty in England were the most covetous of
 “ the whole world. I will give you an example
 “ says he, “ About three years ago, by an acci-
 “ dent, I fell into a well in that county.
 “ solutely within a few minutes of perishing,
 “ I could prevail on an unconscionable
 “ labourer, who happened to be within hearing,
 “ cries, to help me out for half a crown.
 “ was so rapacious as to insist upon a crown
 “ a quarter of an hour ; and I verily believe
 “ not have abated me a single farthing,
 “ seen me at the last gasp, and determined
 “ rather than submit to his extortion.”

But to return to my subject. If there be any
 allusions to general satire, something may

not personal abuse ; which, though it is a kind of
 ing that requires a smaller portion of parts, and
 re of having almost as many admirers as readers,
 vertheless subject to great difficulties ; it being
 itely necessary, that the author who undertakes
 uld have no feeling of certain evils, common to
 nity, which are known by the names of pain
 name. In other words, he must be insensible
 od kicking, and have no memory of it after-

Now though a great many authors have found
 isy matter to arrive at this excellence, with me
 k would be attended with great labour and dif-
 ; as it is my misfortune to have contracted, ei-
 the prejudice of education, or by some other
 , an invincible aversion to pain and dishonour.
 ery sensible that I may hurt myself as a writer
 confession ; but it was never any pleasure of
 o raise expectations with a design to disappoint
 and though it should lose me the major part
 readers, I hereby declare, that I never will in-
 them with any personal abuse ; nor will I so
 as attack any of those fine gentlemen, or fine
 who have the honour of being single in any
 aracter, be it ever so ridiculous.

if I had every requisite for this kind of writing,
 are certain people in town, whom it would be
 tude in me to attack. The masters of both the
 s are my good friends ; for which reason I for-
 , say, that half the comedies in their catalogue
 to be damned for wickedness and indecency.
 ot only keep this to myself, but have also been
 at trouble and pains to suppress a passage bear-
 y hard against them, in a book, which will
 y be published, called the Progress of Wit.
 uthor of this book, who, luckily for the theatres,
 is to be a particular friend of mine, is a very
 oker ; and, as I often tell him, does a vast deal

of mischief, without seeming to intend it. The passage which I prevailed with him to suppress, stood at the beginning of the thirteenth chapter of this book, and was exactly as follows.

“ As it was now clear to all people of fashion that men had no souls, the business of life was pleasure and amusement; and he that could best administer to these two, was the most useful member of society. From hence arose those numerous places of resort and recreation which men of splenetic minds have called the pests of the public. The most considerable of which places, and which are at this day in the highest reputation, were the bagnios and the theatres. The bagnios were constantly under the direction of discreet and venerable matrons, who had passed their youths in the practice of those exercises which they were now preaching to their daughters: while the management of the theatres was the province of the men. The natural connexion between these houses made it convenient that they should be erected in the neighbourhood of each other; and indeed the harmony subsisting between them inclined many people to think that the profits of both were divided equally by each. But I have always considered them as only playing into one another's hands, without any nearer affinity than that of the schools of Westminster and Eton, to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. At the play-house young gentlemen and ladies were instructed by an Etheridge, a Wycherley, a Congreve, and a Vanbrugh, in the rudiments of that science, which they were to perfect at the bagnio, under a Needham, a Haywood, a Haddock, and a Roberts.”

Thus much had my friend, in his Progress of Wit, thought proper to observe upon the looseness of the stage. But as the whole passage is suppressed, the

managers will have nothing to fear from the publication of that performance.

It were to be wished, indeed, that those gentlemen would have done entirely both with tragedy and comedy, and resolve at once to entertain the town with pantomime. That great advantages would accrue from it, is beyond dispute ; people of taste and fashion having already given sufficient proof that they think it the highest entertainment the stage is capable of affording : the most innocent, we are sure it is ; for where nothing is said, and nothing meant, very little harm can be done. Mr. Garrick, perhaps, may start a few objections to this proposal ; but with those universal talents, which he so highly possesses, it is not to be doubted but he will, in time, be able to handle the wooden sword with as much dignity and dexterity, as his brother Lun. He will also reap another advantage from this kind of acting ; as he will have fewer enemies by being the finest Harlequin of the age, than he has at present, by being the greatest actor of any age or country.

To the Public.

" WHEREAS some gentlemen have doubted whether the subscription for the use of king Theodore was really intended to be carried on, I am ordered to acquaint the public, that Mr. Fitz-Adam was not only in earnest in promoting such a contribution, but has already received some noble benefactions for that purpose, and he will take care to apply the subsidy in the most incorrupt manner to the uses for which it was designed, and to the honour and dignity of the crown of Corsica."

ROBERT DODSLEY.

No. X. THURSDAY, MARCH 8.

THE great men, who introduced the reformation into these kingdoms, were so sensible of the necessity of maintaining devotion in the minds of the vulgar by some external objects, by somewhat of ceremony and form, that they refrained from entirely ripping off all ornament from the drapery of religion. When they were purging the calendar of visionary saints, they took due care to defend the niches of real martyrs from profanation. They preserved the holy festivals, which had been consecrated for many ages to the great luminaries of the church, and at once paid proper observance to the memory of the good, and fell in with the popular humour, which loves to rejoice and mourn at the discretion of the almanack.

In so enlightened an age as the present, I shall be ridiculed if I hint, as my opinion, that the observation of certain festivals is something more than a mere political institution. I cannot, however, help thinking that even nature itself concurs to confirm my sentiment. Philosophers and free-thinkers tell us that a general system was laid down at first, and that no deviations have been made to accommodate it to any subsequent events or to favour and authorize any human institutions. When the reformation of the calendar was in agitation, to the great disgust of many worthy persons, who urged how great the harmony was, in the old establishment, between the holidays and their attributes (if I may call them so) and what a confusion would follow if Michaelmas day, for instance, were not to be celebrated when stubble-geese were in their highest perfection; it was replied, that such a propriety was merely imaginary, and would be lost of itself, even without any alteration of the calendar by authority: for if the errors in it were suffer-

to go on, they would in a certain number of years duce such a variation, that we should be mourning good king Charles on a false thirtieth of January, a time of year when our ancestors used to be turning over head and heels in Greenwich-park, in honour of Whitsuntide; and at length be choosing king and queen for Twelfth-night, when we ought to be viewing the London Prentice at Bartholomew Fair. Cogent as these reasons may seem, yet I think I can confute them from the testimony of a standing oracle, which not having submitted to the fallible authority of an act of parliament, may well be said to be a supernatural negative on the wisdom of this world. My readers, no doubt, are already aware that I have in my eye the wonderful thorn of Glastonbury, which, though hitherto regarded as a trunk of popish imposture, has notably exerted itself as the most potent plant in the universe. It is well known that the correction of the calendar was enacted by pope Gregory the thirteenth, and that the reformed church have, with a proper spirit of opposition, adhered to the old calculation of the emperor Julius Cæsar, who by no means a papist. Near two years ago the new calendar was brought in (I hope by persons unaffected :) certain it is, that the Glastonbury thorn preserved its inflexibility, and observed its old anniversary. Many thousand spectators visited it on parliamentary Christmas day.....Not a bud was to be seen! On the true nativity it was covered with blossoms. One must be an infidel indeed to resist such authority. Had I been consulted, (and mathematical studies have not been the most incongruous of my speculation) instead of turning the calendar topsy-turvy, by fantastic calculations, I should have proposed to regulate the year by the infallible Dorsetshire thorn, and to have reckoned the months

from Christmas-day, which should always be kept as the Glastonbury thorn should bloom.

Many inconveniences, to be sure, would attend this system; but as holy things ought to be in the consideration of a religious nation, the inconveniences should be overlooked. The thorn can never bloom on the true Christmas-day; and consequently the apprehension of the year's becoming inverted to the Julian account can never hold. If the position of the sun varies, astronomers may find it difficult to adjust that: but it is preposterous, not to mention sumptuous, to be celebrating Christmas-day with the Glastonbury thorn, which certainly must be more certain and seasons better than an almanack-manner to be heresy.

Nor is Christmas-day the only jubilee on which we be morally disturbed by this innovation. There is another anniversary of no less celebrity than the birth of the apostles, which, in the midst of the tumult of circumstances, and which the prognosticate will not attend the error of the present system. The day is the first of April. The oldest tradition affirms that an infatuation attends the first day of the year: no foresight can escape, no vigilance can prevent; it is successful on that day out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. Grave citizens have lent money upon it; usurers have lent money on bond; experienced matrons have married very young fellows; mathematicians have calculated longitude; alchymists the philosopher's stone; politicians preferment, on that day.

What confusion will not follow, if the nation are disappointed of their pecuniary expectations? This country was formerly disturbed with quarrels about the celebration of Easter; but now man will tell me that it is not reasonable

the observance of April-fool-day. Can any benefits arising from a regular calendar make amends for any occasion of new sects? How many warm men may resent an attempt to play them off on a false first of April, who would have submitted to the custom of being made fools on the old computation? If our clergy come to be divided about folly's anniversary, we may well expect all the mischiefs attendant on religious wars; and we shall have reason to wish that the Glauconbury thorn would declare as remarkably in favour of the true April-fool-day, as it has in behalf of the genuine Christmas.

There are many other inconveniences, which I might lament very emphatically, but none of weight enough to be compared with those I have mentioned. I shall only hint at a whole system overturned by this revolution in the calendar, and no provision, that I have heard of, made by the legislature to remedy it. Yet in a nation which bestows such ample rewards on new-year and birth-day-odes, it is astonishing that the late act of parliament should have overlooked that useful branch of our poetry, which consists in couplets, saws, and proverbs, peculiar to certain days and seasons. Why was not a new set of distichs provided by the late reformers? Or at least a clause inserted in the act, enjoining the poet-laureat, or some beneficial genius, to prepare and new-cast the established rhymes for public use? Were our astronomers so ignorant as to think that the old proverbs would serve for their new-fangled calendar? Could they imagine that St. Swithin would accommodate his rainy planet to the convenience of their calculation? Who that bears the following verses, but must grieve for the shepherd and husbandman, who may have all their prognostics confounded, and be at a loss to know beforehand the fate of their markets? Ancient sagas sung,

If St. Paul be fair and clear,
 Then will betide a happy year;
 But if it either snow or rain,
 Then will be dear all kinds of grain;
 And if the wind doth blow aloft,
 Then wars will vex the realms full oft.

I have declared against meddling with politics, and therefore shall say nothing of the important hints contained in the last lines: yet if certain ill-boding appearances abroad should have an ugly end, I cannot help saying that I shall ascribe their evil tendency to our having been lulled asleep by resting our faith on the pretended conversion of St. Paul; whereas it was very blustering on that festival according to the good old account, as I honestly, though vainly, endeavoured to convince a great minister of state, whom I do not think proper to mention.

But to return to April-fool-day: I must beg my readers and admirers to be very particular in their observations on that holiday, both according to the new and old reckoning. And I beg that they will transmit to me or my secretary, Mr. Dodsley, a faithful and attested account of the hap that betides them or their acquaintance on each of those days; how often and in what manner they make or are made fools; how they miscarry in attempts to surprize, or baffle any snares laid for them. I do not doubt but it will be found that the balance of folly lies greatly on the side of the old first of April; nay, I much question whether infatuation will have any force on what I call the false April-fool-day. I should take it very kind, if any of my friends who may happen to be sharpers, would try their success on the fictitious festival; and if they make fewer dupes than ordinary, I flatter myself that they will unite their endeavours with mine in decrying and exploding a reformation, which only tends to discountenance good old practices and venerable superstitions.

No. XI. THURSDAY, MARCH 15.

IF we are to believe, universally, that virtue leads directly to happiness, and vice to punishment in this world, I am afraid we shall form very erroneous opinions of the people we converse with ; as every melancholy face will appear to be produced by a bad heart, and every cheerful face by a good one. But there will be no discouragement to virtue to say that the reverse of this is much oftener the case : nay, so obstinate am I in this opinion, that I seldom see a countenance of sincere and settled grief, without concluding it to be the effect of some eminent degree of virtue.

If sickness and bodily pain were, indeed, all the misfortunes incident to our natures, it might be said, with some colour of truth, that virtue was generally its own immediate reward ; as every one will allow, that temperance and abstemiousness lead more directly to health and ease than riot and debauchery. But while we have affections that steal us from our own happiness, to involve us in the misery of those about us, they who have the best hearts will be oftenest made uneasy.

The good man considers the whole human race as his own family ; and as such a person, in a world like this, is liable to more disappointments than one who cares only himself to care for, his troubles and mortifications will assuredly be greater.

The friends of virtue should therefore be cautious in promising what they are not sure will be performed ; lest, by a failure in the end, they bring discredit on the means. It will be always sufficient to say of virtue, that its reward is certain, while it can be said of that reward, that it is happiness eternal.

The following allegory, which is a literal translation from the same old Spanish author, from a story of Gonzales de Castro in my first paper, supposes the good man to be unhappy only because his goodness is imperfect. I here (though not exactly applicable to my subject) present the most instructive entertainment I am able to offer my readers at this season.

If the ladies should happen to conceive a notion to some little severities in it, they are desired to take notice, that the author was a Spaniard, and that he wrote at a time, when it appears by the concurrent testimony of all historians, that the sex was not without fault.

Jupiter, when he made man, brought with him from heaven a nymph called Felicia, or Happiness, his companion. The better to engage them together, he furnished Man with those passions and affections which were to feed the mind with pleasures, with a guide, called Reason, to resist violence; and to the nymph he gave immortality, together with a certain degree of coyness, always sure to engage pursuit and endear passion.

But as if some other power had a malice to set this pair at variance, notwithstanding the strong desire of Jupiter to unite them, Felicia was insensible to every thing but virtue, while the passion of Man generally hurried him to a pursuit of the means of vice. With this difference in their natures it was impossible for them to agree; in a short time they became almost strangers to each other. Reason would have gone over to the nymph Felicia, but some particular passion always drew him; for, what was almost incredible, though Reason was a sufficient match for the whole body of passions united, he was sure to be subdued, if so *countered*.

Jupiter laughed at the folly of Man, and gave him Woman. But as her frame was too delicately composed to endure the perpetual strife of Reason and the Passions, he confined the former to Man, and gave up Woman to the government of the latter without controul.

Felicia, upon this new creation, grew again acquainted with Man. She made him a visit of a month, and at his entreaty would have settled with him for ever, if the jealousy of Woman had not driven her from his roof.

From this time the Nymph has led a wandering life, without any settled habitation. As the world grew peopled, she paid her visits to every corner of it; but though millions pretended to love her, not a single mortal had constancy to deserve her. Ceremony drove her from court, Avarice from the city, and Want from the cottage. Her delight, however, was in the last of these places, and there it was that she was most frequently to be found.

Jupiter saw with pity the wanderings of Felicia, and in a fortunate hour caused a mortal to be born, whose name was Bonario, or Goodness. He endowed him with all the graces of mind and body; and at an age when the soul becomes sensible of desires, he breathed into him a passion for the beautiful Felicia. Bonario had frequently seen her in his early visits to Wisdom and Devotion; but as lightness of belief and an over-fondness of mankind were failings inseparable to him, he often suffered himself to be led astray from Felicia, until Reflection, the common friend of both, would set him right, and re-conduct him to her company.

Though Felicia was a virgin of some thousand years old, her coyness was rather found to encrease than to diminish. This perhaps, to mortal old maids may be matter of wonder; but the true reason was,

that the beauty of Felicia was incapable of defence; hence it was, that the Fickleness of Bonario was less and less easy of access. Yet such was that he continually suffered himself to be deceived by her, until at last she totally withdrew her affection came only to upbraid him. Her friends, however, were of service, as by shewing him that he had lost Felicia, they gave him hopes that a change of behaviour might, in time, regain her.

The loss of happiness instructs us how to value it. And now it was that Bonario began to earnestly seek Felicia, and to devote his whole time to a search for her. He enquired for her among the great, but knew her not. He bribed the poor for information, but they were strangers to her. He sought for her in Knowledge, but she was ignorant of her; and in Virtue, but she missed him. Temperance knew the path she had taken; Virtue had seen her way; but Religion assured him of her present Constancy to conduct him to her.

It was in a village far from town, that Bonario saw his Felicia; and here he was in hopes of regaining her for ever. The coyness with which she had treated him in his days of folly, time, and the softening it had wrought in him, began to soften. He spent his whole days in her society, and was rarely absent from her, but when passion had misguid-

Felicia lived in this retreat, with the daughter of a simple villager, called Innocence. To this rustic did Bonario apply for intercession, and she offered to intercede for him, but the im-

ment, sent up a petition to Jupiter, to be recalled to heaven.

Jupiter, upon this petition, called a council of the gods; in which it was decreed that while Bonario continued upon earth, Felicia should not totally depart from it; but as the nature of Bonario was fickle and imperfect, his admission to her society should be only occasional and transient. That their nuptials should be deferred until the nature of Bonario should be changed by death, and that afterwards they should be inseparably united in the regions of immortality.

No. XII. THURSDAY, MARCH 23.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

SIR,

IT is a great abuse of language, according to Mr. Locke, to make use of words to which we have no fixed and determinate ideas. There is a still greater, Mr. Fitz-Adam, which is the almost continually using words to which we have no ideas at all. I shall only instance in the poor monosyllable Taste. Who has not heard it frequently pronounced by the loveliest mouths in the world, when it has evidently meant nothing?

I would not be thought to require, like an ill-bred logician, that every pretty woman, or even every man, who makes use of the word Taste, should define what they mean by it; that would be too cruel; but I should rather chuse, when they are really conscious to themselves that they are going to utter it without any idea annexed, that they would be so good as to *change it for* the word Whim. However, as

my recommendation will, I am sure, have unless it should be backed by your censoriousness. I shall leave them at present in the full power of their favourite word, and proceed to the next part of my letter.

You rallied very humourously, a few years ago, some of the reigning follies of this various order under the name of our approaches to nature. You have likewise taken notice how desirous we are of returning to our primæval ignorance, under the name of Taste: a name which we are fond of giving to every new folly which starts up, and to every kind of absurdity which we are charitably pleased to overlook. Let but that commanding word go forth, and no cameleon catches his colour quicker than we are ready to imbibe follies from each other. Taste, in my opinion, ought to be applied to every thing, but what has as strict rules annexed to it, that may be imperceptible by the vulgar, as Aristotle's rules, the critics, would require, or Domenichino's rules, the painters, practise. People may have whims, caprices, persuasions, and even second-sight, but they can have no Taste which has its foundation in nature, and which, consequently, may be accounted for.

From a thousand instances of our imitations I shall select one or two, which have been and still are, notorious and general. A few years ago every thing was Gothic; our houses, our book-cases, and our couches, were all copied from some parts or other of our cathedrals. The same in architecture, where, as Dryden says,

*From Doric pillars found the lower base,
The gay Corinthian holds the higher space,
And all below is strength, and all above is grace.*

architecture, which was taught by nature and polished by the graces, was totally neglected. Tricks and conceits got possession every where. Chimney-pieces were to shock you with disproportion ; or little pillars were to support vast weights ; while ignorant people, who knew nothing of centers of gravity, were to tremble at their entrance into every building, lest the roofs should fall upon their heads. This, however odd it might seem, and however unworthy the name of Taste, was cultivated, was admired, and still has its professors in different parts of England. There is something, they say, in it congenial to our old Gothic constitution ; I should rather think to our modern idea of liberty, which allows every one the privilege of playing the fool, and of making himself ridiculous in whatever way he pleases.

According to the present prevailing whim, every thing is Chinese, or in the Chinese Taste : or, as it is sometimes more modestly expressed, " partly after the Chinese manner." Chairs, tables, chimney-pieces, frames for looking-glasses, and even our most vulgar utensils, are all reduced to this new-fangled standard ; and without doors so universally has it spread, that every gate to a cow-yard is in T's and Z's, and every hovel for the cows has bells hanging at the corners.

The good people in the city are, I perceive, struck with this novelty ; and though some of them still retain the last fashion, the Gothic, yet others have begun to ornament the doors and windows of their shops with the more modern improvements.

Had this taste prevailed in the latter end of queen Anne's time, the new churches themselves had doubtless been pagodas ; nay, it is expected at present that the something which is rising on the building at the Horse-guards, if ever it should come to a conclusion,

will terminate at last "partly after the Ciceronian manner."

I would beg leave, however to propose, that public buildings are to be executed after the models of the ancients, that we should pursue the usual mode on such occasions. The inoculation for the small pox and other such hazardous experiments, were executed upon condemned criminals. And in consequence, an experiment of this kind should first be tried in an hospital, or a county work-house. It will be said in answer to this, that care should be chiefly to be studied in edifices of charity, for the convenience to give way to Taste? Is the nation to be less considered than the paragon of private persons? It is a thought that the hospitals of Chelsea and of Greenwich already built; their situations are the very best that could have been chosen for a trial of this sort. Numbers of little lakes might have been made in the Thames to wander among the pavilions, how commodiously might we have passed to ward by bridges adorned with triumphal arches.

The encouragement of this taste may lead to the consideration of those gentlemen who have their possessions in the isle of Ely, or the fens of the East Angleshire. A Chinese town, happily situated, with a great number of inhabitants, and make estates in those countries extremely desirable. Marshy grounds, which are now avoided, will become by this means the resort of many; and we may live to see the county of Essex crowded with villas. But I only mention these things to those whom they concern, and leave it to them to rest it may be to pursue them farther. My intention, you perceive, is to make Taste useful to the people at least, and to assign proper places for the display of our improved talents.

But while I am promoting the interest and entertainment of some of his majesty's subjects, I would wilfully offend others, who may be a little infatuated through their zeal to their country. Many good riots have been greatly alarmed at the spreading of the French language and the French fashions so universally over Europe; and have apprehended, perhaps too justly, that their modes of religion and government might insinuate themselves in their turns. Every pious Englishman should have the same fears with regard to the Chinese customs and manners, I have the satisfaction to inform him, that nothing of that kind can reasonably be dreaded. We may rest assured that our firm faith will never be staggered by the tenets of Fohi, nor our practice vitiated by the precepts of Confusius; at least we may be certain that the present innovations are by no means adequate to produce such an effect: for on a moderate computation, not more than a thousand of all the stiles, gates, rails, pales, bridges, temples, chimney-pieces, &c. &c. &c. which are called Chinese, has the least resemblance to any thing that China ever saw; nor would an Englishman much be a less uncommon sight to a travelling Mandarin, than an English pagoda. I think it necessary to say thus much, in order to quiet the scruples of conscientious persons who will doubtless be more at ease when they consider that our Chinese ornaments are not only of our own manufacture, like our French silks and our French wines, but, what has seldom been attributed to the English, of our own inventions.

I am,
Sir,

Your most humble servant,
H. S.

To the Public.

WHEREAS a subscription for a subsidy for use of King Theodore was opened at Tulley's in Pallmall the twenty-second of last month; T to give notice that by order of Mr. Fitz-Adam said subscription will be closed on Tuesday the tw seventh of this instant March; at which time the aidy will be paid in. ROBERT DON

No. XIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 29.

I SHALL make no apology for the folk letters, or my own answers to them; having be ways of opinion that works of criticism are the strength and ornament of a public paper.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

SIR,

THOUGH you set out with a good grace i WORLD, I cannot help thinking that a paper not then upon religion might be very entertaining am an officer in country quarters, and as the cha to the regiment happens to live altogether in to have no opportunity of knowing any thing of th fair, but from what I hear at church.

I am, &c.

A.

To Mr. A. Z.

SIR,

THAT no officer in quarters may be under the cessity of going to Church, the WORLD, for the ture shall be a religious one.

I am, &c.

A. FITZ-ADAM

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

SIR,
 BELONG to a club of very serious clergymen,
 am glad (so is every one of us) that you do not
 to meddle with religion in your paper. It is
 only a subject of too much dignity and importance
 treated of in essays, which seem devoted to hu-
 and the ridicule of folly. In the name of the
 club,
 I am, &c.

J. C.

To Mr. J. C.

SIR,
 it will be always my ambition to stand well
 the clergy, they may assure themselves that the
 LD shall have no religion in it.
 I am, &c.

A. FITZ-ADAM.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

SIR,
 CANNOT help being offended at your want of
 fitness in a paper, which, in other respects, de-
 s approbation. In number I. you say, warn
 to goodness. The verb warn is unwarrantable
 s place: we are warned by or from, but not to. .
 word should be incite; and so I have corrected
 my own paper. In number III. line 2, you have
 colloquial barbarism of doing a thing by a man
 ad of to. I cannot express how much I am hurt
 vulgar an impropriety. In number VI. page
 he verb display is used instead of its participle
 aying. Perhaps it is only an error of the press:
 be careful for the future. I am willing to hope
 these gross mistakes are only owing to inadvert-
 . If so, I rest.

Your admirer,

PHILOLOGOS.

. J.

G

To Philologos.

SIR,

I SHALL be very careful of mistakes
ture; and do assure you, upon my veracity
have hitherto proceeded from nothing but
ency.

I am, Sir,

Your obliged serv

A. FITZ

To Adam Fitz-Adam, Esq.

DEAR FITZ,

LORD **** and I laid hold of a d.....
university fellow yesterday, and carried
club; where, when the claret began to n
paper of the WORLD happened to come u
pis. "That same Mr. Fitz-Adam (say
"very inaccurate writer; peradventure I
"an opportunity of telling him so in a sl
But, dear Fitz, if the prig should really
letter, smoke the parson and be witty.
curacies, as he calls them are the characte
polite writer; by these alone our club i
you are a man of fashion. Away with pe
the grammar! Write like a gentleman;
Pope, in his essay upon critics,

Snatch a grace beyond the reach of nature.

Your's, A.

To Mr. A. B,

SIR,

IN compliance with your advice, I shal
pedantry of grammar, and be perfectly the
in my future essays.

I am,

Your most o

A. FITZ

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

SIR,

I DO not write to you to have the pleasure of seeing myself in print: it is only to give you a little friendly advice. Take care of novels: the town farms with them. That foolish story of Mrs. Wilson, in your fourth and fifth papers, made me cry out at the WORLD was at an end!

Yours,

TOM TELL-TRUTH.

To Mr. Tell-Truth.

SIR,

I THANK you for the caution, and will write no more novels.

Your most humble servant,

A. FITZ-ADAM.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

SIR,

YOUR predecessor, the Spectator, did not think his labours altogether useless, which were dedicated to us women. Those elegant moral tales, which make their appearance so frequently in his works, are so many proofs of his regard for us. From the fourth and fifth numbers of the WORLD we have the pleasure of hoping that the Spectator is revived among us. The story of Mrs. Wilson is a lesson of instruction to every woman in the kingdom, and has given the author of it as many friends as he has readers among the sex.

I am, Sir,

Your real admirer and humble servant,

L. B.

To Miss L. B.

MADAM,

AS it will be always my chief happiness to please

the ladies, I shall devote my future papers entire to novels.

Your obliged and most obedient servant,
A. FITZ-ADAM

To Mr. Fitz-Adam

SIR,

IF a plain grave man may have leave to tell you little truth, I must inform you, that though I like your manner very much, I have great objections to your matter. He who only skims surfaces will gather little but straws. If you are the philosopher you would have us think you, give us something that may rest upon the memory, and improve while it entertains.

I am, &c.

AMICUS.

To Amicus.

SIR,

THE WORLD, for the future, shall be grave and philosophical; the matter shall be regarded, and the manner.

I am, &c.

A. FITZ-ADAM

A Monsieur Fitz Adam.

JE suis enchanté, mon cher monsieur, de voir MONDE, Depuis deux ans que je suis a Londres, j'ai appris assez d'Anglois pour l'entendre parfaitement mais je ne suis pas si habile que Voltaire, pour l'écouter. Vous avez saisi tout a fait l'esprit François; et d'enjouement, de legereté, et de vivacité!...Parbleu c'est charmant!! Donnez nous de temps en temps vaudeville, ou quelque petite chanson a boire, et me croirai a Paris. Le seul petit defaut que vous avez, c'est que vous sentez trop le MONDE sage.

vous manque qu'un peu du MONDE fou, pour
 être a tout le MONDE, et surtout a celui qui a l'hon-
 neur d'être, monsieur,

Votre tres humble et tres obeissant serviteur,
 DOURILLAC.

A Monsieur Dourillac.

VOUS pouvez conter, monsieur, qu'il n'y a rien au
 monde que je ne fasse pour captiver la bien-veillance
 d'un si aimable homet. Tout ce qu'il a de gai, de
 platile, et meme evaporé coulera deormais de ma
 plume, J'ai l'honneur d'être, monsieur,

Votre tres humble et-tres obeissant serviteur,
 FITZ-ADAM.

I have many more letters written in the same spirit
 of criticism, and consequently many more opinions of
 my own; but as these may be thought sufficient at
 the time, I shall borrow an old fable, and conclude
 this paper.

An old man and a little boy were driving an ass to
 the next market to sell. What a fool is this fellow
 (says a man upon the road) to be trudging it on foot
 with his son, that his ass may go light! The old man,
 hearing this, set his boy upon the ass, and went
 whistling by the side of him. Why, sirrah! (cries
 a secondman to the boy) is it fit for you to be riding,
 while your poor old father is walking on foot? The
 father upon this rebuke, took down his boy from the
 ass, and mounted himself. Do you see (says a third)
 how the lazy old knave rides along upon his beast,
 while his poor little boy is almost crippled with walk-
 ing? The old man no sooner heard this, than he took
 up his son behind him. Pray, honest friend (says a
 fourth) is that ass your own? Yes, says the man.
 One would not have thought so, replied the other, by
 your loading him so unmercifully. You and your son

are better able to carry the poor beast than he you. Any thing to please, says the owner ; and alighting with his son, they tied the legs of the ass together, and by the help of a pole endeavoured to carry him upon their shoulders over the bridge that led to the town. This was so entertaining a sight that the people ran in crowds to laugh at it ; till the ass, conceiving a dislike to the over-complaisance of his master, burst asunder the cords that tied him, slipped from the pole, and tumbled into the river. The poor old man made the best of his way home ashamed and vexed that by endeavouring to please every body, he had pleased nobody, and lost his ass into the bargain.

No. XIV. THURSDAY, APRIL 5.

I DO not doubt but it is already observed that I write fewer letters to myself than any of my predecessors. It is not from being less acquainted with my own merit, but I really look upon myself as superior to such little arts of fame. Compliments, which should be obliged to shroud under the name of a third person, have very little relish for me. If I am not considerable enough to pronounce *ex cathedra*, that Adam Fitz-Adam know how to rally the follies, and decide upon the customs of the world with more wit, humour, learning, and taste than any man living, have in vain undertaken the scheme of this paper. Who would be regulated by the judgment of a man who is not the most self-sufficient person alive ? Why did all the pretty women in England, in the reign of queen Anne, submit the government of their fan-*hoods*, *hoops*, and patches to the Spectator, but to

use he pronounced himself the best critic in fashion? Why did half the nation imbibe their politics from the Craftsman, but because Caleb d'Anvers assured them that he understood the maxims of government and the constitution of his country better than any minister or patriot of his time? Throned as I am on a perfect good opinion of my own abilities, I scorn to taste the satisfaction of praise from my own pen.... and (to be humble for once) I own, if there is any species of writing of which I am not perfect master, it is the epistolary. My deficiency in this particular is equally common to me with the greatest name: I can even go farther, and declare that it is the fair part of the creation which excels in that province. Ease without affectation, the politest expression, the happiest art of telling news or trifles, the most engaging turns of sentiment or passion, are frequently found in letters from women, who have lived in a sphere at all above the vulgar; while on the other side, orators write affectedly, ministers obscurely, poets floridly, learned men pedantically, and soldiers tolerably, when they can spell. One would not have one's daughter write like Éloisa, because one would not have one's daughter feel what she felt; yet who ever wrote so movingly, so to the heart? The amiable madame de Sevigné is the standard of easy engaging writing: to call her the pattern of eloquent writing will not be thought an exaggeration, when I refer my readers to her accounts of the death of marshal Turenne: some little fragments of her letters, in the appendix to Ramsay's life of that hero, give a stronger picture of him than the historian was able to do in his voluminous work. If this Fair One's epistles are liable to any censure, it is for a fault in which she is not likely to be often imitated, the excess of tenderness for her daughter.

The Italians are as proud of a person of the same

bition : one, and not the least ridiculous, was tend that the patriarchal dignity was included imperial; and by virtue of that definition he resumed the title of Pontifex Maximus, copying pagan lords of Rome on his way to the sovereignty of the christian church. Money he knew was the best method, but the least at his command ; it was to procure a supply of that necessary ingredient he wrote the following letter to his daughter Maud, duchess dowager of Savoy, and governess of the Netherlands.

“ Tres chiere et tres amée fyllle, je enten
 “ que vous m'avez donne par Guyllain Pinget
 “ garde-robes, dont avons encore mieux l'esperance
 “ ne trouvons point pour nulle resun bon conseil
 “ nous devons franchement marier, maes avant
 “ avant mys notre deliberation et velonté de
 “ plus hanter facin nre. Et envoyons demain
 “ de Gurco Evesque a Rome devers le pape
 “ trouver sachon que nous puyssuns accorder
 “ de nous prendre pour ung coadjuteur, a
 “ apres sa mort pouruns estre assuré de avoir
 “ pat, et deviner prester, et apres estre saint
 “ il vous sera de necessité que apres ma mort
 “ seres contrainst de me adorer, dont je me
 “ bien glorioes. Je envoie sur ce ung poste
 “ le roy d'Aragon pour yl prier qu'y nous ve
 “ der pour a ce parvenir, dont il est aussy
 “ moynant que je resigne l'empir a nostre cousin
 “ Charls, de sela aussy je me suys contenté.
 “ mance aussy practiker les Cardinaulx, dont
 “ iii C. mylle ducats me ferunt ung grand
 “ aveque la partialité qui est deja entre eos.
 “ d'Aragon a mande a son ambaxadeur que y
 “ favouryser le papat a nous Je vous prie, de
 “ matter empu secret, essi bien en bien je
 “ criens que yl faut que tout le monde le sache

il est possible de pratiquer ung tel sy grand
secretement pour laquell il faut avouer de
gens et de argent, succurs et pratike, et a
it de la main de votre bon pere Maximilianus
ape, le x^{viij} jour de septembre. Le papa a
es vycevers dubls, et ne peult longement fy-

urious piece, which it is impossible to trans-
what language can give an adequate idea of
old Germain French?) is to be found in the
lume of letters of Louis xiith, printed at Brus-
r. Foppens in 1712. It will be sufficient to
ich of my readers as do not understand French,
mperial majesty acquaints his beloved daugh-
he designs never to frequent naked women
s, but to use all his endeavours to procure
cy, and then to turn priest, and at length be-
aint, that his dear daughter may be obliged to
him, which he shall reckon matter of exceed-
r. He expresses great want of two or three
thousand ducats to facilitate the business,
s desires may be kept very secret, though he
doubt but all the world will know it in two or
rs; and concludes with signing himself "fu-
ope."

contrast to this scrap of imperial folly, I shall
ny readers with the other letter I mentioned.
ritten by the lady Anne, widow of the earls
t and Pembroke (the life of the former of
ie wrote) and heiress of the great house of
Cumberland, from which, among many no-
sions, she enjoyed the borough of Appleby.
h Williamson, secretary of state to Charles
id, wrote to name a candidate to her for that
s the brave countess, with all the spirit of
estors, and with all the eloquence of inde-
Greece, returned this laconic answer.

" I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated by a subject ; your man shan't stand.

" ANNE, DORSFET, PEMBROKE
" and MONTGOMERY.



No. XV. THURSDAY, APRIL 12.

IT has been imagined, that if an ancient inhabitant of this island, some old Saxon for example, even in latter times, a subject of one of our Harolds or our Edwards, could rise from his grave and take a survey of the present generation, he would not suspect us to be the descendants of his contemporaries, but would stare about with surprize, and be disposed to fancy himself among a nation of foreigners, if among a race of animals of a different species. He sometimes thought that such a person would be less puzzled to know his country again, than his countrymen ; such a change would he find in the natural face of England, as well as in the manners of its inhabitants. The great increase of public and private buildings, the difference of architecture, the frequent navigation of rivers, and above all, the introduction and whimsical variations of gardening, have contributed so effectually to new-dress our island, which before was covered with rude forests and extensive marshes, that it would require some time and pains to discover her ancient features under so total a disguise. This is more particularly the case with the counties adjacent to London, over which the genius of gardening exercises power so often and so uniformly, that they are usually new-created once in two

y or thirty years, and no traces left of their former condition. Nor is this to be wondered at; for gardening, being the dress of nature, is as liable to the caprices of fashion, as are the dresses of the human body; and there is a certain mode of it in every age, which grows antiquated, and becomes obsolete and ridiculous in the next. So that were any man of taste now to lay out his ground in the style which prevailed less than half a century ago, it would occasion as much astonishment and laughter, as if a modern beau should appear in the drawing-room in red stockings, or introduce himself into a polite assembly in one of my lord Foppington's periwigs.

What was the prevailing mode in Milton's days may be guessed from a passage in his *Il Penseroso*, where he describes retired Leisure taking his delight in trim gardens. The practice, it seems, was to embroider and flourish over the ground with curious knots of flowers, as the same poet calls them in another part of his works; and in this there was something of cheerfulness and gaiety at least, though the judicious eye could not help being displeased with the fantastic quaintness of the design.

James the second was deposed, and the immortal king William came to the crown of these kingdoms; an era as remarkable in the annals of gardening as in those of government; but far less auspicious in the former instance. The mournful family of yews came over with the house of Orange; the sombre taste of Holland grew into vogue, and strait canals, rectilinear walks, and rows of clipped evergreens were all the mode. It was the compliment which England paid her new sovereign, to wear the dress of a Dutch morass. The royal gardens of Kensington, Hampton-court and Richmond, set the same example; and good whigs distinguished their loyalty by fetching their plants from the same country, which had the

honour of producing their king; a country never greatly celebrated for taste in any instance, and less of all in the article now under consideration. It was such were the errors of the times; our connoisseurs in their zeal all became Mynheers; and it would probably have been then esteemed as great a mark of disaffection to have laid out ground different from the true Belgic model, as it would be now to wear a wig on the tenth of June.

This Dutch absurdity, like all other follies, had its run, and in time expired. The great Kent appeared at length in behalf of nature, declared war against taste in fashion, and laid the axe to the root of artificial ever-greens. Gardens were no longer filled with yews in the shape of giants. Noah's ark cut in hollow, St. George and the dragon in box, cypress lovers, horserustine bears, and all that race of root-bound monsters, which flourished so long and looked so tremendous round the edges of every grass-plot. At the same time the dull uniformity of designing was banished; high walls, excluding the country, were thrown down; and it was no longer thought necessary that every grove should nod at a rival, and every wall be paired with a twin-brother. The great master above-mentioned, truly the disciple of nature, imitated her in the agreeable wildness and beautiful irregularity of her plans, of which there are some noble examples still remaining, that abundantly shew the power of his creative genius.

But it is our misfortune that we always run beyond the goal, and are never contented to rest at that point where perfection ends, and excess and absurdity begin. Thus our present artists in gardening far exceed the wildness of nature; and pretending to improve on the plans of Kent, distort their ground into irregularities the most offensive that can be imagined. . . . great comic painter has proved, I am told, in a pic-

day expected, that the line of beauty is an S : e this to be the unanimous opinion of all our ssors of horticulture, who seem to have the most trous veneration for that crooked letter at the tail : alphabet. Their land, their water, must be serene ; and because the formality of the last age ran much into right lines and parallels, a spirit of opinion carries the present universally into curves nazes.

was questioned of some old mathematician, a t bigot to his favourite science, whether he would ent to go to heaven in any path that was not tridlar ? It may, I think, with equal propriety be tioned of a modern gardener, whether he would ent to go thither in any path that is not serpen- ? Nothing on earth, at least, can please out of that el ; and there is reason to believe, that paradise f would have no charms for one of these gentle- s, unless its walks be disposed into labyrinth and under. In serious truth, the vast multitude of grotesque little villas, which grow up every summer, in a certain distance of London, and swarm more ecially on the banks of the Thames, are fatal ofs of the degeneracy of our national taste. With ascription of one of these whimsical nothings, and h a few previous remarks upon the owner of it, I ll conclude this paper.

Squire Mushroom, the present worthy possessor of xck-hill, was born at a little dirty village in Hert- dshire, and received the rudiments of his educa- m behind a writing-desk, under the eye of his fa- er, who was an attorney at law. It is not material relate by what means he broke loose from the ndage of parchment, or by what steps he rose from imaval meanness and obscurity to his present sta- on in life. Let it be sufficient to say, that at the age if forty he found himself in possession of a consider-

able fortune. Being thus enriched, he gretious of introducing himself to the world as a taste and pleasure; for which purpose he put on his servants waistcoats, took into his brace of whores, and resolved to have a villa of this pleasing-idea, he purchased an old farm not far distant from the place of his nativity, to building and planting with all the rage. The old mansion immediately shot up into spires, and was plastered over with stucco: towers were notched into battlements; uncouth animals set grinning at one another over the gate post; the hall was fortified with rusty swords and pikes; a Medusa's head staring tremendous over the doorway. When he had proceeded thus far, he decided in good time that his house was not his own, which obliged him to add two rooms entire and entirely incoherent with the rest of the building. Thus while one half is designed to give you a Gothic edifice, the other half presents to you Venetian windows, slices of pilaster, balustrades, and other parts of Italian architecture.

A library of books, as it is esteemed an ornament in a modish villa, was the next object of the squire's ambition. I was conducted into this library soon after its completion, and could not be long serving with some surprise that all the volumes on the shelves were in duodecimo: at which expression of my curiosity, I received the following answer, very politely delivered. "Why, sir, I'll inform you how that matter passed; I ordered my carpenter to tickle me up a fashionable set of cases for the reception of books, and the damned blundering booby made shelves, as you see, of a size, only to hold duodecimo's, as they call them; so I was obliged, as you know, to purchase books of a proper

ly, and such as would fit the places they were to find in."

the triumph of his genius was seen in the design of his gardens, which contain every thing in less than two acres of ground. At your first entrance, you are saluted with a yellow serpentine river, stagnating through a beautiful valley, which extends nearly a mile in length. Over the river is thrown a bridge, "partly in the Chinese manner," and a little boat with sails spread and streamers flying, floats in the midst of it. When you have passed this bridge, you enter into a grove perplexed with errors and mazes; where having trod the same ground over and over again, through a labyrinth of horn-beams, you are led into an old hermitage built with the roots of trees, which the squire is pleased to call St. Martin's cave. Here he desires you to repose yourself, and expects encomiums on his taste: after which your wanderings begin through another maze of walks, the last error is much worse than the first. At length, when you almost despair of ever seeing daylight any more, you emerge on a sudden in an open circular area, richly chequered with beds of flowers, and embellished with a little fountain playing in the centre of it. As every folly must have a name, the squire informs you, that "by way of whim," he christened this place "little Maribon;" at the upper end of which you are conducted into a pompous, noisy, and gilded building, said to be a temple, and dedicated to Venus; for no other reason which I could learn, but because the squire riots here sometimes in vulgar love with a couple of orange-wenchies, taken from the purlieus of the play-house. To conclude, if one wished to see a cockcomb expose itself in the most effectual manner, one would advise him to build a villa; which is the chef-d'œuvre of modern impertinence, and the most conspicuous

able fortune. Being thus enriched
 tious of introducing himself to the
 taste and pleasure; for which
 ing on his servants waister
 brace of whores, and reser
 of this pleasing-idea, he
 not far distant from the

to building and pleasure. THURSDAY, APR
 The old mansion

spires, and was r well said by Montaigne
 were notched by acquisitions receive taste
 set grinning internal constitution; as
 the hall was not from their own heat, but
 a Medusa, keeping close the heat that is in
 money. Every man's experience will prove the
 ed in generation; as it will teach him, both
 whi in himself, and observes in others
 an disposition for happiness, the benefits
 of life are bestowed upon him in vain;
 is even a bare exemption from poverty
 most happiness enough.

I am led to this thought by the fol
 which I received near two years ago from
 valuable friend. The reader will perceive
 not written with a view of publication;
 sends us with a very natural picture of
 pinness, and instructs us how an elegar
 may live charitably, and within bound
 come of only fifty pounds a year, I shall
 public exactly as I received it. Those
 ing hearts will call it an entertainment
 is not written.

York, June the

Dear Sir,

THE reason that you have not heard
 for these last five weeks is, that the p

engrossed all my time and attention. I was surprised to hear, that I have spent a month with our old friend, the rector and his honest wife.

That compassion we used to think who had mixed a good deal with the world, had always entertained hopes of being wiser in it, should foolishly, and at an age when we generally grow wise, throw away his affections upon a girl worth nothing : and that she, one of the liveliest of women, as well as the finest, should neglect the many advantageous offers which were made her, and follow a poor parson to his living of fifty pounds a year, in a remote corner of the kingdom. I have learned from experience, that we have no pitying the happiest of our acquaintance. I am impatient to tell you all I know of them.

The parish of South-Green is about seventeen miles from this place, and is, in my opinion, the most pleasant spot of ground in all Yorkshire.....I should have told you, that our friend, by the death of a relation, was enabled to carry his wife from London with near two-hundred and fifty guineas in his pocket ; with which sum he has converted the old parsonage-house into a little palace, and fourteen acres of glebe into a farm and garden, that even a Pelham or a Southey might look upon with pleasure.

The house stands upon an eminence within the winding of a river, with about half an acre of kitchen garden, fenced in with a good old wall, well planted with fruit trees. The river that almost surrounds this little spot, affords them fish at all seasons. They catch trout there, and plenty of them, from two to five pounds weight. Before the house is a little lawn with trees planted in clumps ; and behind it a yard well stocked with poultry, with a barn, cow-house, and outhouse. *At the end of the garden a draw-bridge leads*

you to a small piece of ground, where three or four pigs are kept. Here they are fattened for pork and bacon; the latter they cure for themselves; and in my life I never eat better.

In the seven years of this retirement, they have planted their little spot, that you can hardly conceive any thing more beautiful. The fields lie all together with pasture-ground enough for two horses and many cows, and the arable. Every thing thrives under their hands. The hedges, all of their own planting, are the thickest of any in the country, and within every one of them is a sand-walk between a double row of flowery shrubs, hardly ever out of blossom. The produce of these fields supplies them abundantly with the means of bread and beer, and with a surplus yearly for the poor, to whom they were the best benefactors of any in the neighbourhood. The husband brews, and the wife bakes; he manages the farm and she the dairy: and both with such skill and industry, that you would think them educated to do any thing else.

Their house consists of two parlours and a kitchen below, and two bed-chambers and a servant's room above. Their maid is a poor woman's daughter from the parish, whom they took at eleven years old, and have made the handiest girl imaginable. She is extremely pretty, and might marry herself to advantage, but she loves her mistress so sincerely, that temptation is strong enough to prevail upon her to leave her.

In this sweet retirement they have a boy and girl; the boy six years old, and the girl four; both of the prettiest little things that ever were born. The girl is the very picture of the mother, with the same softness of heart and temper. The boy is a jolly devil and loves mischief; but if you tell him an interesting story, he will cry for an hour together. The husband

d wife constantly go to bed at ten, and rise at six.
 e business of the day is commonly finished by
 mer-time; and all after is amusement and pleasure,
 thout any set forms. They are almost worshipped
 the parishioners, to whom the doctor is not only
 e spiritual director, but the physician, the surgeon,
 e apothecary, the lawyer, the steward, the friend,
 d the cheerful companion. The best people in the
 orld are fond of visiting them; they call it going to
 e the wonders of Yorkshire, and say that they ne-
 eat so heartily as of the parson's bacon and greens.
 I told you, at the beginning of this letter, that they
 re the happiest couple of our acquaintance; and
 w I will tell you why they are so. In the first
 ace, they love and are delighted with each other. A
 ven years marriage, instead of lessening their af-
 ctions, has encreased them. They wish for nothing
 ore than what their little income affords them; and
 en of that little they lay up. Our friend shewed
 e his account of expences, or rather his wife's ac-
 unt; by which it appears that they have saved year-
 from fifteen shillings to a guinea, exclusive of about
 e same sum, which they distribute among the poor,
 sides barley, wheat, and twenty other things. The
 ly article of luxury is tea; but the doctor says he
 ould forbid that, if his wife could forget her London
 ucation. However, they seldom offer it to their
 st company, and less than a pound will last them a
 elvemonth. Wine they have none, nor will they
 ceive it as a present. Their constant drink is small
 er and ale, both of which they brew in the highest
 rfection. Exercise and temperance keep them in
 rpetual health and good-humour. All the strife
 tween them is who shall please and oblige the most.
 heir favourite amusement is reading; now-and-then,
 deed, our friend scribbles a little; but his perform-
 ces reach no farther than a short sermon, or paper

of verses in praise of his wife. Every birth-day of the lady is constantly celebrated in this manner: and though you do not read a Swift to his Stella, yet there is something so sincere and tender in these little pieces, that I could never read any of them without tears. In the fine afternoons and evenings, they are walking arm in arm, with their boy and girl, about their ground; but how cheerful, how happy! is not to be told you. Their children are hardly so much children as themselves. But though they love one another even to dotage, their fondness never appears before company. I never saw either of them so much as playing with the other's hand.... I mean only when they have known I was within sight of them; I have stolen upon them unawares indeed, and have been witness to such words and looks as have quite melted me.

With this couple and in this retirement, I have passed my time since you heard from me. How happily I need not say: come, and be a judge yourself they invite you most heartily.

One thing I had forgot to tell you of them. It makes no part of their happiness that they can compare themselves with the rest of the world, who was minds to enjoy themselves as they do. It rather lessens than encreases it. Their own happiness is from their own hearts. They have every thing they wish for in this fifty pounds a year and one another. They make no boast of themselves, nor find fault with anybody. They are sorry I am not so happy as they but are far from advising me to retire as they have done. I left a bank note of twenty pounds behind me in my room, inclosed in a letter of thanks for the civilities to me; but it was returned me this morning to York, in a manner that pleased me more than all the rest of their behaviour. Our friend thanked me for the favour I intended him; but told me I cou

to wit it better among the poor. That his wife and had been looking over the family accounts for last month, and that they found me only a few shillings behind my debt. That if I did not think they were a hundred times over-paid by the pleasure I had given them, they would be obliged to me for a pound of snuff, and a little of Hardham's snuff when I got to London.

I hope soon to see you, and to entertain you by the sketch with the particulars of the parson and his wife. I will then,

I am, &c.



No. XVII. THURSDAY, APRIL 26.

TWICE in every year are solemnized those games and diversions, with which our nobility, gentry, and gentlemen, entertain themselves at Newmarket; and as this is the vernal season for the celebration of those various sports and festivals, and as they are, at this time, likely to be held with the utmost splendor and magnificence, I think it may not be improper to address my town readers, with one single paper upon the subject.

In this I will endeavour to set forth the usefulness of these anniversary meetings, describing the manner and method of exhibiting such games; and then shew what benefit may arise to the kingdom, by horse-races in general, on the one hand; and what detriment may happen from them to the public, on the other, by their spreading too widely over the whole kingdom.

I read in one of the news-papers of last week, the following article: " 'Tis said that garrets at New-

"market are let at four guineas each, for their
 "the meeting." What, said I to myself, are
 principal nobility content to lie in garrets, at such
 exorbitant price, for the sake of such amuseme
 or are our jockey-gentry, and tradesmen, extrava
 enough to throw away their loose corn (as I may
 perly call it on this occasion) so idly and ridicul
 To be sure there is not a more noble diversion
 this. In its original, it was of royal institution,
 carried on in the beginning with much honour
 integrity; but as the best constitution will alway
 generate, I am fearful this may be grown too n
 into a science, wherein the adepts have carried
 ters to a nicety, not altogether reconcileable to
 strictest notions of integrity; and which may by
 grees, by their affecting to become notable in
 profession, corrupt the morals of our young nob
 The language of the place is generally to be un
 stood by the rule of contraries. If any one say
 horse is a pretty good one, but as slow as a tow
 (for similies are much in use) you may conclude
 to be an exceeding speedy one, but not so good
 bottom. If he mentions his design of throwing
 particular horse soon out of training, you may be
 sured he has a mind to match that horse as soon
 he can; and so it is in every thing else they tel
 out. Foreigners who come here for curiosity, can
 be shewn a finer sight than these races, which are
 most peculiar to this country: but I must confess
 I have been sometimes put a little to the blush at
 cidents that are pretty pregnant in the place. Every
 body is dressed so perfectly alike, that it is extremely
 difficult to distinguish between his grace and
 groom. I have heard a stranger ask a man of
 lity how often he dressed, and watered his horse
 how much corn, and bread, and hay, he gave the
 how many miles he thought he could run in an

number of minutes? and how long he had lived with master? Those who have been at the place will be surprised at these mistakes, for a pair of boots, buckskin breeches, a fustian frock, with a leather about it, and a black velvet cap, is the common wearing of the whole town: so that if the inside does differ, the outside of my lord and his rider are exactly the same. There is another most remarkable custom, which is this: Those who are known to be the most, and perhaps the best horses of the race, always appear themselves on the very worst, and go to the turf on some ordinary scrub tit, scarcely worth five pounds. From persons thus mounted and outdressed, what a surprise must it be to hear a bet offered of an hundred pounds to fifty, and sometimes even hundred to two, when you would imagine the horse to be scarce worth a groat! In that circular contention before the race begins, at the Devil's Ditch, are hail fellows well met, and every one is at liberty to buy, distiller, or otherwise, to offer or take such as he thinks proper; and many thousand pounds are usually laid on a side. When the horses are in sight, and come near Choak-Jade, immediately the company all disperse, as if the devil rose out of his hole and drove them, to get to the turning of the wheel, the rest-post, or some other station, they chuse, seeing the push made. Now the contention becomes animating. It is delightful to see two, or sometimes more, of the most beautiful animals of the creation, struggling for superiority, stretching every muscle and sinew to obtain the prize, and reach the goal! to observe the skill and address of the riders, who are all distinguished by different colours, of white, blue, green, red, and yellow, sometimes spurring or whipping, sometimes checking or pulling, to give fresh breath and courage! and it is often observ-

ed that the race is won, as much by the des the rider, as by the vigor and fleetness of the

When the sport is over, the company saun towards the Warren-Hill, before the othe left at the several satbles in the town, are ro take their evening exercise and their wa this delightful spot you may see, at once hundred of the most beautiful horses in the all led out in strings, with the grooms and l them, in their several liveries, distinguish person of rank they belong to. This is ind ble sight ; it is a piece of grandeur, and an one too, which no nation can boast of, but To this the crown contributes, not only l handsome allowance for keeping horses, b giving plates to be run for by horses and different ages, in order to encourage the l keeping up the price of them, and to make t ers extremely careful of their race and gene

The pedigree of these horses is more s garded and carefully looked into, than that o of Malta. They must have no blemished o the family on either side for many generatio blood must have run pure and untainted, great, great, five times great grandfather and to be attested in the most authentic and sol ner by the hand of the breeder. It is this c breed, and particularly with an eye to their that makes all the world so fond of our hors ny thousands are carried out of England ev so that it is become a trade of great consequ brings a vast balance of money to this coun ally. The French monarch rides no othe but ours, in his favourite diversion of hunti may at any time see two or three hundred English geldings in those great and noble Chantilli. Most of the German princes, &

their nobility, are desirous of having English
 ses; and, I dare say, his present M.....y of P.....a,
 wever military his genius may be, had rather mount
 English horse at a review of his troops, than a
 each at any siege in Europe.

The country races over the whole kingdom, are
 at I confess give me some little disrelish to the
 ort. Every country, and almost the whole of it, is
 d during the races. Many substantial farmers go
 them with thirty or forty pounds in their pockets,
 I return without one single farthing. Here they
 nk, and learn to be vicious, and the whole time is
 ent in riot and disorder. An honest butcher, that
 taken in at a horse-race, is tempted perhaps, in his
 urn, to borrow an ox, or a few sheep of his neigh-
 ur, to make up his losses. An industrious trades-
 an, or a good farmer, has sometimes turned high-
 tyman, to be even with the rogue that bubbled him
 the races. Upon the whole, if I consider only how
 uch time is lost to all the labouring men in this
 agdom, by country races, the damage they occasion
 immense. Let us suppose it but a week's labour all
 er England; and (if we consider the number of plates
 the different metropolises, besides the lesser coun-
 7 plates) this must be allowed a very moderate com-
 itation: and then let those two ingenious gentlemen,
 r. Pond and Mr. Heber, however they may be at
 uriance with each other, join to compute how much
 e loss must be to the whole kingdom. I dare an-
 ver for it, that it must amount to many hundred
 ousands of pounds. But as my paper was princi-
 ally designed in honour of horses, I will not be led
 to argue any thing against them. Horses of all kinds
 ave ever been held in the highest esteem. Darius
 as chosen king of Persia by the neighing of his
 orse. I question if Alexander himself had pushed
 is conquests half so far, if Bucephalus had not stoop-

ed to take him on his back. An emperor made his horse a consul ; and it will be read that the dignity was as properly conferred on a beast, as the imperial diadem upon his master.

I shall conclude this paper with a short extract from Churchill's collection of voyages.

“ In Morocco the natives have a great reverence for horses that have been the pilgrimage of Mecca. Mahomet was born ; they are called hadgis, and such horses have their necks adorned with a cloth of beads, and relics, being writings wrapped in cloth of gold or silk, containing the names of the prophet : and when these horses die, they are buried with as much ceremony, as the nearest relations of their owners. The king of Morocco has a great number of them, whom he causes to be led before him when he goes abroad, very richly accoutred, and with these writings ; his tail being held by a christian slave, carrying in one hand a pocket handkerchief, to receive the dung and wipe the post.



NO. XVIII. THURSDAY, MAY 3

THE following letter had appeared early in the WORLD, if its length, or (what at present seems to be the same thing) its merit had not been so great. I have been trying to shorten it, without robbing it of its beauties ; but after many unsuccessful attempts, I find that the spirit of it is (as the human soul is said to be by some ancient philosophers) *toto, et totus in qualibet parte*. I have, therefore, changed the form of my paper, chusing rather to send my readers with an extraordinary half sheet,

from them any longer what was sent me for instruction. At the same time I must beg leave that I shall never think myself obliged to recompense, but to those of my correspondents, like the writer of this letter, can inform their grievances with all the elegance of wit.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

I consider you as a supplement to the law of the land. I take your authority to begin, where the power of the law ends. The law is intended to stop the course of crimes by punishing them; your paper is calculated to check the course of follies by exposing them. May you be more successful in the latter, than the law is in the former!

On this principle I shall lay my case plainly before you, and desire your publication of it as a warning to others. Though it may seem ridiculous to your readers, I can assure you, sir, that it is a serious one to me, notwithstanding the inconvenience which I might have, of thinking it of every common one.

I am a gentleman of a reasonable paternal estate in the county of Middlesex, and serve as knight of the shire for it. What is called a very good family-interest, my father-in-law, has incumbered my estate with a mortgage of one thousand pounds; which I have not been able to pay, being obliged by a good place which I have in the army, to live in town, and in all the best company, about six months in the year. I married suitably to my circumstances. My wife wanted neither fortune, nor understanding. Discretion and good-humour on her part, joined to good-nature and goodness on mine, made us live comfortably together sixteen years. One son and one daughter were my children. We complied with custom in the

education of both. My daughter learned some French and some dancing ; and my son passed nine years at Westminster-school in learning the words of two languages, long since dead, and yet not above half revived. When I took him away from school, I resolved to send him directly abroad, having been at Oxford myself. My wife approved of my design but tacked a proposal of her own to it, which she urged with some earnestness. " My dear," said she, " I think you do very right to send George abroad for I love a foreign education, though I shall miss the poor boy a great while : but since we are apart for so long a time, why should we not take the opportunity of carrying him ourselves as far as Paris ? The journey is nothing ; very little farther than our own house in the north ; we shall save money by it ; for every thing is very cheap in France ; he will form the girl, who is of a right age for it ; in a couple of months with a good French and dancing master will perfect her in both, and give her an air and manner that will help her off in these days when husbands are not plenty, especially for girls with only five thousand pounds to their fortune. Several of my acquaintance, who have lately taken trips to Paris, have told me, that to be sure we should take this opportunity of going there. Besides, my dear, as neither you nor I have ever been abroad this little jaunt will amuse and even improve us for it is the easiest thing in the world to get into the best company at Paris."

My wife had no sooner ended her speech (which she easily perceived to be the result of meditation) than my daughter exerted all her little eloquence in seconding her mother's motion. " Ay, dear papa," said she, " let us go with brother to Paris ; it will be the cheapest thing in the world ; we shall see all the newest fashions there ; I shall learn to dance of M

seille ; in short, I shall be quite another creature after it. You see how my cousin Kitty was improved by going to Paris last year ; I hardly knew her again when she came back : do, dear papa, let us go."

The absurdity of the proposal struck me at first, and I foresaw a thousand inconveniences in it, though not half so many as I have since felt. However, knowing that direct contradiction though supported by the best arguments, was not the likeliest method to convert a female disputant, I seemed a little to doubt, and contented myself with saying, " That I was not, at first sight at least, sensible of the many advantages which they had enumerated ; but that on the contrary I apprehended a great deal of trouble in the journey, and many inconveniences in consequence of it. That I had not observed many men of my age considerably improved by their travels ; but that I had lately seen many women of hers, become very ridiculous by theirs ; and that for my daughter, as she had not a fine fortune, I saw no necessity of her being a fine lady." Here the girl interrupted me, with saying, " For that very reason, papa, I should be a fine lady. Being in fashion is often as good as being a fortune ; and I have known air, dress, and accomplishments stand many a woman instead of a fortune." " Nay to be sure," added my wife, " the girl is in the right in that ; and if with her figure she gets a certain air and manner, I cannot see why she may not reasonably hope to be as advantageously married, as lady Betty Townly, or the two miss Bellairs, who had none of them such good fortunes." I found by all this, that the attack upon me was a concerted one, and that both my wife and daughter were strongly infected with that migrating distemper, which has of late been so epidemical in this kingdom, and which annually carries such numbers of our pri-

vate families to Paris, to expose themselves there as English, and here, after their return, as French. In-
somuch that I am assured that the French call those
swarms of English which now, in a manner, over-
run France, a second incursion of the Goths and Van-
dals.

I endeavoured as well as I could to avert this im-
pending folly, by delays and gentle persuasions, but
in vain; the attacks upon me were daily repeated, and
sometimes enforced by tears. At last I yielded, from
mere good-nature, to the joint importunities of a wife
and daughter whom I loved; not to mention the loss
of ease and domestic quiet, which is, much oftener
than we care to own, the true motive of many things
that we either do or omit.

My consent being thus extorted, our setting out
was pressed. The journey wanted no preparations
we should find every thing in France. My daughter
who spoke some French, and my son's governor, who
was a Swiss, were to be our interpreters upon the
road; and when we came to Paris, a French servant
or two would make all easy.

But, as if Providence had a mind to punish our
folly, our whole journey was a series of distresses.
We had not sailed a league from Dover, before a ve-
olent storm arose, in which we had like to have been
lost. Nothing could equal our fears but our sickness
which perhaps lessened them: at last we got into Calais,
where the inexorable custom-house officers took
away half the few things which we had carried with
us. We hired some chaises, which proved to be old
and shattered ones, and broke down with us at least
every ten miles. Twice we were overturned, and
some of us hurt, though there are no bad roads in
France. At length, the sixth day, we got to Paris
where our banker had provided a very good lodging
for us; that is, very good rooms, very well furnishe

d very dirty. Here the great scene opens. My
 e and daughter, who had been a good deal disheart-
 ed by our distresses, recovered their spirits, and
 ew extremely impatient for a consultation of the
 cessary trades-people, when luckily our banker and
 lady, informed of our arrival, came to make us a
 it. He graciously brought me five thousand livres,
 ich he assured me was not more than what would
 necessary for our first setting out, as he called it ;
 ile his wife was pointing out to mine the most
 mpendious method of spending three times as much.
 old him that I hoped that sum would be very near
 fficient for the whole time ; to which he answered
 olly, " No, sir, nor six times that sum, if you pro-
 pose, as to be sure you do, to appear here honnete-
 ent." This I confess startled me a good deal ; and
 lled out to my wife, " Do you hear that, child !"
 e replied, unmoved, " Yes, my dear ; but now we
 are here, there is no help for it ; it is but once, up-
 on an extraordinary occasion ; and one would not
 care to appear among strangers like scrubs." I
 ade no answer to this solid reasoning, but resolved
 thin myself to shorten our stay, and lessen our
 lies as much as I could. My banker, after having
 arged himself with the care of procuring me a ca-
 see de remise and a valet de place for the next day,
 ich in plain English is a hired coach and a foot-
 an, invited us to pass all the next day at his house,
 here he assured us that we should not meet with
 d company. He was to carry me and my son be-
 re dinner to see the public buildings, and his lady
 as to call upon my wife and daughter to carry them
 the genteelst shops, in order to fit them out to ap-
 ar honnetement. The next morning I amused
 yself very well with seeing, while my wife and
 ughter amused themselves still better by preparing
 emselves for being seen, till we met at dinner &

our banker's; who, by way of sample of the excellent company to which he was to introduce us, presented to us an Irish abbe, and an Irish captain, of Clare's; two attainted Scotch fugitives, and a young Scotch surgeon who studied midwifery at the Hotel Dieu. It is true, he lamented that sir Harbottle Bumper and sir Clotworthy Guzzledown, with their families, whom he had invited to meet us, happened unfortunately to have been engaged to go and drink brandy at Nucilly. Though this company sounds but indifferently, and though we should have been very sorry to have kept it in London, I can assure you, sir, that it was the best we kept the whole time we were at Paris.

I will omit many circumstances which gave me uneasiness, though they would probably afford some entertainment to your readers, that I may hasten to the most material ones.

In about three days the several mechanics, who were charged with the care of disguising my wife and daughter, brought home their respective parts of this transformation, in order that they might appear honnetement. More than the whole morning was employed in this operation; for we did not sit down to dinner till near five o'clock. When my wife and daughter came at last into the eating room, where I had waited for them at least two hours, I was so struck with their transformation, that I could neither conceal nor express my astonishment. "Now, my dear," said my wife, "we can appear a little like christians." "And strollers too," replied I; "such have I seen, at South-wark-fair, the respectable Sysigambis, and the lovely Parisatis. This cannot surely be serious!" "Very serious, depend upon it, my dear," said my wife; "and pray, by the way, what may there be ridiculous in it? No such Sysigambis neither," continued she; "Betty is but sixteen, and you know I had her at four-and-twenty." As I found that the name

of Sysigambis, carrying an idea of age along with it, was offensive to my wife, I waved the parallel; and addressing myself in common to my wife and daughter, I told them, "I perceived that there was a painter now at Paris, who coloured much higher than Rigault, though he did not paint near so like; for that I could hardly have guessed them to be the pictures of themselves." To this they both answered at once, "That red was not paint: that no colour in the world was fard but white, of which they protested they had none." "But how do you like my pompon, papa!" continued my daughter; "is it not a charming one? I think it is prettier than mamma's." "It may, child, for any thing that I know; because I do not know what part of all this frippery thy pompon is." "It is this papa," replied the girl, putting up her hand to her head, and shewing me in the middle of her hair a complication of shreds and rags of velvets, feathers and ribbands, stuck with false stones of a thousand colours, and placed awry. "But what hast thou done to thy hair, child!" said I; is it blue? Is that painted too by the same eminent hand that coloured thy cheeks?" "Indeed, papa," answered the girl, "as I told you before, there is no painting in the case; but what gives my hair that bluish cast is the grey powder, which has always that effect upon dark-coloured hair, and sets off the complexion wonderfully." "Grey powder, child!" said I, with some surprize: "Grey hairs, I knew were venerable: but till this moment I never knew that they were genteel." "Extremely so, with some complexions," said my wife; "but it does not suit with mine, and I never use it." "You are much in the right, my dear," replied I, "not to play with edge-tools." "Leave it to the girl." This, which perhaps was too hastily said, and seemed to be a second part of the Sysigambis, was not kindly tak-

en ; my wife was silent all dinner time, and I vainly hoped ashamed. My daughter, drunk with dress and sixteen, kept up the conversation with herself till the long-wished-for moment of the opera came, which separated us, and left me time to reflect upon the extravagances which I had already seen, and upon the still greater which I had but too much reason to dread.

From this period to the time of our return to England, every day produced some new and shining folly, and some improper expence. Would to God that they had ended as they began, with our journey ! but unfortunately we have imported them all. I no longer understand, or am understood, in my family. I hear of nothing but *le bon ton*. A French valet de chambre, who I am told is an excellent servant and fit for every thing, is brought over to curl my wife's and my daughter's hair, to mount a desert, as they call it, and occasionally to announce visits. A very slatternly, dirty, but at the same time a very genteel French maid, is appropriated to the use of my daughter. My meat too is as much disguised in the dressing by a French cook, as my wife and my daughter are by their red, their pompons, their scraps of dirty gauze, flimsy satins, and black calicoes ; not to mention their affected broken English, and mangled French, which jumbled together compose their present language. My French and English servants quarrel daily, and fight, for want of words to abuse one another. My wife is become ridiculous by being translated into French, and the version of my daughter will, I dare say, hinder many a worthy English gentleman from attempting to read her. My expence (and consequently my debt) increases ; and I am made more unhappy by follies, than most other people are by crimes.

Should you think fit to publish this my case, together with some observations of your own upon it, I

prove a useful Pharos, to deter private
 ilies from the coasts of France.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

R. D.

spondent has said enough to caution Eng-
 en against carrying their wives and daugh-
 ; but I shall add a few words of my own,
 the ladies themselves from any inclination
 gary. In the first place, I assure them
 rench ragouts there is none to which an
 has so little appetite as an English lady
 him a la Françoise. Next I beg leave
 em, that the French taste in beauty is so
 om ours, that a pretty English woman at
 ad of meeting with that admonition which
 opes for, is considered only as a handsome
 d if, to put a little life into her, some of
 sionate friends there should persuade her
 great deal of rouge, in English called
 must continue to wear it to extreme old
 as she prefers a spot of real yellow (the cer-
 quence of paint) to an artificial one of red.
 I propose it to their consideration, whe-
 edacy of an English lady's mind may not
 the nature of some high-flavoured wines,
 admit of being carried abroad, though,
 enagement, they are admirable at home.

No. XIX. THURSDAY, MAY 10.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

SIR,

THE present age is over-run with romances, and yet so strong does the appetite for them continue that, as Otway says on a less delicate occasion,

..... every rank fool goes down.

I am not surprized that any sketch of human nature howsoever imperfect, should attract the attention of the generality of readers. We are easily delighted with pictures of ourselves, and are sometimes apt to fancy a strong likeness where there is not even the least resemblance. Those great masters of every movement of the human mind, Homer and Shakspeare knew well this propensity of our dispositions. The latter, from the nature of his writings, had more frequent opportunities of opening the most minute avenues of the heart. The former, though his province was more confined, has let no occasion pass of exercising this affecting talent. He has not only contrived a vast variety of characters, and given all the passions their full play, but even in the stiller parts of his work, the similes and descriptions, every thing full of human life. It is the Carian woman who stills the ivory; if a torrent descends from the mountain some cottager trembles at the sound of it; and the fine broken landscape of rocks and woods by moonlight, has a shepherd to gaze at and admire it.

But it is not with such painters as these that I am at present concerned. They drew really from nature and ages have felt and applauded the truth of the designs. Whereas our modern artists (if we may guess from the motley representations they give of our species) are so far from having studied the

res of other people, that they seldom seem to have the least acquaintance with themselves.

The writers of heroic romances, or the Loves of Ilodocus and Urania, professedly soar above nature. They introduce into their descriptions trees, waters, air, &c. like common mortals; but then all their rivers are clearer than crystal, and every breeze impregnated with the spices of Arabia. The manners of their personages seem full as extraordinary to our gross ideas. We are apt to suspect the virtue of our young people who are rapturously in love with each other, and who travel whole years in one another's company; though we are expressly told, that the close of every evening, when they retire to rest, the hero leans his head against a knotted oak, whilst the heroine seeks the friendly shelter of a distant grotto. This, I say, seems to us a little unnatural; however, it is not of dangerous example. There can no harm follow if unexperienced persons should endeavour to imitate what may be thought inimitable. Should our virgins arrive but half way towards the austerity of a Parthenia, it will be something gained; and we, who have learned educations, know the power of early prejudices; some of us having emulated the public spirit, and other obsolete virtues of the old Grecians and Romans, to the age of fifteen or sixteen, some of us later, even to twenty or one-and-twenty. But peace be to the manes of such authors. They have long enjoyed that elysium which they so frequently described on the earth. The present race of romance-writers run universally into a different extreme. They spend the little art they are masters of in weaving into intricacies the more familiar and more comical adventures of a Jack Slap, or a Betty Sallet. These, though they endeavour to copy after a very great original, I chuse to call our writers of low nature; because very few of them have as yet

found out their master's peculiar art of writing low subjects without writing in a low manner; judiciously conducted, are a very way of conveying instruction to all parts of the world; to dwell eternally upon orphan beggars, and men of low degree," is certainly what I have seen it; writing below nature; and is so far from giving instruction, that it does not even affirm it.

The writers below nature have one advantage common with the writers above it, that the subjects they would seem to draw from are not to be found. The heroes and heroines of the former are undoubtedly children of the imagination; of the latter, if they are not all of them in the way of reading their own adventures, are at least intended to inform us by writing whether the representations of them are just, and whether people in their own country ever think or act in the manner they are described to have done. Yet the authors, even in this respect, are not quite so secure as they imagine; for towards the end of the third or fourth volume of the piece (as is usually the custom) they shew into what they call genteel life, the whole of the manners frequently discovered. From seeing their total ignorance of what they are then describing, we are obliged to conclude that they were equally unacquainted with the inferior parts of life, though we are not able to detect the falsehood. Bath, one should imagine, the easiest place in the world to get a thorough knowledge of; yet I have observed in books of this kind, several representations of it so excessively erroneous, that they not only shewed the authors to be entirely ignorant of the manner of living there, but of the names of the town.

But it is not the ignorance of these writers that *would* principally complain of; though it

, you ought to take notice, and assure our men and young women that they may read volumes of this sort of trash, and yet, according phrase which is perpetually in their mouths, nothing of life." The thing I chiefly find with is their extreme indecency. There are vices which the vulgar call fun, and the peo- fashion gallantry ; but the middle rank, and of the gentry who continue to go to church, still tize them by the opprobrious names of fornication and adultery. These are confessed to be in some re detrimental to society, even by those who e them most ; at least, they are allowed to be ll but themselves. This being the case, why our novel writers take so much pains to spread :ormities ? It is not enough to say in excuse ey write nonsense upon these subjects as well as ; for nonsense itself is dangerous here. The bsurd ballads in the streets, without the least ering of meaning, recommend themselves day both to the great and small vulgar only by e expressions. Here, therefore, Mr. Fitz-Adam ould interpose your authority, and forbid your : (whom I will suppose to be all persons who ad) even to attempt to open any novel, or ro-, unlicensed by you ; unless it should happen tamped Richardson or Fielding.

r power shall extend likewise to that inundation urity which is daily pouring in from France ; rich has too frequently the wit and humour of ilion to support it. The gentlemen, who nead any thing else, will I know be at a loss for ment, and feel their half-hour of morning hang too heavy on their hands. But surely, Mr. dam, when they consider the good of their y (and all of them have that at heart) they will t to meet a little sooner at the hazard-table, or

wile away the tedious interval in studying new chances upon the cards.

If it be said that the heroic romances, which I have recommended for their virtue, are themselves too full of passionate breathings upon some occasions, I allow the charge ; but am of opinion that these can do little more harm to the minds of young ladies, than certain books of devotion, which are put into their hands by aunts and grand-mothers ; the writers of which, from having suffered the softer passions to mix too strongly with their zeal for religion, are now generally known by the name of the Amorous Divines.

I am, sir, your most humble servant,

I. T.

No. XX. THURSDAY, MAY 17.

THOUGH the following letter came a little out of time for this week's publication, yet in compliment to the subject, as well as in respect to the writer, I ordered that a very elaborate essay of my own, already at the press, should withdraw and give place to it.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

SIR,

IT is either an observation of my own, or of some wise man, whose name I forget, That where true learning is, true virtue cannot be far off. The rigid and exemplary life which every individual in our learned professions is so well known to lead, might be sufficient to evince the truth of this observation, if I could content myself with a single argument, where many are at hand. To descend a little lower than the

learned professions, why are all parish-clerks orthodox christians, all apothecaries communicative men, or all justices of the peace upright men, but as their professions are in some degree a-kin to divinity, physic, and the law?

If we carry our enquiries into the city, we shall find those vocations, where most knowledge is required, to be most productive of the civilities of life. Thus the merchant who writes his letters in French, is a better bred man than his neighbour the shop-keeper, who understands no language but his own; while the shop-keeper, who is able to read and write, and keep his accounts in a book, is a more civilized person than his landlord at the horns, who scores only in chalk.

We shall be more and more of this opinion if we look a little into the lives and manners of those people who have no pretensions to literature. Who drinks or swears more than a country squire? Who (according to his own confession) has been the ruin of so many innocents as a fine gentleman? Why (according to Pope) is every woman a rake in her heart, or why (according to truth) is almost every woman of fashion a rake in practice, but from the deplorable misfortune of an unlearned education.

But the last and best argument to prove that learning and virtue are cause and effect, remains still to be produced. And here let me ask, if, from the beginning of time to this present May, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-three, it has been once known that an author was an immortal man? On the contrary, it is not universally allowed that he is the most virtuous of mankind? To deny that he is the most learned, would be a greater degree of absurdity than I can conceive any person to be guilty of; I shall therefore confine myself to his virtues. What the apostle says of charity, may as truly be said of an au-

thor: "He suffereth long, and is kind; he beareth all things; hopeth all things; endureth all things. How ignorant is he of the ways of men! How ready to give praise even to the least deserving! How distant from that source of evil, money. How humble in his apparel! How moderate in his pleasures! And above all, how abstemious in diet, and how temperate in wine! It is to the social virtues of an author that the present age is indebted for a paper called the *World*, which it is not doubted will do more good to these nations, than all the volumes, except the sacred ones, which have hitherto been written.

I am not hinting to you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that learning is at present in a declining state, and that consequently there is less virtue among us than in former times; on the contrary, when were there more authors than at present? I challenge any age to produce half the number. From hence it appears, that learning is in a very flourishing condition: for though the great have thought proper long ago to withhold their patronage from it, it has pleased Heaven to raise up very able and zealous persons, who are applying all their time and pains to the advancement of it, and to whom its professors may have weekly access, and be assured of encouragement and reward in proportion to their merits. Your readers will be, no doubt, beforehand with me in naming these patrons of learning, who, it is very well known, are the honourable and worshipful the fraternity of book-sellers.

But though I have the greatest veneration for these gentlemen, I cannot help being of opinion, that if the old patrons, the great, were to unite their endeavours with the new patrons, the book-sellers, it might accelerate the progress of virtue through this island. Every body knows the effect which a smile, a nod, a shake of the hand, or even a promise from a great man, has upon the inventive faculties of an author. It

all probability he would sit with more serenity and loll with more grace in a nobleman's chariot than in his bookseller's easy chair; not to mention that three courses by a French cook, a desert and a bottle of champagne, are more apt to exhilarate the spirits than one or two English dishes and prosaic port. Provided (as indeed it ought always to be provided) that the servants of his noble patron will condescend to hear him now-and-then, when he happens to be in want of any thing that is in the province of the side-board.

Who is there among us so ignorant as not to know, that the two favourite amusements of gaining and adultery would never have found such universal admission, if they had not been honoured with the patronage of people of fashion? The numbers of drest-up monnies and dancing-dogs, which have lately contributed so much to our public entertainments, are another proof of what people of fashion may bring about, if they determine to be active. But as a certain great personage, well known in the polite world, was pleased of old time to observe of Job (though the accusation was a false one) "That he did not serve God for nought;" so it may be suggested that the great of this generation will expect to be paid either in pleasure or profit for their services to mankind. It is shrewdly suspected of the book-sellers, that they have some interested views in their encouragement of learning; and it is my own opinion, that our nobility and people of fashion are only encouragers of vice and folly, as they happen to be paid for it in pleasure: my design therefore in this letter is to convince the said people of fashion, that they are losing a great deal of pleasure by shutting their doors against men of learning.

In the article of eating, for instance (that noble pleasure!) who is there so proper to advise with as

one who is acquainted with the kitchens of cius or an Heliogabalus? For though I have high opinion of our present taste, I cannot help thinking that the ancients were our masters in cook-dinners. Their cooks had an art among which I do not find that any of ours are at Trimalchus's cook could make a turbot or a salmon out of hog's flesh. Nicomedes, king of Bithynia, when he was three hundred miles from sea, sent for a John-dory, and was supplied with a fire by his cook the same hour. I dare say there is no man so learned enough in this kingdom, under proper encouragement, to restore to us this invaluable science of building and furniture, a man of learning, who can instruct our nobility in the Roman art of cookery. Marcus Æmilius Scaurus, the coal-merchant, burnt in the left wing of his country-house eight hundred thousand pounds worth of plate, and for the article of running in debt, we are people of learning. A man of learning will tell us that Milo, a famous athlete, owed to his tradesmen and others a great deal of money.

The ladies will have equal benefit with the gentlemen from their encouragement of learning. It was said of them, that Lollia Paullina, a young lady of distinction at Rome, wore at a subscription masquerade eight hundred thousand pounds worth of jewels. It was also said of the same young lady, that she wore jewels worth that amount, if she went only in her nightgown to drink tea at her mantua-maker's. Those who are in the fashion who have the clearest skins, and who are enemies to concealment, may be instructed by the men of learning in the thin silk gauze worn by the ladies of Rome, called the naked drapery. Poppo, the wife of Nero, who was fond of appearing in the naked drapery, preserved the beautiful complexion of her skin by using a warm bath of asses milk.

n of learning, if properly encouraged, might in-
t our people of fashion in all the pleasures of
y, which at present they are only imitating,
ut abilities to equal.

ave the pleasure of hearing that the gentlemen
White's are at this very time laying their heads
her for the advancement of learning; and that
are likely to sit very late upon it for many nights.
r scheme which is a very deep one, is to alienate
estates; by which alienation it is presumed that
next generation of people of fashion will of ne-
ty be tradesmen; and as the business of a book-
is supposed to be of a genteeler and more lu-
re nature than that of a haberdasher or a pastry
it is imagined that the most honourable families
become book-sellers, and, of course, patrons of
ing.

now but one objection to this scheme, which is,
the children of people of fashion are apt to con-
so early an aversion to books, that they will hard-
prevailed upon, even by necessity itself to make
the business of their lives.

I am, Sir,

Your reader and most
humble servant,

H. M.

No. XXI. THURSDAY, MAR

I SHALL only observe upon the letters, that the first relates chiefly to my second has a very serious meaning, and contains a hint to the ladies, which I have thrown away upon them.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

SIR,

AS it is possible I may one time be correspondent of yours, and may now perhaps have a strong impulse to pay you a visit, I am willing to know how far I may be giving offence; and whether, by the advice at the end of your first number, you mean allusions to the expressions, the WORLD, the turn of them should be such, as we are treating you with civility than otherwise instance:

When a man is just upon the point of a vicious action, may he check himself by "What will the WORLD say of me?" or be threatened, that if he does such a thing the WORLD shall know it?" May it be said "The WORLD esteems a man of merit?" In the praise and censure of the WORLD be without offence, as arguments to promote or restrain vice?

I am entirely unacquainted with your life; but if you are a married man, I shall be glad to give you once piece of advice. The places of public entertainment, which, by law, may chance to be tolerated by law, it were needless, for prudential reasons, were more and less frequented. Example, Mr. I

very prevalent; and the advice I would give you is, that whenever you think proper to go to any such places for your own amusement, you would leave your lady at home; for there is nothing gives greater encouragement than to have it said, "there was all the WORLD and his wife;" from whence it is concluded that all the WORLD and his wife will be there again the next time.

I am, Sir,

Your admirer and
humble servant,

COSMOPHILOS.

Mr. Fitz-Adam,

I COULD wish with all my heart that you and were a little acquainted, that I might invite you to me and take a Sunday's dinner with me. I name Sunday, because I want you to be witness of an evil that day, which possibly, by a constant and sober residence in town, you may not be acquainted with.

It is my misfortune to live in, what is called a pleasant village upon one of the great roads within seven miles of London, where I am almost suffocated with at every Sunday in the summer, occasioned by those crowds of prentice-boys who are whipping their red hacks to death, or driving their crazy one-horse pairs against each other, to the great dismay of women with child, and the mortal havock of young children. It is a plain case that neither the fathers nor masters of these young men have any authority over them; if they had, we should find them in their emptying-houses, according to the custom of sober citizens on that day, posting their books, and balancing the accounts of the former week. But in my humble opinion, even this is a custom better broke through and continued; for though industry is a very valuable quality, and is commonly the means of making,

what is called in the city, a good man of aish one, it may be pushed too far ; as it nly is, when it defeats the end and intention which was ordained and instituted for a d

I can just remember, Mr. Fitz-Adam, christianity was entirely reasoned out of doms, it was a mighty custom for young f church on that day ; and indeed I should h there was no manner of harm in it, if it l plainly proved, as well by people of fashic that going to church was the most tiresom the world ; and that consequently it was perverting a day set apart solely for rest.

But while almost every one, in spect verse to labour on a Sunday, how strange : lethargic citizen drudging at his books, a country couple fatiguing themselves to de ing to church, and their children and gr venturing their necks and harassing their running races upon the road ! I am for t servance of all institutions ! and as we h got rid of the religious prejudices of our I know but one way of keeping Sunday as be kept ; but unless what I have to prop ed by your censorial authority, I see no p its taking effect : I could wish therefor would earnestly recommend to both sexe rank and condition, the lying in bed all the will indeed be making it a day of rest, p all single persons be directed to lie alon permission be given to those who can't their beds, to go to church and sleep the can be brought about, our churches may : open, and the roads cleared of those nois lute young fellows, who finding in thems clination to lie still, are disturbing the rest people.

Your taking this matter into consideration will oblige all sober observers of Sunday, and particularly,

Sir, your most humble servant,

JOHN SOFTLY.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

IT is an old saying, but a true one, that a good husband commonly makes a good wife. If it was as true, that a good wife commonly made a good husband, I am inclined to think that Hymen would wear a much brighter countenance among us than we generally see him with.

In all families, where I have been an intimate, I have taken particular notice of every occurrence that has tended to the disturbance of the matrimonial tranquillity; and upon tracing those occurrences to their source, I have commonly discovered that the fault was principally in the husband.

I have now in my possession a calculation of De-moivre, made a very few years ago, with great labour and accuracy, which proves that the good wives, within the weekly bills, have a majority upon the good husbands of three to one: and I am humbly of opinion, that if the calculation was to be extended to the towns and counties remote from London, we should find the majority at least five times as great. But to those husbands who have little or no acquaintance with their wives, a majority of three to one may be as much as they will care to swallow; especially if it be considered how many fine ladies there are at St. James's, how many notable wives in the city, and how many landladies at Wapping; all of which, as a friend of mine very justly observes, are exactly the same character.

But though I am convinced of the truth of the culation, I am not so partial to the ladies, to the unmarried ones, as to imagine them at fault; on the contrary, I am going to accuse a very great one, which if not put a stop to, when warm weather comes in, no mortal can bear the lengths it may be carried. You have already seen this fault in the sex, under the genteel and becoming, as they call it, of moulting their dress. If necks, shoulders, and arms, begun to shed their covering in winter, and the natural display of nature are we to expect that when the excuse of heat may be allowed, such a display? I called some time ago on a friend of mine near St. James's, who, upon my asking her, his sister was, told me, "at her toilette she is obliged for the riditto." That the expression might be intelligible to every one of your readers, I beg to inform them, that it is the fashion for a lady to dress herself to go abroad, and to dress only what she wears at home and sees no company.

It may be urged, perhaps, that the present fashion is intended only to be emblematic of the innocence of the present generation of young women, we read of our first mother, before the fall, "was naked and not ashamed;" but I am not thinking that her daughters of these times will convince us that they are entirely free from sin, as well as actual transgression, or else of their nakedness.

I would ask any pretty miss about town, who has just went a second time to see the wax-work, or even the dogs and the monkeys, with the same light as at first? Certain it is, that the world excites but little curiosity in those who have seen it before. "That was a very fine sight," says my lord, "but I had seen it before." "The sweet song of the Galli's," says my lady,

heard it before." "A very fine poem," says the critic, "but I had read it before." Let every lady therefore take care, that while she is displaying in public a bottom whiter than snow, the men do not look as if they were saying, "'tis very pretty, but we have seen it before."

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

S. L.

No. XXII. THURSDAY, MAY 31.

Eton School, May 12.

.....Non possum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam urbem.....

Juv.

Sir,

YOU will be surprized, perhaps, at my presumption in supposing that you will pay any regard to the production of a puerile pen, or that out of the mouth of babes and sucklings the public will deign to receive either instruction or amusement; but however that may be, I cannot forbear acknowledging the obligations I owe you, if it be only to convince you, that gratitude is still a school-boy's virtue. You must know then, that ever since you made your first appearance, I have constantly appropriated the sum of two-pence, out of my slender allowance of a shilling a week, for the purchase of your paper; and have often, while my school-fellows were harping on the old thread-bare subjects of Grece and Rome, enriched my exercise from your treasure with some lively

strokes on modern manners; but never so much to my honour as last week, when the scrap of Juvenal prefixed to this letter was our theme. The general topic was declaiming against that old-fashioned pedantic language called Greek, which you may imagine was the most popular turn that could be given to the subject here; but for my part, I chose to consider rather the spirit than the letter of my author, and to turn my satire against France, the Greece of our days; in which view I had an opportunity of introducing the description of the tour of Paris, which is touched with such an inimitable spirit of ridicule by your last week's correspondent. Standard wit, like standard gold, will bear a great deal of alloy without being totally debased; and the proof of it is, that notwithstanding the disadvantage of appearing under the disguise of Latin poetry, the tour to Paris went for the play. This expression, sir, will be jargon to the town in general; but those of your readers who have been educated here will know that it means the highest mark of distinction that an Eton boy is capable of receiving; when a whole holiday is granted to the school in consideration of the merit of that copy of verses which is judged the best, and to which the panegyric that Horace bestows on poetry in general, when he styles it *laborum dulce lenimen*, is peculiarly applicable. Imagine what exultation of mind the young hero of such a day must feel; the conscious benefactor of all his little fellow-citizens, who share with gratitude the happiness derived to him from the success of his talents! The verses too are read, transcribed, repeated; the homage of admiration and of envy is paid him, and the first emotions of youthful vanity and ambition are fully gratified. In short, not Herodotus, reciting that exercise of imagination which we call history, whilst all Greece, assembled in the playing-fields at Elis on the whole holiday of the Olympic

times, listened with silent applause; no, nor (to illustrate my idea by a still sublimer image) the great ke of Marlborough himself, on the thanksgiving-y for Blenheim, could taste a purer and more exalted pture.

Forgive this sally, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and let me join th your witty correspondent in lamenting the deficiency of our laws, which do not extend to the prevention of the evil he exposes, though I cannot concur in inking that ridicule will on this occasion supply the ace of wholesome regulations.

Whether the remedy I am going to propose will : effectual for this purpose, I will not pretend to determine; but I confess it appears, to me at least, so vious, that I am amazed it never occurred to any e before. Give me leave to make one or two previous observations, and I will keep you no longer in ispense.

I have often heard it remarked, that a great school a miniature of the great world, and that men are othing else but children of a larger size. If this be ue, which every day's experience seems to justify, an there be any danger of fallacy in arguing, that he same engines of government which serve to establish order in a school, may be transferred for similar purposes, with great probability of success, to the use of the state? Now I appeal to common sense, whether rambling abroad, and running out of bounds, are not exactly the same offences; only that the one is committed by the great children, the other by the little ones; and if the discipline of birch is found effectual to restrain it in the latter, why should not the experiment be tried at least with the former? The rod, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the rod is the thing, which if well administered, would serve to deter many a man-child from exposing himself as a Rambler, whose callous sensations the lash of ridicule could make no im-

pression upon. In recommending this, I am ^{not} say I have the authority of experience to support, having had the misfortune to feel, in my own person, how efficacious the smart of a little fiction is to correct an inordinate passion for travel for the rage of travel, sir, has formerly, when argument a posteriori was not so frequently used to discourage it, manifested itself in perpetual excursions to foreign parts; such as Cluer, Datchet, and so on, &c. at every short interval between school holidays just as the grown children of fashion run over the hills during a recess of parliament. But the ceremony of an installation was equivalent to a jubilee, and on occasion almost a total emigration, which I know you was prevented last time by this salutary terror which operates so strongly, that though there is now and then a clandestine excursion made by a daring genius, yet it is but seldom, and attended with such trepidation when it happens, as to justify the picture which the sweetest of our elegiac poets has drawn of us;

Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

It may possibly be objected, that our men are too big to be whipped like school-boys; but the description be just, which I heard a gentleman of the father's give last holidays of our countrymen. I leave you to judge whether they would
 " Strolling over Europe (these were his words)
 " staring about with a strange mixture of rawness
 " and inexperience. Insolently despising
 " manners and customs, merely because they were
 " foreign, which yet for the same reason they
 " *fain* copy, though awkwardly and without dist

ured with any sound principles of comparison—reasonably vain, and, by turns, ashamed of five country; trifling, sheepish, and riotous.”

these, Mr. Fitz-Adam, but school-boys out? And shall they not be whipped, severely when they return? It is beneath the dignity of men to inflict a more serious punishment, and so it is wisdom to connive at the offence.

As to a bill, I am told, depending in parliament, of which, if I am rightly informed, is plainly the result from our custom of calling absence; that is, a register of the list of names, to which each boy is to appear and answer; I mean the register in which it seems establishes an absence to be called throughout the kingdom: an admirable plan, calculated I suppose, as among us for the punishment of these very offenders. Let those patriots who have condescended to copy one institution of foreign policy, adopt the whole plan; for surely to stop short of punishing, would be stopping short of doing.

Suppose then that a bill was to be prepared. An act against rambling, which may be considered as a proper supplement to the vagrant law, in which a board should be constituted, and a home board; the president and principal members of which are to be chosen out of the laudability of Anti-Gallicans; to whom the proper persons are appointed to call absence, pursuant to the regulations; shall transmit annually complete lists of absent foreign parts, who on their return home shall be liable to be summoned and examined in a regular way before the board, whose sentence shall be final.

That all going into foreign parts shall not be excused from rambling; but that the legislature may in future define the offence, and specify certain topics to which it may be ascertained; such, for instance, as debasing the purity of the English lan-

guage, by a vile mixture of exotic words, i phrases; all impertinent and unmeaning s maces, and gesticulations; the frequent c canaille, and the least contempt wantonly c roast-beef of Old England. These should sufficient evidence to convict an offender a statute, who shall be immediately brought punishment, which is to be by flagellatio manner of the schools: for which purpo fashioned like ours, may be erected on t and an additional salary given to the us black rod, to provide a sufficient store of able-bodied deputies. The number of la proportioned to the crime; never less than more than one-and-twenty, exclusive of cuts as the criminal rises. The time of for the sake of public example, to be twelv and some one member of the home board attend and intermix proper reproofs and a between the cuts, which are to be applied distinctly...Provided always, that nothing contained shall extend to persons who cro in order to finish their studies at foreign u to gentlemen who travel with the public- sign of procuring singers and dancers for or to such young patriots who make the t rope, from a laudable desire of discovering imperfections of the English constitution, b ing it with the more perfect models which found abroad.

Such, sir, are the general outlines of my and, guarded with these precautions, I shc myself it could meet with no opposition thought of a private whipping-room for t males, but in consideration of the voluntar which I am told they submit to at their retu gland, of exhibiting themselves in public pl

lightful with all the frippery of France, patched, painted, and pomponed, as warnings to the sex, I am willing that all farther punishment should be remitted. To your censure, sir, I submit the whole of my scheme. If the foundation I have built upon is weak, I have the inexperience of youth to plead in my behalf, and the same excuse to alledge with the simple swain in Virgil, which as a school-boy I beg leave to quote,

Urbem, quam dicunt Romam, Meliboeæ, putavi
 Stultus ego huic nostræ similem.....
 Sic Canibus Catulos similes, &c.

I am, Sir,
 Your most humble servant.



No. XXIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 7.

IT is with some degree of pride as well as pleasure that I see my correspondents multiply so fast, that the task I have undertaken, is become almost a sine-cure. For many weeks past it has been entirely so, allowing only for some alterations, which I judged it necessary to make in two or three essays; a liberty which I shall never take without the greatest caution, and upon few other occasions than to give a general turn to what may be applied to a particular character. To all men of genius and good humour, who will favour me with their correspondence, I shall think myself both honoured and obliged.

The writer of the following letter, will, I am sure, forgive me for the few liberties I have taken with him.

The grievance he complains of is a very great one, and what I should imagine needs only to be mentioned to find redress.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

SIR,

TO gratify the curiosity of a country friend, I accompanied him a few weeks ago to Bedlam ; a place which I should not otherwise have visited, as the distresses of my fellow-creatures affect me too much to incline me to be a spectator of them. I was extremely moved at the variety of wretches, who appeared either sullen or outrageous, melancholy or cheerful, according to their different dispositions : and who seemed to retain, though inconsistently, the same passions and affections, as when in possession of their reason. In one cell sat a wretch upon his straw, looking steadfastly upon the ground in silent despair. In another the spirit of ambition flashed from the eyes of an emperor, who strutted the happy lord of the creation. Here a fearful miser, having in fancy converted his rags to gold, sat counting out his wealth, and trembling at all who saw him. There the prodigal was hurrying up and down his ward, and giving fortunes to thousands. On one side a straw-crowned king was delivering laws to his people, and on the other a husband mad indeed, was dictating to a wife that had undone him. Sudden fits of raving interrupted the solemn walk of the melancholy musician, and settled despair sat upon the pallid countenance of the love sick maid.

To those who have feeling minds, there is nothing so affecting as sights like these ; nor can a better lesson be taught us in any part of the globe than in this school of misery. Here we may see the mighty reasoners of the earth, below even the insects that crawl upon it ; and from so humbling a sight we may

to moderate our pride, and to keep those passions within bounds, which if too much indulged, would drive reason from her seat, and level us with the wretches of this unhappy mansion. But I am sorry to say it, curiosity and wantonness, more than a desire of instruction, carry the majority of spectators to this dismal place. It was in the Easter-week that I attended my friend there; when, to my great surprise, I found a hundred people at least, who, having paid their two-pence a piece, were suffered unattended to run rioting up and down the wards, making sport and diversion of the miserable inhabitants; a cruelty which one would think human nature hardly capable of. Surely if the utmost misery of mankind is to be made a sight of for gain, those who are the governors of this hospital should take care that proper persons be appointed to attend the spectators: and not suffer licentiousness to be committed, which would shock the humanity of the savage Indians. I saw some of the poor wretches provoked by the insults of this holiday mob to furies of rage; and I saw the poorer wretches, spectators, in a loud laugh of triumph at the ravages they had occasioned.

In a country where christianity is, at least, professed, it is strange that humanity should, in this instance, totally have abandoned us: for however trifling this may appear to some particular persons, I cannot help looking upon it as a reflection upon the nation, and worthy the consideration of all good men. I know it is a hard task to alter the wanton dispositions of mankind, but it is not hard for men in power to hinder people from venting those dispositions on the unhappy objects in question, of whom every governor is the guardian, and therefore bound to protect them from such a cruel and outrageous, which is not only injurious to the poor wretches themselves, but is also an insult on human nature. I hope therefore that for the

future the governors of this noble charity themselves obliged, in conscience and to justify an abuse which is so great a discredit, they continue regardless of it, that you, Sir Adam, will pronounce every individual of them an accomplice in the barbarity.

And now, sir, that I am upon the subject, give me leave to hint to you an opinion I have often entertained, and which my friend Bedlam has again revived, that the mad in this kingdom are not in, but out of Bedlam: frequently compared in my own mind to certain persons whom we daily meet in the world, with those of the inhabitants of Bedlam: properly speaking, may be said to be out of Bedlam: they know of no other difference between them and the former are mad with their reason, and the latter from the misfortune of having it. But what is extraordinary in this age, when honour be it spoken, charity is become fashion, unhappy wretches are suffered to run loose in the town, raising riots in public assemblies, breaking down stables, breaking lamps, damning parsons, and destroying modesty, disturbing families, and destroying their own fortunes and constitutions: and all this without any provision being made for them, or any attempt to cure them of this madness in the hospital.

The miserable objects I am speaking of are divided into two classes; the Men of Spirit and the Bucks; the Men of Spirit have no want of reason or understandings; the Bucks never are demoniacs, or people possessed with evil spirits, but are uniformly and incurably mad. For the confinement of both these classes, I would propose that two very spacious buildings be erected, the one called the hospital for Men of Spirit, and the other the hospital for Bucks.

s. Of these hospitals I would have the keepers or Bridewells appointed governors, with full powers of constituting such deputies or sub-governors, whose wisdom should seem meet. That after hospitals are built, proper officers appointed, and doctors, surgeons, apothecaries and man-nurses provided, all young noblemen and others within the bills of mortality, having common sense, who shall be found doing against the rules of decency, either in the above-mentioned, or in others of a similar nature, immediately be conducted to the hospital for debauches, there to be exercised, physicked, and disciplined into a proper use of their senses; and that full liberty be granted to all persons whatsoever to visit, chat, and make sport of these delinquents, without molestation from any of the keepers, according to the present custom of Bedlam. To the Buck hospital for incurables, I would have all such persons sent who are mad through folly, ignorance or vice; there to be shut up for life, not only to be prevented from doing mischief, but from exposing in their own persons, the weaknesses and miseries of the human mind. These incurables, on no pretence whatsoever to be visited or ridiculed; as it would be altogether as inhuman to insult the unhappy wretches who were possessed of their senses, as to make a mockery of those who have unfortunately lost them. In the building and endowing these hospitals I leave it to the projectors of ways and means; contenting myself with having communicated a scheme which, if carried into execution, will secure us from those disorders of madmen which are at present so much the nuisance and disturbance of all public places.

I am Sir, your constant reader,
and most humble servant,
P. P.

No. XXIV. THURSDAY, JUNI

I SHALL not at present enter into question between the ancients and the much less shall I presume to decide upon that importance, which has been the subject among the learned from the days of Horours. To make my court to the learnerment the gradual decay of human nature, sixteen centuries; but at the same time I tice to my contemporaries, and give their share of praise, where they have either str inventions, or improved and brought old fection. Some of them I shall now men

The most zealous and partial advocate cients will not, I believe, pretend to dispute superiority of the moderns in the art Hippocrates, Celsus, and Galen, had n They rather endeavoured to relieve than cure. As for the astonishing cures of A do not put them into the account: they are cribed to his power, not to his skill: he and his divinity was his nostrum. But h ously have my ingenious contemporaries e bounds of medicine! What nostrums, wi have they not discovered! Collectively they insure not only perfect health, but, sary consequence, immortality; insomuch astonished, when I still read in the week great number of people who chuse to die such distempers, for every one of which t fallible and specific cures, not only advert tested in all the news-papers.

When the lower sort of Irish, in the n lized parts of Ireland, attend the funeral of friend or neighbour, before they give the

owl, they expostulate with the dead body, and reproach him with having died, notwithstanding that he had an excellent wife, a milch cow, seven fine children, and a competency of potatoes. Now though these, particularly the excellent wife, are very good things in a state of perfect health, they cannot, as I apprehend, be looked upon as preventive either of sickness or of death; but with how much more reason may we expostulate with, and censure those of our contemporaries, who, either from obstinacy or incredulity, die in this great metropolis, or indeed in this kingdom, when they may prevent or cure, at a trifling expence, not only all distempers, but even old age and death itself! The renovating elixir infallibly restores lifetime youth and vigour, be the patient ever so old and decayed; and that without loss of time or business; whereas the same operation among the ancients was both tedious and painful, as it required a thorough boiling of the patient.

The most inflammatory and intrepid fevers fly at the first discharge of Dr. James's powder; and a drop or pill of the celebrated Mr. Ward corrects all the malignity of Pandora's box.

Ought not every man of great birth and estate, who for many years has been afflicted with the postero-mania, or rage of having posterity, a distemper very common among persons of that sort; ought he not, I say, to be ashamed of having no issue male to perpetuate his illustrious name and title, when for so small a sum as three-and-six-pence, he and his lady might be supplied with a sufficient quantity of the vivifying drops, which infallibly cure imbecillity in men, and barrenness in women, though of never so long standing?

Another very great discovery of the moderns in the art of healing is, the infallible cure of the king's-evil, though never so inveterate, by only the touch of a

lawful king, the right heir of Adam : for that is tially necessary. The ancients were unacquainted with this inestimable secret : and even Solomon son of David, the wisest of kings, knew nothing of the matter. But our British Solomon, king James the first, a son of David also, was no stranger to the practice ; he practised it with success. This fact is sufficiently proved by experience ; but if it wanted any corroborating testimony, we have that of the ingenious Monsieur de Carte, who, in his incomparable history of England asserts (and that in a marginal note too, which is always more material than the text) that he knew of a somebody who was radically cured of a most obstinate king's evil by the touch of somebody. As our famous historian does not even intimate that this somebody took any thing of the other somebody for that, it were to be wished that he had named this somebody, and his place of abode, for the benefit of those who are now reduced, and at some expence, to the recourse to Mr. Vickers the clergyman. Be it so, I fairly confess myself to be personally interested in the inquiry, since this somebody must necessarily be the right heir of Adam, and consequently I must have the honour of being related to him.

Our laborious neighbours and kinsmen, the Quakers, are not without their inventions and discoveries in the art of medicine ; for they cure a wound through the heart, if they can but apply a powder of sympathy.....not to the wound itself, but to the sword or bullet that made it.

Having now (at least in my own opinion) finished the superiority of the moderns over the ancients in the art of healing, I shall proceed to some particulars, in which my contemporaries will claim, and I hope be allowed, the preference.

The ingenious Mr. Warburton, in his *divine mission of Moses*, very justly observes, that hiero-

'e the beginning of letters ; but at the same time candidly allows that it was a very troublesome and certain method of communicating one's ideas ; as depended in a great measure on the writer's skill in wing (an art little known in those days) ; and as a ke too much or too little, too high or too low, ght be of the most dangerous consequence, in re-on, business, or love. Cadmus removed this diffi-ty by his invention of unequivocal letters ; but then removed it too much ; for those letters or marks, ng the same throughout, and fixed alphabetically, n became generally known, and prevented that se- cy which in many cases was to be wished for. is inconveniency suggested to the ancients the in- tion of cryptography and steganography, or a mys- ious and unintelligible way of writing, by the help which none but corresponding parties who had the y could decypher the matter. But human industry n refined upon this too ; the art of decyphering was covered, and the skill of the decypherer baffled all : labour of the cypherer. The secrecy of all lite- y correspondence became precarious, and neither siness nor love could any longer be safely trusted paper. Such for a considerable time was the un- ppy state of letters, till the BEAU MONDE, an inven- erace of people, found out a new kind of cryptogra- y, or steganography, unknown to the ancients, and e from some of their inconveniences. Lovers in eral made use of it ; controversial writers com- nly ; and ministers of state sometimes, in the st important dispatches. It was writing in such unintelligible manner, and with such obscurity, at the corresponding parties themselves neither un- stood, nor even guessed at each other's meaning ; ich was a most effectual security against all the ac- ents to which letters are liable by being either mis- t or intercepted. But this method too, though long

pursued, was also attended with some inconveniences. It frequently produced mistakes, by scattering false lights upon that friendly darkness, so propitious to business and love. But our inventive neighbours, the French, have very lately removed all these inconveniences, by a happy discovery of a new kind of paper, as pleasing to the eye, and as conducive to the dispatch, the clearness, and at the same time, the secrecy of all literary correspondence. My worthy friend Mr. Dodsley lately brought me a sample of it, upon which, if I mistake not, he will make very considerable improvements, as my countrymen often do upon the inventions of other nations. This sheet of paper I conjectured to be the ground-work and principal material of a tender and passionate letter from a fine gentleman to a fine lady ; though in truth it might very well be the whole letter itself. At the top of the first page was delineated a lady with very red cheeks, and a very large hoop, in the fashionable attitude of knotting, and of making a very genteel French curtesy. This evidently appears to stand for madam, and saves the time and trouble of writing it. At the bottom of the third page was painted a very fine well-dressed gentleman, with his hat under his left arm, and his right hand upon his heart, bowing most respectfully low ; which single figure, by an admirable piece of brachygraphy or short-hand, plainly conveys this deep sense, and stands instead of these many words, " I have the honour to be, with the tenderest " and warmest sentiments, madam, your most inviolably attached, faithful humble servant." The margin of the paper, which was about half an inch broad, was very properly decorated with all the emblems of triumphant beauty, and tender suffering passion. Groups of lilies, roses, pearls, corals, suns and stars, were intermixed with chains, bearded shafts, and bleeding hearts. Such a sheet of paper, I con-

to me to be a complete letter ; and I see all fine gentlemen, whose time I know to avail themselves of this admirable invention will save them a great deal of time, and spare their thought ; and I cannot help thinking, they even to take the trouble of filling up with the tenderest sentiments of their hearts, the shining flights of their fancy, they would not add any or delicacy to those types and symbols of their conquests, and their own captivity and

blank letters (if I may call them so, when they are so much) will mock the jealous curiosity of mothers and fathers, who will in vain hold them out to elicit the supposed juice of lemon, and when they may afterwards pass for a piece of easantry.

For the best of my readers, must, I am sure, be made aware, that the utility of this invention is *mutatis mutandis*, to whatever can be the use of letters, and with much less trouble, and without any secrecy, propriety, and elegance than the ordinary writing.

For a person of but moderate skill and fancy may in a very little time have reams of ready-painted paper by which to supply the demands of the statesman, the dilettante, and the lover. And I think it my duty to inform you that my good friend Mr. Dodsley, who has been alarmed of the decay of trade, and who loves, out of regard to his own interest, to encourage every useful invention, is at this time learning to paint with unwearied diligence and application ; and I doubt not, but that in a very little time he will be able to furnish all sorts of persons with the very best of goods of that kind. I warned him indeed of the rivalry any for the two learned professions of law and physic, which I apprehend would lie

upon his hands. One of them being already session (to speak in their own style) of a michygraphical, cryptographical, and steganographic secret, in writing their warrants; and the other willingly admitting brevity in any shape. Of what innumerable skins of parchment, and what writing might be saved in a marriage-settlement instance, if the first fourteen or fifteen sons, the proposed future issue, lawfully to be begotten of the happy marriage, and upon whom the settlement incessively made were to be painted every one less than the other upon one skin of parchment: instead of being enumerated upon one hundred, according to priority of birth, and seniority of age; moreover the elder, by a happy pleonasmus to take before, and be preferred to the young: this useful alteration is more to be wished than the other, for reasons which I do not at present think to mention.

I am sensible that the government may possibly object, that I am suggesting to its enemies a method of carrying on their treasonable correspondence with much more secrecy than formerly. But as their intentions are honest, I should be very sorry to have their loyalty suspected: and when I consider the ingenuity of the jacobites at the same time the ingenuity of the jacobites, I am convinced that their letters in this new method will be so charged with groves of oaken boughs, vases and thistles interwoven, that their meaning will not be obscure, and consequently no danger to the government from this new and excellent invention.

XXV. THURSDAY, JUNE 21.

VE the pleasure of informing my fair correspondent, that her petition contained in the following was granted. I wish I could as easily restore what she has lost. But to a mind like her's, so harmonized ! time and the consciousness of much purity of intention will bring relief. My ways afford her matter of the most pleasing nature, that her soul had no participation with her art in that particular act which she appears to with so tender a regret. But it is not my object to anticipate her story, by endeavouring to narrate. Her letter, I hope, will caution all young people of equal virtue with herself against that excess of sensibility, with which they are sometimes too much entertained by their lovers.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

AVE not the least ill-will to your friend Mr. Fitz-Adam, whom I never saw in my life ; but I address you with your equity and good-nature, for a small portion of your favour and recommendation in that valuable branch of trade, to which you have introduced the public he is now applying himself, and I hope you will not think it reasonable that he should monopolize. I mean that admirable short and method of communicating one's ideas by images and representations of the pencil, instead of the vulgar and old method of letters by the pen. Give me leave, Sir, to state my case and my reasons to you : I am sure you will decide with

the daughter of a clergyman, who, having had a good living, gave me a good education, and left

me no fortune. I had naturally a turn to reading and drawing: my father encouraged and assisted the one, and allowed me a master to instruct the other, and I made an uncommon progress in both. My heart was tender, and my sentiments delicate; perhaps too much so for my rank. This disposition led me to study chiefly those fables of divine honour, spotless virtue, and refined sentiment, the voluminous romances of the last century. Sentiments from which I thank heaven I never deviated. From a sympathizing soft soul, how often have I wept over those affecting tresses! How have I shared the pangs of the cruel and lovely Mariamne upon the death of the traitor the faithful Tiridates! and how has my indignation been excited at the unfaithful and ungenerous tyrannical misrepresentations of the gallant first Beauclerc who was undoubtedly the tenderest lover that ever lived! My drawings took the same elegant turn as my reading. I painted all the most moving and interesting stories of charming Ovid's metamorphoses without sometimes mingling my tears with my colours. I presented some fans of my own painting to some ladies in the neighbourhood, who were pleased to commend both the execution and the designs. In the latter I always took care should be moving, and at the same time irreproachably pure; and I found it even to represent with undiminished delicacy, the happy passion of the unfortunate Pasiphaë. This turn of mind, this softness of soul, it will be supposed that I loved. I did so, Sir; tenderly and I loved. Why should I disown a passion, when clarified as mine was from the impure dross of sensuality, is the noblest and most generous sentiment of the human breast? O! that the false of the dear deceiver, whose perfidious vows bet *mine*, had been but as pure!.....The traitor was

ed with his troops of dragoons in the town where I
 ed. His person was a happy compound of the man-
 strength of a hero, and all the softer graces of a
 er; and I thought that I discovered in him at first
 ht, all the courage and all the tenderness of Oroon-
 tes. My figure, which was not bad, it seems pleas-
 him as much. He sought and obtained my ac-
 aintance. Soon by his eyes, and soon after by his
 rds, he declared his passion to me. My blushes,
 7 confusion, and my silence, too plainly spoke mine.
 od gods! how tender were his words! how lan-
 ishing soft his eyes! with what ardour did he
 ess my hand! a trifling liberty, which one cannot
 cently refuse, and for which refusal there is no pre-
 dent. Sometimes he addressed me in the moving
 rds of Varanes, sometimes in the tender accents
 Castalio, and sometimes in the warmer language
 Juba; for he was a very good scholar. In short,
 5, a month was not past before he pressed for what
 called a proof of my passion. I trembled at the
 ry thought, and reproached him with the indelicacy
 it. He persisted; and I, in compliance with cus-
 n only, hinted previous marriage, he urged love;
 d I was not vulgar enough to refuse to the man I
 nderly loved, the proof he required of my passion.
 ielded, it is true; but it was to sentiment, not to
 sire. A few months gave me reason to suspect
 at his passion was not quite so pure; and within
 2 year the perfidious wretch convinced me that it
 d been merely sensual. For upon the removal of
 troop to other quarters, he took a cold leave of
 2, and contented himself with saying, that in the
 urse of quarters he hoped to have the pleasure some
 ne or other of seeing me again. You, Mr. Fitz-
 lam, if you have any delicacy of soul, as I dare say
 u have, can better guess than I can express, the
 onies I felt, and the tears I shed upon this occasion;

but all in vain; vain as the thousand tenders which I have written to him since, and to which I have received no answer. As all this passes the course of ten months, I had but one child dear pledge of my first and only love, I no longer sustain at the expence of more than half of what I was to subsist upon myself.

Having now, as I hope, prepared your commission and proved my qualification, I proceed to the consideration of my petition. Which is, that you will be so good to recommend me to the public, with all the authority which you have so justly acquired, for a new and beneficial branch of trade. I intend to go farther than the just bounds to which the service may extend. Let Mr. Dodsley engross my request, with my best wishes. Though I believe nobody has a clearer notion of the delicate sentiments than I have; and I have a considerable stock in hand of these allegorical emblematical paintings, applicable to almost every situation in which a woman of sense, virtue and industry, can find herself. I indulged my fancy in them, according to the various dispositions which my various fortunes produced. I think I may say without vanity, that I have made considerable improvements in the celebrated map of the realm of love in Clelia. I have adorned the banks of the river of tears and the crystalline Tender with several islands and groves; and added expression to the sighing melancholic groves of sighs and tender calls. I have whole quires, painted in my happier moments of hearts united and crowned, fluttering Cupids, zephyrs, constant and tender doves, myrtles, banks of jessamine and tuberose, and fragrant groves. These will require very little filling up, from ladies who are in the transported state of growing loves. For the forsaken and com-

with whom, alas! I too fatally sympathise, I
 tender willows drooping over murmuring brooks,
 gloomy walks of mournful cypress and solemn
 . In short, Sir, I either have by me, or will forth-
 provide, whatever can convey the most perfect
 is of elegant friendship, or pure, refined, and senti-
 tal passion. But I think it necessary to give no-
 , that if any ladies would express any indelicate
 is of love, or require any types or emblems of sen-
 joy, they must not apply to,

SIR,

Your most obedient, and
 humble servant,

PARTHENISSA.



No. XXVI. THURSDAY, JUNE 28.

SIMPLICITY is with justice esteemed a su-
 preme excellence in all the performances of art, be-
 cause by this quality, they more nearly resemble the
 productions of nature: and the productions of nature
 have ever been accounted nobler, and of a higher or-
 der, in proportion to their simplicity. Hence arises
 the ladies will permit me to philosophize a mo-
 ment) the superior excellence of spirit to matter,
 which is evidently a combination of many particles;
 whereas the first is pure, uncompounded, and indivi-
 dible.

But let us descend from lofty speculations, and use-
 less metaphysics, into common life and familiar arts,
 in order more fully to display the beauties of a just
 simplicity, to which the present age seems not to pay
 proper regard in various instances.

Nothing can be more tiresome and nauseous to a virtuoso of a true judgment and a just eye in painting, than the gaudy glitter of florid colours, and profusion of light, unsubdued by shade, and unified with tints of a browner cast. It is remarkable that some of the capital pieces of Apelles wrought in four colours only. This excellent painter invented also a kind of darkening varnish, that temper and chastise all dazzling splendor and necessary glare, and might give, as Pliny expresses, modesty and austerity to his works. Those who have been unaccustomed to the best models, are at first more delighted with the production of the Flemish than the Italian school; and prefer it to Raphael, till they feel by experience, that his bold and gay colouring defeats the very end of the painting, by turning the attention from its principal excellences that is, from truth, simplicity and design.

If these observations are rightly founded, shall we say of the taste and judgment of those who spend their lives and fortunes in collecting pictures, where neither perspective, nor proportion, nor conformity to nature are observed; I mean the elegant lovers and purchasers of China, and Japanese screens. I saw a sensible foreigner astonished at a late auction, with the exorbitant prices given for splendid deformities, as he called them, while a exquisite painting of Guido passed unnoticed, and was set aside as unfashionable lumber. Happy should I think myself to be able to convince the fair collectors that make the greatest part of Mr. Lang's audiences, that no genuine beauty is to be found in whimsical and grotesque figures, the monstrous spring of wild imagination, undirected by natural truth.

It is of equal consequence to observe simplicity in architecture as in painting. A multiplicity of

ornaments; a vast variety of angle and cavities; clusters of little columns, and a crowd of windows, the what distinguish meanness of manner in building from greatness; that is, the Gothic from the Grecian; in which every decoration arises from necessity and use, and every pillar has something to support.

Mark how the dread Pantheon stands,
Amid the domes of modern hands!
Amid the toys of idle state,
How simply, how severely great!

says the celebrated author of the ode to lord Huntingdon. Nothing therefore, offends me more than to behold the revival of this barbarous taste, in several villas, temples, and pleasure-houses, that disgrace the neighbourhood of this metropolis. Nay, sometimes in the front of the edifice to find a Grecian plan adulterated and defiled by the unnatural and impure mixture of Gothic whimsies.

Desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne. HOR.

Whoever considers the latest importations of music and musicians from Italy, will be convinced that the modern masters of that country have lost that beautiful simplicity, which is generally the ornament of every musical composition, and which really dignified those of their predecessors. They have introduced so many intricate divisions, wild variations, and useless repetitions, without any apparent necessity arising either from the words or from any other accident, that the chief ambition of the composer seems to be rather to surprise the ear than to please the judgment; and that of the performer, to shew his execution rather than his expression. It is from these motives that the hearer is often confounded, but not delighted, with sudden and unnatural transitions

from the key, and returns to it as unnatural as the transitions themselves; while pathos, the soul of music, is either unknown or totally neglected. Those who have studied the works of Correlli among the modern ancients, and Handel in the present age, know that the most affecting passages of the former owe their excellence to simplicity alone; and that the latter understands it as well, and attends to it as much, though he knows when to introduce with propriety those niceties and refinements, which, for want of propriety, we condemn in others.

In every species of writing, whether we consider style or sentiment, Simplicity is a beauty. The perfection of language, says the great father of criticism, consists in its being perspicuous but not low. A redundancy of metaphors, a heap of sounding and florid epithets, remote allusions, sudden flashes of wit, lively and epigrammatic turns, dazzle the imagination and captivate the minds of vulgar readers, who are apt to think the simple manner unanimated and dull, for want of being acquainted with the models of the great antique. Xenophon among the Greeks and Cæsar among the Romans, are at once the purest and most simple, as well as the most elegant writers of any age or nation can produce. "Nudi enim sumus recti, et venusti, omni ornatu orationis, tanquam vestes detracto." Among ourselves, no writer has perhaps made so happy and judicious a mixture of plain and figurative terms as Addison, who was the first banished from the English, as Boileau from the French, every species of bad eloquence and false wit, and opened the gates of the Temple of Taste to his fellow-citizens.

It seems to be the fate of polished nations to degenerate and depart from a simplicity of sentiment. When the first and most obvious thoughts have been pre-occupied by former writers, their successors,

aining to be original and new, abound in far-fetched sentiments and forced conceits. Some late instances of men of genius (for none but these are capable of committing this fault) give occasion to us to deprecate the event. I must add, under this head, that simplicity of fable is an indispensable quality in every legitimate drama. We are too much enamoured with what is called intrigue, business, and bustle, in our plays. We are disgusted with the thinness, that is, the unity of a plot. We must enrich it with episodes under-characters; and we never consider, how much our attention is diverted and destroyed by different objects, and our pity divided and weakened by an intricate multiplicity of events, and of persons. The Athenians, therefore, who could relish so simple a plot as that of the Philoctetes of Sophocles, had certainly either more patience or more good sense (I will not determine which) than my present countrymen.

If we raise our thoughts to a subject of more importance, than writing, I mean dress; even in this sublime science, Simplicity should ever be regarded. It might be thought presumption in me to censure any part of Miss ****'s dress last night at Ranelagh; yet I could not help condemning that profusion of ornament, which violated and destroyed the unity and *raison d'être* (a technical term borrowed from the toilette) of so accomplished a figure.

To finish my panegyric on Simplicity in a manner that I know is agreeable to my fair readers, I mean with a stroke of morality, I would observe, that if this quality was venerated as it ought to be, it would at once banish from the earth all artifice and treachery, double-dealing and deceit. Let it therefore be established as a maxim, that Simplicity is of equal importance in Morals and in Taste.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

SIR,

THE forming separate societies, in order to exercise the great duty of self-mortification, seems to me to be one of the most general and prevailing tendencies in human nature. For even in those countries, where the freedom of the laws, or the ill execution of them, or the licentiousness of manners, has given a sort of public sanction to a less severe discipline, in England itself, what numerous sectaries have subsisted upon this disposition of the human mind!

It is upon this principle that the various and opposite tenets of different systems are built. Mahomet, Confucius, and other religious lawgivers; the founders of larger societies, or smaller communities, have availed themselves of this bias in the mind of man; which at one time or other, is sure to draw him with more than ordinary force.

If ambition occupies, if love monopolizes, if indolence stupifies, if literature amuses, if pride expands, or humility condenses the immortal spirit of man; if revenge animates, if a softer sensation mollifies, if trifles annihilate, if domestic cares engage, if dress and equipage possess the divine mind of women; these passions will, sooner or later, most certainly subside in both, and give place to that impulse, which begets various kinds of mortified communities in different climes and countries. Hence such multitudes, in a neighbouring country, pass the last periods of their lives in the monastic severities of the strictest devotion; and hence it likewise is, that we see such numbers in our own country expose themselves to midnight damps at Vauxhall, and to be pressed to death by well-dressed mobs at routs.

Indeed, the more we consider the human species, from the rude savage up to the most polished courtier,

more we shall be persuaded of this general tendency in our natures to acts of voluntary mortification.

But what puts this matter out of all doubt, is the erection of three *monasteries*, within many of our metropolises, in the most conspicuous part of this greatropolis.

I hope your country protestant readers will not be much alarmed, I can assure them that they pay Peter-pence. They are formed at present of societies composed entirely of males; but we hope it will be long before they either open the arms of their communities for the reception of females, or that the monks, excited by their example, and animated by their principles, will form seminaries for their own use, and that some departing matron may be persuaded upon to found a charity for this purpose.

For the fartherance of so desirable a community, it may not here be improper to offer a legal clause to be inserted in any last will or testament; viz. "I, A. B. spinster, or dowager, being tired of all men, and having no mortal to whom I have reason to be oblig'd; having settled a competent provision on my children, my birds, dogs, and cats, do leave the sum of

£1000 pounds, towards the erecting a building, and the establishing a society for the following purposes, &c. &c. &c."

Now as soon as a sufficient number of holy sisters shall be collected, I think they cannot do more wisely than to form their new seminary upon the model of those three great *monasteries* so lately founded; would I advise them to vary much from those models, as the difference of male and female will always be, to those who contemplate things profoundly, the sufficient badge of distinction.

For the direction, therefore, of these future ladyesses, it will be necessary to give them some ac-

count of the three *monastic societies* before-mentioned which will appear to owe their rise entirely to the innate love of separate clan-ship and self-mortification which, according to my present maxim, is universally implanted in the human breast.

There are few women of fashion who have heard of Harry the eighth; many of them are perfectly well acquainted with that glorious fountain from which the reformation first sprang, which produced the dissolution of papal monasteries; till some years ago, a little round well-spoken man erected a large monastery near Covent-Garden, where a brotherhood was soon formed. Here, he dealt out indulgence of all sorts, and extreme (good internal) unctions.

But it happened, for divers reasons, that the said district was not thought so proper a situation upon which a new *convent* was built, near the end of the town; the monks removed to it, and from that day have taken upon themselves the name *White Friars*.

The difficulty of being admitted into this pious seminary, and the necessary qualifications for that purpose are sufficiently known. But how severe is the abstinence! For whereas other devout orders in our countries do not scruple to indulge themselves with the wholesome diet of plain fish, vegetables, and so forth, it is the established rule of this order, not to admit any eatable but what simple nature abhors, and till the texture of its parts is so totally transubstantiated, it cannot come under the denomination of fish, but of good red-herring.

To such a degree likewise has their spirit of mortification carried them, that, being sensible that the most real indulgence, the most natural and homogenous beverage to the constitution of man, is pure liquor, they have therefore banished that delightful liquid from their meals, and freely exposed themselves

ven to the most excruciating tortures, by daily swallowing certain potions of various kinds, the ill effects of which to the human body are well known ; and for their farther penance, they have adopted nauseous medicinal waters, for their miserable inky drink.

But it is in the dead time of the night, when the herd of ordinary mortals repose from their labours, that these devotees perform their greatest acts of self-severity ; for the conduct of which, they have three or four established rituals, composed by the celebrated Father Hoyle.

This famous seminary, like that of some colleges, is divided into senior and junior fellows. The juniors, to a certain number at a time, not content with their ordinary acts of probation, exert a most extraordinary effort of devotion.

Imagining that the mortification of the body alone is not sufficient for the pious gratification of their exalted zeal, and considering how meritorious it would be to extend the same severity to the faculties of the mind, they have attained such a spiritual domination over the soul, as to be able to renounce all its most pleasing emotions, and to give it up without remorse, to be tortured by the most painful vicissitudes of hope and fear. Such is the wonderful effect of long habit, unwearied exercise, and abstracted vigils !

In order to facilitate this toilsome penance, and to enable themselves totally to subdue all ideas whatsoever, which have no connexion with those two passions, they have contrived incessantly to toss about two cubical figures, which are so devised, as to fix the attention, by certain mystical characters, to one or other of the aforesaid passions : and thus they will sit for many hours, with only the light of one large taper in the middle of the altar, in the most exquisite and convulsive agonies of the most truly mortified and religious penitents. In short, neither the Indian nor Chi-

nese bonzes nor the Italian or Spanish visionaries, all their various distortions and penances, came up these. And here, by the way, I cannot but remark with pleasure, the great talents of my countrymen for carrying every thing they undertake to great perfection than any other nation.

The second of these seminaries was founded upon the model of the first, and consists of a number of Grey Friars, remarkable for a rigorous abstinence and indefatigable devotion. They just preserve the beings with a little chocolate or tea. They are dedicated to the great St. George, and are distinguished by the composure of their countenances, and their extraordinary taciturnity.

The third order is that of St. James; the members of which are known by the appellation of Scarlet Friars. It consists of a multitude of brothers, who are not near so strict as the two former orders; and are likely to become vastly numerous, under the auspices of its great patron whose bulk is adorned by jollity and good-humour; and who is moreover very strict as a good liver.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, let me ask you whether these three laudable institutions are not plainly owing to that principle, which I have assigned in the beginning of my letter? For what other motive could prompt men to forsake their own elegant houses, to sacrifice domestic and conjugal satisfactions, to neglect the dearing rites of hospitality, in order to cloister themselves among those, with whom they can have no connexion, but upon the aforesaid principles?

But since such is the general bent of the human mind, it is become a fit subject for the WORLD to consider by what methods these seminaries may be multiplied, as to comprehend all ranks and orders of men and women. And if fifty new churches were thought few enough to keep pace with the zeal of

Queen Anne's days, I believe, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you will not think five hundred large mansions of the kind I am speaking of, will be too many for the present.

I am,

Yours, &c.

J. T.

No. XXVIII. THURSDAY, JULY 12.

.....Pauci dignoscere possunt

Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa.....

Juv.

IT is a common observation, that though happiness is every man's aim, and though it is generally pursued by a gratification of the predominant passion, yet few have acuteness enough to discover the points which would effectually procure the long-sought end. One cannot but wonder that such intense application, as most of us bestow on the cultivation of our favourite desires, should yet leave us ignorant of the most essential objects of our study. For my part, I was so early convinced of the truth of this observation, that instead of searching for what would contribute most to my own happiness, I have spent great part of my life in the study of what may extend the enjoyment of others. This knowledge I flatter myself I have discovered, and shall disclose to the world. I beg to be attended to: I beg mankind to believe that I know better than any of them what will ascertain the felicity of their lives. I am not going to impart so great (though so often revealed) a secret, as that it is religion or virtue: few would believe me, fewer would try the recipe. In spite of the philosophy of the age,

in spite of the gravity of my character, and of decency which I hope I have hitherto most solemnly observed. I must avow my persuasion that the sensual pleasure of love is the great cord of life, and the only specific for removing the anxieties of our passions, or for supporting the injurious iniquities which we suffer from those of other nations.

"Well! (shall I be told) and is this your admission of discovery? Is this the arcanum that has excited the penetration of all enquirers in all ages? Is any other doctrine has been taught by the most secret philosophers? Was not this the text of the secret of Epicurus? Was not this the theory, and practice too, of the experienced Alcibiades? What were the tenets of the sage lord Rochester, the missionary Saint Evremont?"...It is very true, and a thousand other founders of sects, nay of religious orders, have taught...or at least practised the same doctrines. But I pretend to introduce such refinements into the system of sensuality, as shall vindicate the discovery to myself, and throw at a distance the minute philosophers, who (if they were my runners) only serve to lead the world astray.

Here then in one word the mysterious precept is:—"Young women are not the proper object of sensual love: it is the matron, the hoary fair, who can give, communicate, insure happiness." I shall now enumerate a thousand reasons to enforce my doctrine:—as the fickleness of youth, the caprices of beauty, its transient state, the jealousy from rivals, the distraction from having children, the important occupations of dress, and the infinite occupations of a woman, which endanger or divide her sentiment from being always fixed on the faithful lover, none of which combat the affections of the generous, tender, attentive matron. But as one example is worth a thousand reasons, I shall recommend

Man by pointing out the extreme happiness which was attended such discreet heroes as are commemorated in the annals of love for having offered up their hearts at ancient shrines; and I shall clearly demonstrate by precedents, that several ladies in the bloom of their wrinkles have inspired more lasting and more frequent passions, than the greatest beauties who had scarce lost sight of their teens. The fair young creatures of the present hour will forgive a preference which is the result of deep meditation, great reading, and strict impartiality, when they reflect, that they can scarce contrive to be young above a dozen years, and may be old fifty or sixty; and they may believe me, that after forty they will value one lover more than they do twenty now; a sensation of happiness, which they will find increase as they advance in years. I cannot but observe with pleasure, that the legislature itself seems to coincide with my way of thinking, and has very prudently enacted, that young ladies shall not enter so early in the bonds of love, when they are incapable of reflection, and of all the serious duties which belong to an union of hearts. A sentiment which indeed our laws seem always to have had in view; for unless there was implanted in our natures a strong temptation towards the love of elderly women, why should the very first prohibition in the table of consanguinity forbid a man to marry his grandmother?

The first heroine we read of, whose charms were proof against the injuries of time, was the accomplished Sarah: I think the most moderate computations make her to be ninety, when that wanton monarch Abimelech would have undermined her virtue. But as doubtless the observance of that virtue had been the great foundation of the continuance of her beauty, and as the rigidness of it rather exempts her

from, than exposes her as an object of my dislike. I shall say no more of that lady.

Helen, the beautiful Helen, if there is any trace to classic parish-registers, was fourscore when she stole her; and though the war lasted ten years that on her account, monsieur Homer, who tells their romance, does not give any hint of the young prince having shewed the least decay of health or symptom of inconstancy: a fidelity, which probability was at least as much owing to the experience of the dame, and to her knowledge in the refinements of pleasure, as to her bright eyes, her complexion, or the everlasting lilies and roses on her cheeks.

I am not clear that length of years, especially in heroic minds, does not increase rather than abate the sentimentality of the flame. The great Elizabeth, who was the passion for the unfortunate earl of Essex is just the favourite topic with all who delight in romantic fiction: she was full sixty-eight when she condemned her husband to death for slighting her endearments. And if I look for an instance in our own sex the charming, the mercurial Antony was not far from seventy before he had much taste as to sacrifice the meaner passions of ambition, nay the world itself, to love.

But it is in France, that kingdom so exquisitely judicious in the affairs of love, from whence we copy the arts of happiness, as well as their other coveries in pleasure. The monarchs of that country have more than once taught the world by their example, that a fine woman, though past her grand old age, may be but just touching the meridian of her charms. Henry the second and Louis the fourteenth will be for ever memorable for the passions they long felt for the duchess of Valentinois, and madame de Maintenon. The former, in the heat of youth and prospect of empire, became a slave to the respo-

ons of Diana de Poitiers, many years after his
ious father had quitted the possession of her on
y apprehension that she was growing old : and
last moment of his life and reign, Henry was a
it, jealous adorer of her still ripening charms.
the age was over-run with astrology, supersti-
gotry, and notions of necromancy, king Henry
olized a woman, who had not only married her
daughter, then a celebrated beauty, but who,
other prince had reigned, was ancient enough
come within the description of sorcery : so
o the vulgar distinguish between the ideas of
witch and a fine woman. The passion of the
monarch was no less remarkable. That hero,
rd gained so many battles by proxy, had presi-
person at so many tournaments, had raised
water-works, and shed such streams of heretic
and, which was still more glorious, had enjoy-
many of the finest women in Europe ; was at-
ptivated by an old governante, and sighed away
years at the feet of his venerable mistress, as
rked at her tent with spectacles. If Louis le
was not a judge of pleasure, who can pretend
If he was, in favour of what age did he give
Iden apple?

shall close my catalogue of ancient mistresses
he renowned Ninon l'Enclos, a lady whose life
is sufficient to inculcate my doctrine in its ut-
orce. I shall say nothing of her numerous con-
for the first half of her life : she had wit,
and beauty, three ingredients which will always
silly admirers. It was not until the fifty-sixth
at her superior merit distinguished itself ; and
hat to her ninetieth, she went on improving in
al arts and charms of love. How unfortunate
that she did not live a few years longer, that I
have had the opportunity of wearing her chains!

It was in her fifty-sixth year that the cheval Villiers, a natural son whom she had by the com Gerze, arrived at Paris from the provinces, who had been educated without any knowledge of his parents. He saw his mother, he fell in love with her. The increase, the vehemence of his passion gave the greatest disquiets to the affectionate matron. When nothing but a discovery of the truth could stop, as she thought to the impetuosity of her son, she carried him into her bed-chamber. Here my readers will easily conceive the transport of a young lover, just on the brink of happiness, to a charming mistress near threescore ! As the adous youth would have pushed his enterprize, he was checked him, and pointing to a clock, said, " boy, look there ! at that hour, two-and-twenty years ago, I was delivered of *you* in this very bed-chamber. A certain fact, that the unfortunate, abashed youth fled into the garden and fell upon his sword. A catastrophe had like to have deprived the age of its most accomplished mistress that ever adorned the Cytherean annals. It was above twenty years since the afflicted mother would listen to any address from a tender nature. At length the polite Abbe de Cressac pressed and obtained an assignation. He came and found the enchanting Ninon lying on a couch, the grandmother of the loves, in the most galant shabille ; and what was still more delightful, desired to indulge his utmost wishes. After the most flattering endearments, he asked her....but with the respect, why she had so long deferred the consummation of his happiness ? " Why," replied she, " I confess it proceeded from a remain of vanity : " pique myself upon having a lover at past forty, " and it was but yesterday that I was eighty con-

No. XXIX. THURSDAY, JULY 19.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

[A,

I TROUBLED you some time ago with an account of my distress, arising from the female part of my family. I told you that by an unfortunate trip to Paris my wife and daughter had run stark French ; and I wish I could tell you now that I am perfectly recovered ; but all I can say is, that the violence of the symptoms seems to abate, in proportion as the heats that inflamed them wear out.

My present misfortune flows from a direct contrary cause, and affects me much more sensibly. The little whims, affectations, and delicacies of ladies may be both ridiculous and disagreeable, especially to those who are obliged to be at once the witnesses and the martyrs of them ; but they are not evils to be compared with the obstinate wrong-headedness, the idle and liberal turn of an only son ; which is unfortunately my case.

I acquainted you, that in the education of my son I had conformed to the common custom of this country (perhaps I conformed to it too much and too soon ;) and that I carried him to Paris, from whence, after six months stay, he was to go upon his travels, and make the usual tour of Italy and Germany. I thought it very necessary for a young man (though not for a young lady) to be well acquainted with the languages, the manners, the characters, and the constitutions of other countries ; the want of which I experienced and lamented in myself. In order to enable him to keep good company, I allowed him more than I could conveniently afford ; and I trusted him to the care of a Swiss governor, a gentleman of some learning, good-sense, good-nature, and good manners. But how

cruelly I am disappointed in all these hopes, lows will inform you.

During his stay at Paris, he only frequ worst English company there, with whom unhappily engaged in two or three scrapes, credit and the good-nature of the English helped him out of. He hired a low Irishman whom he drove about in a hired chaise, to the honour of himself, his family, and his country; did not learn one word of French, and never from a Frenchman or Frenchwoman, excepting some and injurious epithets, which he bestowed upon them in very plain English. His governor very much informed me of this conduct, which he tried to reform, and advised their removal to Italy, accordingly I immediately ordered. His conduct there will appear in the truest light to you from my own and his governors last letters to me, so I here give you faithful copies.

“ Rome, May the 6

“ SIR,

“ IN the six weeks that I passed at Florence, the week I stayed at Genoa, I never had time to write to you, being wholly taken up with other things, of which the most remarkable is the fall of Pisa; it stands all awry; I wonder it will not tumble down. I met with a great many of my countrymen, and we live together very well. I have been here now a month, and will give you an account of my way of life. Here are many very agreeable English gentlemen; about nine or ten as smart bucks as any in Rome. We constantly breakfast together, and then go and see sights, or drive about the city in Rome in chaises; but the horses are very bad, the chaises do not follow well. We meet

dinner at the English coffee-house ; where there is a very good billiard-table, and very good company. From thence we go and dine together by turns at each other's lodgings. Then after a cheerful glass of claret (for we have made a shift to get some here) we go to the coffee-house again ; from thence to supper, and so to bed. I do not believe that these Romans are a bit like the old Romans ; they are a parcel of thin-gutted, sniveling, cringing dogs ; and I verily believe that our set could thrash forty of them. We never go among them ; it would not be worth while : besides, we none of us speak Italian, and none of those signors speak English ; which shews what sort of fellows they are. We saw the pope go by the other day in a procession ; but we resolved to assert the honour of Old England ; so we neither bowed nor pulled off our hats to the old rogue. Provisions and liquor are but bad here ; and to say the truth, I have not had one thorough good meal's meat since I left England. No longer ago than last Sunday we wanted to have a good plumb-pudding ; but we found the materials difficult to provide, and were obliged to get an English footman to make it. Pray, sir, let me come home ; for I cannot find that one is a jot the better for seeing all these outlandish places and people. But if you will not let me come back, for God's sake, sir, take away the impertinent *mounseer* you sent with me. He is a considerable expence to you, and of no manner of service to me. All the English here laugh at him, he is such a prig. He thinks himself a fine gentleman, and is always plaguing me to go into foreign companies, to learn foreign languages, and to get foreign manners ; as if I were not to live and die in Old England, and as if good English acquaintance would not be much more useful to me than

"outlandish ones. Dear sir, grant me this request,
 "and you shall ever find me

"Your most dutiful son,

"G. D."

The following is a very honest and sensible letter which I received at the same time from my son's governor :

"Rome, May the 3d, 1733.

"SIR,

"I THINK myself obliged in conscience to inform you, that the money you are pleased to allow me for my attendance upon your son is absolutely thrown away ; since I find by melancholy experience, that I can be of no manner of use to him. I have tried all possible methods to prevail with him to answer, in some degree at least, your good intentions in sending him abroad ; but all in vain : and in return for my endeavours I am either laughed at or insulted. Sometimes I am called a beggarly French dog, and bid to go back to my own country and eat my frogs ; and sometimes I am *mounseer* Ragout, and told that I think myself a very fine gentleman. I daily represent to him, that by sending him abroad you meant that he should learn the languages, the manners, and characters of different countries, and that he should add to the classical education which you had given him at home, a knowledge of the world, and the genteel easy manners of a man of fashion, which can only be acquired by frequenting the best companies abroad. To which he only answers me with a sneer of contempt, and says, 'so belike-ye, ha !' I would have connived at the common vices of youth, if they had been attended with the least degree of decency or refinement ; but I must not conceal from you that your son's are

the lowest and most degrading kind, and avowed the most public and indecent manner. I have never been able to persuade him to deliver the letters of recommendation which you procured him; he says he does not desire to keep such company. I advised him to take an Italian master, which he flatly refused, saying, that he should have time enough to learn Italian when he went back to England. But he has taken, of himself, a music master to teach him to play upon the German flute, upon which he rows away two or three hours every day. We send a great deal of money, without doing you or ourselves any honour by it; though your son, like the generality of his countrymen, values himself upon the expence, and looks upon all foreigners, who are not able to make so considerable a one, as a parcel of beggars and scoundrels; speaks *of* them, and he speaks *to* them, would treat them as such. If I might presume to advise you, sir, it should be to order us home forthwith. I can assure you that our son's morals and manners will be in much less danger under your own inspection at home, than they can be under mine abroad; and I defy him to keep worse English company in England than he now keeps here. But whatever you may think fit to determine concerning him, I must humbly insist upon my own dismissal, and upon leave to assure you in person of the respect with which I have the honour to be,

“ Sir, your, &c.”

I have complied with my son's request, in consequence of his governor's advice; and have ordered him to come home immediately. But what shall I do with him here, where he is but too likely to be encouraged and countenanced in these illiberal and ungentleman-like manners? My case is surely most

singularly unfortunate ; to be plagued on one side by the polite and elegant foreign follies of my wife and daughter, and on the other by the unconforming obstinacy, the low vulgar excesses, and the porter-like manners of my son.

Perhaps my misfortune may suggest to you some thoughts upon the methods of education in general which, conveyed to the public through your paper, may be of public use. It is in that view singly that you have had this second trouble from, Sir,

Your most humble servant and constant reader,
R. D.

I allow the case of my worthy correspondent to be compassionate, but I cannot possibly allow it to be singular. The public places daily prove the contrary too plainly. I confess I oftener pity than blame the errors of youth, when I reflect upon the fundamental errors generally committed by their parents in their education. Many totally neglect, and many mistake it. The ancients began the education of their children by forming their hearts and their manners. They taught them the duty of men and of citizens ; we teach them the languages of the ancients, and leave their morals and manners to shift for themselves.

As for the modern species of human bucks, I impute their brutality to the negligence or the fondness of their parents. It is observed in parks, among their betters, the real bucks, that the most troublesome and mischievous are those who were bred up tame, fondled and fed out of the hand, when fawns. They abuse, when grown up, the indulgence they met with in their youth ; and their familiarity grows troublesome and dangerous with their horns.

No. XXX. THURSDAY, JULY 26.

I AM indebted for my paper of to-day to the zealous piety of one of my fair correspondents, to the undeserved, though not uncommon, disservice of another. My readers will, I hope, forgive the vanity of publishing the compliments paid me in these letters, when I assure them, that I had rather that I write should have the approbation of a sensible man, than that of the gravest and most learned philosopher in England.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

THE candour which shines so conspicuously in your writings, the deference you express towards literary productions of women, and the genteel you give to every stroke of satire on our foibles, encouraged me to offer a few female thoughts on the arbitrary power of fashion; or as it is more properly and politely rendered, Taste.

I am not learned enough to define the meaning of the word, much less am I able to tell you all the different ideas it conveys; but according to its common application, I find that it is applicable to every affect of singularity, whether in dress, in building, in behaviour, or in diversions; and the farther we stray from decency or propriety in this singularity, the more we approach to taste.

The prevalence of the Chinese taste has been very vigorously attacked in one of your papers; and the greater prevalence of the Indian taste among us, in, I mean the taste of going uncovered, has been properly treated in another. But there is a taste at present totally different from this last, the impropriety which can hardly, I think, have escaped your

observation, though it has your censure. It is the taste of attending divine service, and of performing the most sacred duties of our religion, with a hat on. However trifling this may be deemed in itself, I cannot but consider it in a serious light: and have always, for my own part, refused complying with a fashion, which seems to declare in the observers of it, a want of that awful respect which is due to the Creator from his creatures.

If temporal monarchs are to be served with an uncovered head; I mean, if the ceremony of uncovering the head be considered and expected by the higher powers as a mark of reverence and humility; surely reason will suggest that the Supreme over all should be approached and supplicated with at least equal veneration: yet, strange as it may appear to the more thinking part of our sex, this uncouth state of being hatted prevails in almost all the churches in town and country; matrons of sixty adopting the thoughtless whim of girls in their teens, and each endeavouring to countenance the other in this idle transgression against the laws of decency and decorum.

Favour me, Sir, either by inserting this short letter, or by giving some candid admonitions on the subject after your own manner. I am acquainted with many of your female readers, and am assured that your frequent remarks upon their most fashionable follies will have a proper effect. Reproofs are never so efficacious as when they are tempered with good humour; a quality which is always to be found in the lucubrations of Mr. Fiz-Adam; among whose admirers I beg to be numbered, and am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

CLARISSA.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

to whom, Sir, should the injured fly for redress, him who has made the WORLD his province? I not, I am sure, be offended at my taking this the Spectator was not above receiving and reading the epistles of the female sex; nor will you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, who are writing in the cause of virtue, censure the correspondence of an innocent young lady, who sues for your consolation in her affliction, for reproof of one who has broke through all honour and morality. I will make no farther apology, but proceed.

My name and circumstances I need not acquaint you with; let it suffice that I am the daughter of a gentleman, and that my education has been suitable to my birth. It was my misfortune to be left at fifteen without a father; but it was with a mother, who from earliest infancy had sown the seeds of religion in my heart; and I think I may without arrogate to assure you, that they have not been thrown upon unprofitable ground. After this greatest blessing we retired to a country village, some few miles from town; and there it was, Sir, that I first became wretched.

I was here visited in this village by a young gentleman, who, as he grew intimate in the family, was wont to flatter me with an affection, which at first I imagined to be real.... I ought to have told you that my fortune was independent, and himself neither a coxcomb. Young as I was, some little share of experience told me, that gentlemen at his age imagine the most material branch of politeness to pretend to love every pretty woman they fall in company with; and indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I had a heart that was too easily to be caught by compliments. I examined

his behaviour with the strictest attention ; not of partiality or self-love, at least I imagined so, and my judgment ; the flights of poetry and passion so common in others, gave place, in him, to reason and respect ; his words, his looks were sublimely serene, and every part of his conduct seemed to attest the sincerity of his love. The approbation of his was not wanting, and every one expected that a little time would unite us to each other.

For my own part, I built all my hopes of happiness upon this union ; and I flattered myself, that the obedient and affectionate behaviour I might expect from the life of him I sincerely and virtuously loved ; I took his as my own. But it was not to be ! Some circumstance occasioned our separation ; he seemed, seemingly, with the greatest regret ; asked and obtained permission to write ; but some months without my seeing or hearing from him. Every thing that partiality could suggest, I framed in his favour ; but I had soon more convincing proofs of his affection for me than either his absence or his silence. He returned, instead of apologizing for his behaviour, of accounting for his remissness, or of renewing the subject of all our conversation, he appeared ; and reserved ; or whenever he inclined to talk in the praise of some absent beauty, or in ridicule of marriage, which he assured me it should be many years before any one should prevail with him to think of seriously. With many such expressions and a few careless visits, during a short stay in the country, he took his leave with the formality of a stranger, and I have never seen him since. Thus he cancel an acquaintance of two years standing, the greatest part of which time he had employed in the most earnest endeavours to convince me that he loved me.

I could accuse myself of any act of levity or impropriety in my behaviour to this gentleman, the consciousness of such behaviour would have prevented me from complaining; but I appeal to his own heart, as well as to all that knew me (and he and others who read this letter, will know from whom it comes) in justification of my conduct.

But, why should I flatter myself that you will take notice of what I write? This injustice I complain of no new one; It has been felt by thousands; or, if I had not, I have no invention to give entertainment to my story, or perhaps to make it interesting to my own family, or a few female friends who love me. They will thank you for it, and be obliged to you; and to make it useful to your readers, tell them in your own words and manner (for I have no power to correct what I write) that the cruelest action a man can be guilty of, is to rob a young woman of her affections, with no other design than to abandon her. Tell them, Sir, that though the laws take no cognizance of the fraud, the barbarity of it is not lessened; where the proofs of an injury are such as the law cannot possibly ascertain, or perhaps might overlook, we claim from honour and humanity protection and regard.

How hateful, Mr. Fitz-Adam, among my own sex, is the character of a jilt! Yet men feel not the pangs of disappointed love as we do. From superiority of reason, they can resent the injury, or from variety of employments can forget the trifle who inflicted it. With us it is quite otherwise; we have no occupations to call off our attention from disappointment, no lasting resentment in our natures (I speak from experience) against him who has betrayed us.

Let me add a word more, and I will have done. If any gentleman of real accomplishments, who has serious design upon the heart of a woman, would

avoid being particular either in conversation or in the civil offices of good-breeding, he would prevent a silent pang and smothered sigh. It is, I think, from a contrary behaviour, that many a worthy creature is hurried to her grave, by a disease mentioned in the weekly bills, a broken heart.

I am, with great sincerity, Sir,

Your admirer and constant reader

I cannot dismiss this amiable young lady without observing, that the injustice it would admit of the highest aggravation, if we should think that it is not in human prudence to guard against seduction. In cases of seduction the frail one listens to her passions, and not her reason; and a woman is miserable for ever, by listening to an offer which she should have virtuously happy.

. XXXI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 2.

lit te incautum pietas tua.....

VING.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

YOU will be told at the close of this letter the why you are troubled with it. I am a clergyman and one I hope, who has hitherto, as near as perfections of his nature would admit, performed his function. I hope also that I shall do no offence by saying, that I have been more assiduous in teaching the moral duties of christianity, than in explaining its mysteries, or in gaining the assent of men's tongues to what their minds can have no conception of. The great duty of benevolence, as it is always my second care to inculcate, so it was my first and greatest delight to practise. But I am constrained by the fatal succession of experience to declare, that I have been unhappy in the same proportion that I have been benevolent; and have debased myself, as I have endeavoured to raise the dignity of an inferior nature.

On the 17th of the year one thousand seven hundred and thirty-three; when I was curate of a parish in York, the following article appeared in all the London news-papers: "On the 17th of March, 1733. This day William Wyatt and John Sympson were executed here for house-breaking. They behaved in a very penitent manner, but made no confession. At the tree the hangman was intoxicated with liquor; and supposing there were three ordered for execution, was going to put one of the ropes about the prisoner's neck as he stood in the cart, and was with much difficulty prevented by the goaler from so doing."

This parson, sir, was myself; and indeed every part of the article was literally true, except that the gaoler was equally intoxicated with the hangman, so that it was not till after the rope was forced about the neck, and the cart just going off, that the sheriff's officers interfered and rectified the mistake.

Thus I was in danger of an ignominious death performing the duties of my office, and, from a tenderness regard to the souls of these poor wretches, watched their last moments in order to soften their hearts, and bring them to a confession of the crimes for which they were to suffer. But the indignity offered to me at the gallows was not all. There are in York, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as well as in London, scoffers at the clergy; and I assure you, upon the veracity of my function, that I hardly ever walked the streets of that city afterwards, without being saluted by the name of the Half-hanged parson.

Time had scarcely taken off the edge of this ridicule, when a worse accident befel me. It was my misfortune to send an advertisement to the Daily Advertiser, setting forth, "That if a young woman (who happened, though I knew it not, to be the most noted harlot upon the town, and who then kept a coffee-house in Covent-Garden) " would apply to the " Reverend Mr. W. B. (which was myself, and my name printed at full length) at the Blue Boar Inn, Holbourn, she would hear of something greatly to " advantage."

The occasion of this advertisement was literally thus: The young woman in question had formerly been a servant at York, and had been basely and wickedly seduced by her master; who dying a few years after, and feeling the utmost remorse for so injurious an act, was willing to make this unhappy creature at the atonement in his power, by putting privately into my hands a hundred pounds to be paid her at his de-

and as he supposed her to be in some obscure in London, he conjured me in the most solemn manner to find her out, and to deliver the money into her hands.

As to acquit myself of this trust that I came upon, and put the above-mentioned advertisement in the Daily Advertiser. The young woman, in consequence of it, came the same day to my inn, and she convinced me that she was the real person, which I wondered to see her so fine a lady) and having received the donation with great modesty and simplicity, very obligingly invited me to a residence at her house during my stay in London. I made her my acknowledgments, and she more readily accepted the proposal as she added that her household was large, and that the young ladies her lodgers (for at her lodgings, she said, to young ladies) were particularly pleased with the conversation of the clergy. I dined with her that day, and continued until evening in the house, without the least suspicion of the occupation of its inhabitants; though I could not help observing that they treated me with extraordinary freedom; that their bosoms were uncovered; that they were not quite so scrupulous upon certain occasions as our Yorkshire young women: but as I had never been in town before, and had heard much talk of the freedom of London ladies, I concluded it was the fashionable behaviour; which, though I did not extremely like, I forebore, through civility, to find fault with. At about seven in the evening, as I was drinking tea with two of the ladies, I was broke in upon by some young gentlemen, of whom happened to be the son of a near neighbour of mine at York, who, the moment he saw me, swore a great oath, "That I was the honestest parson in England; for that the boldest wench of them would scruple to be sitting in a public room at a

“ bawdy-house with a brace of whores, without
“ ing the door.”

A loud laugh, in which all the company joined, proved my reproving that young gentleman thought he deserved; but the language and behaviour of the ladies to these gentlemen, and their coarse indecent jests both upon me and my cloth, closed my eyes to see where and with whom I was. I went down stairs with the utmost precipitation, and the next morning took horse for York: where, the assiduity of the above-mentioned young gentleman's story arrived before me, and I was ridiculed by half my acquaintance, for putting myself to the trouble and expence of a journey to town for a brace of wenches, when I must undoubtedly have known a score of them at York would gladly have obliged for half the money.

It was in vain for me to assert my innocence in telling the whole story; I was a second time ridiculed, and my function rendered useless in the place where I lived, by the punctual performance of my duty, in religiously observing the last request of a dying friend.

I quitted York soon after this last disgrace, and was recommended, though with some difficulty, to a curacy in Lincolnshire. Here I lived happily for a considerable time, and became the favourite companion of the squire of the parish. He was a keen sportsman, hearty in his friendships, bitter in his resentments, and implacable to poachers. It so happened, that from about the time of my coming to the parish, this gentleman's park and the country all round were so shamefully robbed of hares, that every body was exclaiming against the thief. For my own part, as I thought it my duty to detect knavery of every kind, and was fond of all occasions of testifying my gratitude to my patron, I walked out early and

TO NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



or this midnight robber. At last I succeeded in search, and caught him in the very act of his snares; and who should he be, but the perpetrator of my benefactor! This impudent fellow saw himself detected, had the address to cry first; and seizing me by the collar, late as it was, led me to his master's house. I was really shocked at his consummate assurance, that I myself accused without the power of speaking; farther proof of my guilt, there was found, reaching me, a great quantity of wire and other implements the use of which were sufficiently obvious, and my wicked accuser had artfully conveyed into my net, as he was leading me to my judge.

As little prolix as I can, I was imprisoned, convicted of the fact; and after having suffered the utmost rigour of the law, was obliged at last to seek shelter in town, to avoid the thousand indignities that were offered me in the country. To particularize every misfortune that has happened in London, would be to exceed the bounds of brevity. I shall only inform you of the occurrence of last night.

About past twelve when I was returning to my home from visiting a sick friend. As I passed the Strand, I heard at a little distance from me the sound of blows, and the screams of a woman. I quickened my pace, and immediately perceived a very young creature upon her knees, entreating a man for mercy, who by the fury of his looks, and the redness of his cudgel, seemed determined to shew none. My humanity, as well as a sense of my duty, prevailed, and I stopped to make my remonstrance to the furious man. The effects of these remonstrances were, that I soon found myself upon the ground, as it were from a trance, with my head

broke, my body bruised, my pocket rifled, my father and his lady no where to be found.

Alas! Mr. Fitz-Adam, if this had been the misfortune of the night, I had gone home, but I had a severer one to undergo. Finding myself as I walked along, that I was not a christian in regard to these were a loud cry of thieves and murder, and after it, the sight of a gentleman struggling with a number of ill-looking fellows, again alarmed me. As bold and bloody as I was, I flew without hesitation for assistance; and being of an athletic make, and having had a little tuition, in a very few minutes delivered him from the clutches; who, as soon as he saw himself free, made the most natural use of it, by running. I was now left to the mercy of two street-thieves, who thought them, both of whom had so set upon me to prevent my escape. But when I began to tell them that I had been alarmed, to my utter confusion, they discovered that they were bailiffs; that they had arrested a man whom I rescued for thirty pounds must give security for the debt, or go to prison.

To come to the close of my unhappy night, they carried me to one of their houses: where I sent to the landlord where I lodged, for something more than thirty pounds of ready money, (all that I was worth in the world) to bail me. From a principle of honour (knowing that I had really made myself free) I would have paid the money immediately. It occurred to me that the gentleman whom I had rescued, would upon reading these particulars in my letter, be honourable enough to remit me the money I was engaged for on his account. As soon as my letter inserted, I shall make myself known.

Dodsley, to whom I desire that the money may be paid: or if the gentleman chuses to come in person I discharge my bail, Mr. Dodsley will be able to inform him at what place I may be found.

I beg your immediate publication of this letter, and
 2.

SIR,

Your most faithful servant,

W. B.

P. S. I forebore to make any mention of watching in my account of last night, because I saw none. I suppose that it was not a proper time either for their liking their rounds, or for appearing at their stands.



No. XXXII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 9.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

1,

I WAS greatly surprised, that when in a letter you were displaying your knowledge in diseases, and in the several specifics for their cure, you would be so very forgetful as never to mention a malady, which at present is not only epidemical, but of the foulest and most inveterate kind. This malady called by the learned the *cacoethes carpendi*, and the vulgar criticism. It is not more true that every man is born in sin, than that he is born in criticism. For many years indeed the distemper was common, and not dangerous in its consequences; when attacking any but philosophers and men of learning, who from a sedentary life and intense application to books, were more open to its influence.

OL. I.

Q



than other men. In time, by the infection of dedications, it began to spread itself among the great, and from them, like the gout, or a more noble distemper, it descended to their inferiors, till at last it has infected all ranks and orders of men.

But as it is observable that an inhabitant of the fens in Lincolnshire is most liable to an ague, a Yorkshireman to horse-stealing, and a Sussexman to smuggling, so it is also observable that the persons most liable to the contagion of criticism, are young masters of arts, students in the Temple, attorneys clerks, barbershavers prentices, and fine gentlemen.

As I had long ago looked upon this distemper to be more particular English than any other, I determined, for the good of my country, whatever pains it might cost me, to trace it to its first principles; but it was not till very lately that my labours were attended with any certain success. I had discovered in general that the patient had an acidity of blood, which, if not corrected in time, broke out into a kind of evil, which, though no king's-evil, might possibly, I thought, be cured by touching: but it occurred to me that the touch of an oak saplin might be much more efficacious than that of the ingenious Mr. Carte's somebody. A linen-draper's prentice in the neighbourhood happening at that time to be labouring under a severe fit, I hinted this my opinion to his master, who immediately applied the touch; but I will not wrong my conscience by boasting of its effect, having learned that the lad was seen soon after at a certain coffee-house in the Strand, in all the agonies of the distemper.

Untired by disappointment, I continued my searches with redoubled diligence; and it is this day that I can felicitate myself, as well as thousands of my countryman, that they have not been in vain.

the cause then of this loathsome distemper is most
 only wind. This being pent in the bowels for
 time, and the rules of good breeding not per-
 mitting it, in public places, to take its natural course,
 immediately flies up into the head, and after being
 ed about for a while in that empty region, at
 last discharges itself with great violence upon the
 organs of speech. This occasions an involuntary mo-
 tion of that member, which continues with great rapi-
 dity for a longer or shorter time, according to the
 strength or force of the original blast which set it in
 motion. This volubility, or rather vibration of tongue,
 accompanied with certain unintelligible sounds,
 is, like the barking of persons bit by a mad dog,
 the most fatal proofs of the malignity of the dis-
 temper.

The late Doctor Monro, who was long ago consult-
 ed on the case, gave it as his opinion, that it was a
 species of madness, known among the Greeks by the
 name of *xarothupia*, and among the Romans by male-
 stitia. It is said of that great and humane man,
 from his concern for these poor creatures, he in-
 tended, if he had lived a little longer, to have proposed
 a building for their reception, contiguous to that
 poorfields; and as they are quite harmless things,
 he charitably have taken them under his own im-
 mediate care. The loss of that eminent physician,
 is it from no other consideration, cannot but be la-
 mented as a public misfortune; his scheme being in-
 tended to prevent the contagion of criticism from
 spreading so universally among his Majesty's sub-
 jects. For there is one melancholy circumstance at-
 tending this disease, namely, that it is of quicker and
 more certain infection than the plague: being com-
 municated, like yawning, to a large circle of company
 in an instant of time; and (what is sufficient confirma-
 tion of the cause) the congregated vapour which is

emitted at such times, is more disagreeable and offensive than if it had taken its proper and natural course.

But the doctor's principal reason for conjecturing this distemper to be madness, was, its being continually acted upon by external objects. As in the hydrophobia will be in agonies at the sight of water or any liquid; and it is very well known persons afflicted with a criticism will be thrown into equal agonies at the sight of a new book, pamphlet or poem. But the greatest and most convulsive all agonies are found to proceed from the representation of a new play. I have myself observed upon occasion a mob of poor wretches sending forth dismal groans and such piercing shrieks as have moved me: after this they have started up on their benches, and with all the fury of madmen have torn the benches from under them, and put an entire stop to an entertainment, which to pay for a sight of, have many of them borrowed the money from their masters' tills.

That this has the appearance of madness, I cannot deny! yet I have seen a turkey-cock behave with equal fury at the appearance of a woman in a petticoat; and I have always imputed it to the madness of the bird, rather than to any disorder of his brain.

But whether this be madness or not, the only cause is most infallibly wind; and to have discovered the cause of any distemper, is to have taken the first step towards effecting its cure; which is in itself the sole end and design of this letter.

Wind then being the undoubted cause of the universal disease, vulgarly known by the name of flatulism, the patient must enter into an immediate regular course of carminative. The herbs anise, fennel, and camomile will be extremely proper

ea; and the seeds of dill, cummin, anise, carroc-
 coriander, or cardamum, should never be out of
 outh. These, by the consent of all physicians,
 he great dispellers of wind. But that is not all.
 a whence have they their name of carminatives?
 from this quality; here are no traces of such an
 ology; but they are happily possessed of another
 more excellent virtue; and that in so eminent a
 ee, as to take their name from it. This is the
 r of expelling all the pernicious effects of poetry,
 as, songs, carmina; all that farrago of trumpery,
 he is so strangely jumbled together in the intes-
 of that miserable invalid who labours under the
 mess and disorder of criticism. For it is a great
 ake in the learned, that these medicines took their
 e of carminatives from the ancient jugglers in
 ic accompanying their operation with verses and
 as of poetry, by way of incantation or charm;
 certainly obtained this appellation from their
 lerful power of expelling that particular species of
 which is engendered in the critic's bowels by
 ing of plays, poetry and other works of wit, too
 for his digestion.

hat all persons labouring under an habitual and
 nate criticism may be induced to enter into this
 se of carminatives, I can assure them with great
 inty that the operation of these medicines, no-
 standing the prodigious discharge of crudities
 hey occasion, is not attended with the least sick-
 to the patient himself; he has indeed the appear-
 of a violent fit of the cholic; but in reality, he has
 the trouble of eructation: all the sickness and
 ea usual in other cases of the like nature, being
 elously, in this, transferred to the by-standers.
 as all medicines have not equal effects on all con-
 tions; so this, though sufficient in many cases,
 possibly be defective in a few: I have therefore

in reserve a secret, which I may venture to pronounce will prove of great utility. It is this: Let every man who is afflicted with this scrophulous disease immediately turn author. And if it should so happen (it is not absolutely impossible) that his composition should not be adapted to every body's taste, it will fallibly work so upon his stomach, as entirely purge off those indigested particles, to which all that foul wind was originally owing. For it is true to a proverb, that if you hang a dog upon a crab-tree, he will never love verjuice.

I am SIR,

Your most humble servant,

B. D

I am sorry, in one particular, to differ in opinion with my ingenious correspondent. But I cannot allow that a critic's turning author will cure him of malevolence; having always found that the most difficult people in the world to be pleased, are those who know experimentally that they want talents to please.

No. XXXIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 16.

IT has lain upon my conscience for some time, I have taken no notice of those of my correspondents, whose letters to me, for reasons of state, have been withheld from the public. Several of these gentlemen have favoured me with their assistance on the kindest motives. They have discovered

I am growing dull, and have therefore very generously sent me some of their own wit, to restore my reputation. But as I am not sure of a constant supply of these brilliant epistles, I have been cautious in inserting them: knowing that when once a bottle of port is set upon the table, people are apt to make do with plain port.

There are other gentlemen to whom I am no less obliged. These have taken it for granted, that as I was in my first paper against meddling with religion, I must certainly be an infidel: upon which position they have been pleased to shower in me, what they call, their free thoughts: but these thoughts, as I have hitherto given no assurances of my infidelity, are rather too free for this era. And besides, as I have always endeavoured to be new, I cannot consent to publish any thing so common as abuse upon religion.

But the majority of these my private correspondents are politicians. They approve, they tell me, my neutrality at first; but matters have been so changed lately by those in power, that it is the part of every honest man to become an opposer. The compliments which these gentlemen are pleased to pay to my abilities, are the highest satisfaction to me. Their letters do me the honour to assure me, that if I but assert myself, the ministry must do exactly what I would have them; and that the next general

election will certainly take whatever turn I have a mind to give it.

I am very far from denying that I have all this power; but I have ever been of opinion that it is greater to save than to destroy: for which reason I am willing to continue the present administration a little longer: though at the same time I must take the liberty of declaring, that if I find the popular clamours against a late act of parliament to be true; namely, that it will defeat all the prophecies relating to the dispersion of the Jews; or that the New Testament is to be thrown out of our bibles and common prayer books; or that a general circumcision is certainly to take place soon after the meeting of the new parliament; I say, when these things are so, I shall most assuredly exert myself as becomes a true-born Englishman.

I confess very freely that I had conceived some dislike to the marriage bill; having been assured by the maid-servant where I lodge, that after the 25th day of next March, no young woman could be married without taking her bible oath that she was worth fifty pounds. But as I have read the bill since, and have found no such clause in it, I am tolerably well satisfied.

To those of my correspondents who are angry with me for not having endeavoured to inculcate some serious novel in every one of these papers, I shall just take notice, that I am writing essays, and not sermons. But though I do not avowedly once a week attack envy, malice, and uncharitableness, I hope that a paper now and then written with pleasantry and good-humour, though it should have no direct moral in view, may so amuse and temper the mind, as to guard it against the approaches of those tormenting passions. There is nothing truer than that bad spirits and ill-humour are the parents of misery and mis-

e therefore who can lead the imagination
om and vapours to objects of cheerfulness
h, is a useful member of society.
g now discharged my conscience of its bur-
shall close this paper with a letter which I
yesterday by the penny-post. I insert it here
that a late very serious essay of mine, cal-
or the support and delight of ladies in years,
real harm ; while others, of a graver na-
l without a moral, have been perfectly inof-

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

AT you have been the occasion of misery
nocent woman is as true, as that I hope
quit you of any evil intention : you have in-
led me, but it is another who has wronged
t if I had not used my utmost endeavours,
tised every honest art to get redress from
st person, I should neither desire nor de-
lace in your paper.

as ! sir ! while I am prefacing my sad story,
a too modest reluctance to begin it, I am
at you will mistake me for some credulous
eature, who has yielded up her honour to
; man. Indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I am no
son, being at present in my fifty-sixth year,
ng always entertained such an aversion to
, as to be ready to die with shame even of
dreams, when they have sometimes hap-
tend that way. But how has my virtue been
!.....I will conceal nothing from you, sir,
ry cheeks are glowing with shame as well as
on.....I am wronged, barbarously wronged,
complain.

The hand that now is penning this letter was the tedious weeks ago given at the altar to the most worthy of men....Forgive me, sir, a moment's pause.....I cannot think of what I am, without exclaiming in the bitterness of my heart, how cruelly I am disappointed! I will be particular in my relation.

My father was a country gentleman of a good estate, which by his death, that happened near twelve months ago, devolved to me as his only child. It was a matter of wonder to our neighbours, that a person so agreeable as I was thought to be, and who had been marriageable a good while (for as I mention before, I am in my fifty-sixth year) should be suffered to live single to so ripe an age. To say the truth could never account for this wonder, any other than from that excess of delicacy which I always observed in my conversation with the men, and which in all probability prevented them from declaring themselves.

As soon as I had performed the last duties to my father, I came up to town, and took lodgings in Broad street....Would it had been in Pall-Mall, or a street still wider! for then I might have escaped the observation of a tall well-made gentleman from Ireland who unfortunately for my peace, lodged directly over the way.

I will not trouble you with the methods he took from his window to engage my attention, or what passed between us on his being permitted to visit me. All I shall say is, that whatever ground he had gained in my heart, it might have proved a difficult task for him to have carried me without settlement, if the World of July the 12th upon the love of elderly women, had not fallen into my hands. Before the reading of that fatal paper, I had suspicions that my person might possibly be less desirable than my fortune; but now I believed, and my wish

ted my belief, that he larguished to possess me. d the story of Ninon l'Enclos above a dozen times ; and I rejoiced to find myself of the exact age at lady, when her charms had such an ascendency over the unfortunate de Villiers.

My lover found me with the paper in my hand. I, it to him : and he confirmed me in my opinion, wishing himself the Abbe Gedoyn, and his angel, he called me, eighty years old, that he might be happy as the Frenchman. In short, being now thoroughly convinced that the only object of a sincere, fervent, and lasting passion in a young man was a woman in years, I made no secret to him of my intentions ; and the very next morning we were licily married.

Alas! sir, were you in jest or earnest when you gave me that paper? I have a melancholy reason for supposing you were in jest. And is a woman of fifty then so undesirable an object? Is she not to be valued? Or are all men deceivers? No; that is impossible; it is I only that am deceived. I dare not say more, unless it be to tell you, that a fortune of twenty thousand pounds is rather too much to be given in exchange for a mere name, when, if you knew the whole truth, I have no real right to any name but my maiden one. I am, by no name at all,

SIR,

Your most humble servant.

No. XXXIV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 23.

WHEN I declared against meddling with politics in these my lucubrations, I meant only the kind of politics, or art of government, which is learnedly and logically reasoned upon in all the coffee houses and barbers' shops of this great metropolis, intending (as it is my province) to take cognizance of any particular act of the legislature, that, contrary to its intention, has been prejudicial to the morals of my fellow-citizens.

But it is the repeal of an act of parliament, and not the act itself, that I am now about to consider. The act I mean is the witch act. I am not considering the repeal of this act as affecting our religious belief, according to the Scotch proverb, "Take away the devil, and good bye to the Lord." I think of it only in a moral light, as it has given such encouragement to witchcraft in this kingdom, that one hardly meets with a grown person either in public or private, who is not more or less under its influence.

Whoever attends to the sermon at church, or listens to the conversation of grave and good men, will hear and believe that the present age is the most fruitful in wickedness of any since the deluge. Whether these gentlemen have discovered the true reason of this depravity, or whether the discovery has been reserved for me, I will not pretend to determine; but certain it is, that the repeal of an act of parliament, which was meant to restrain the power of the devil by inflicting death upon his agents, must infallibly give him a much greater influence over us, than he ever could have hoped for, during the continuance of such an act.

am well aware that there are certain of my readers who have no belief in witches; but I am willing to hope they are only those, who either have not heard, or else have forgot, the proceedings against the witches, published at large in the state trials: if there be any man alive who can deny his assent to the position, and circumstantial evidence given against them in these trials, I shall only say that I pity most sincerely the hardness of his heart.

That the devil may truly be said to be let loose among us by the repeal of this act, will appear beyond contradiction, if we take a survey of the general fascination that all ranks and orders of mankind are at present to be under.

What is it but witchcraft that occasions that universal and uncontrollable rage of play, by which the gentleman, the man of fashion, the merchant and the tradesman, with their wives, sons, and daughters, are being headlong to ruin? What is it but witchcraft that conjures up that spirit of pride and passion for place, by which all classes of men, from his grace the Duke of Westminster to the salesman at Wapping, are filling beggary upon their old age, and bequeathing their children to poverty and the parish? Again, what is it but witchcraft that renders it possible to be accounted for, from any natural cause, that persons of good sense and sober dispositions should take such a freak four or five times in a year of turning their houses into inns; cramming every bed-chamber, closet, and corner with people whom they hardly know; stifling one another with smoke; blocking up the streets with chairs and coaches; madding themselves, and pleasing nobody; and all for the vain boast of having drawn together a larger mob than my lady Somebody, or the honourable Mrs. Such-a-one? That nothing but witchcraft can be the occasion of so much folly and absurdity,

must be obvious to the common sense of all mankind.

Another and more melancholy proof of the power of witchcraft, is, that a wife may be beautiful in person, gentle in her manners, fond of her husband, watchful for his quiet, careful of his interest, kind to his children, cheerful to his friends, and obliging to all; yet be yoked to a wretch so blind to his own happiness, as to prefer to her endearments the embraces of a diseased prostitute, loathsome in person, and a fury in her disposition. If this is witchcraft, I should be glad to know of such a husband what name I may call it by. Among the lowest kind of tradesmen (for every dealer even in broken glass bottles has his *fille de joye*) it is a common thing for a husband to kick his wife out of doors the morning, for having submitted over-night to a good drubbing from his mistress.

It would be endless to take notice of every argument that suggests itself in proof of witchcraft; I shall content myself with only one more, which I take to be incontestible. This is the spirit of jacobitism, which is so well known to possess many of his Majesty's protestant subjects in this kingdom. That a poor Highlander in Scotland may be a jacobite without witchcraft, I am ready to allow; zeal for a lost cheeld of the gude house of Stuart may have eaten him up: but that an English country gentleman, who is really no papist in his heart, or that a wealthy citizen of London, who goes to church every Sunday, and joins in the prayers for the present royal family, should be drinking daily to the restoration (as he calls it) of a popish bigot, who would burn him at Smithfield the next week for not going to mass; and whose utmost merit is his precarious descent from a family, remarkable for little less than pedantry, obstinacy, debauchery, and enthusiasm; that such

son should be a jacobite, or in other words, any to the best of kings and the wisest of constitutions, cannot possibly be accounted for but by the force of witchcraft.

From all these considerations it is much to be desired that a new witch act may take place next session of parliament. *Vox populi est vox Dei*, is a good and true saying; and that the vox populi is in favour of such an act, let the late proceedings at Bristol, and some similar occurrences in other parts of England, bear testimony.

That the legislature may be farther induced to take this matter into consideration, I am clearly of opinion, that the passing such an act will go a great way towards silencing the clamours which have gone forth so violently against the Jew bill: for it is shrewdly calculated that the same people who imagined their own lives to be at stake by the repeal of the one, are now present under the most terrible consternation at the passing of the other: and besides, it will be a convincing proof to all sorts of persons, that the administration is as well inclined to discourage the devil, as to favour the Jews; a circumstance which as things stand at present, seems to want confirma-

At the mean time I entreat all my readers, as much as they can, to be upon their guard against witches: the better discovery of whom (as the law does not allow of the usual trials by fire and water) I shall set down all I know or have been told upon the subject. If a woman turned of eighty, with grey hair upon her chin, and a high-crowned hat on, should be seen riding upon a broomstick through the air, or sailing in an egg-shell upon the Thames in a strong wind, you may almost swear she is a witch. If, when as you see any particular old woman, you observe pricking of pins all over you, or if your sto-

mach be sick, and should happen to discharge a great quantity of the said pins, or if while you are speaking to this old woman, she should suddenly transfer herself into a horse without a head, or any such common animal, you may very fairly conclude that she is no other than a witch. In such cases it will be a happy circumstance if you are able to say the Lord's prayer: for by repeating it three times to yourself she becomes as harmless as a babe.

A lady of my acquaintance, who has often been bewitched, assures me of her having detected multitudes of these hags, by laying two straws one across the other in the path where they are to tread. It is wonderful, she says, to see how a witch is puzzled by these straws; for that after having made many fruitless attempts to step over them, she either stands stock still, or turns back. But to secure yourself within doors against the enchantment of witches, especially if you are a person of fashion, and have never been taught the Lord's prayer, the only method I know of is, to nail a horseshoe upon the threshold. This I can affirm to be of the greatest efficacy; inasmuch that I have taken notice of many a little cottage in the country, with a horseshoe at its door, where gaming, extravagance, routs, adultery, jacobitism, and all the catalogue of witchcrafts, have been totally unknown.

I shall conclude this paper by signifying my intention, one day or other, of hiring a porter, and sending him with a hammer and nails, and a large quantity of horseshoes, to certain houses in the parish of St. James's. I believe it would not be amiss (to charm against play) if he had orders to fix a whole dozen of these horseshoes at the door of White From St. James's he shall have directions to proceed to the city, and to distribute the remainder of his burthen among the thresholds of those doors, at which

witchcraft of jacobitism has been most suspected
center.



No. XXXV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 30.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

SIR,

THAT you may know who it is that offers you
a correspondence, and how qualified I am to make
figure in the WORLD, I shall let you into the secret
of my birth and history.

I have the honour to be descended from the an-
cient family of the Limbertongues in Staffordshire.
My grand-father was of the cabinet with Oliver
Cromwell; but unfortunately happening to whisper a
secret of some importance to his wife, the affair unac-
countably became public, and sentence of dismission
was immediately passed upon him. My father
was decyphered to king William. It was by his
vigilance and address that the assassination plot and
some other combinations in that reign were brought to
light. But being somewhat too officious in his zeal, he
was suspected of betraying the secret of his office (the
letter, as is supposed, to insinuate himself into those
of the opposition) and was discarded with disgrace.
With a fortune barely sufficient for support, he retired
to his native village in Staffordshire; and soon after
marrying the daughter of an unbeneficed clergyman
of the neighbourhood, he had issue male, the writer
of this letter.

My earliest infancy gave indications of an inquisi-
tive mind; and it was my father's care to implant in
me, with the first knowledge of words, an insatiable
desire to communicate. At twelve years old I dis-

covered the frailty of a maiden aunt, and brought the curate of the parish into disgrace. A young lady of uncommon discretion, who boarded in the family, was so delighted with the story, that she made me a subject in all her visits, to give me new occasions of repeating it; but happening one evening to steal a little away upon the retirement of this lady, I discovered in the prettiest familiarity imaginable with the quoin of a strolling company.

It was about this time that a fever carried me hither to her grave. My father for some weeks was inconsolable: but making an acquaintance with the innkeeper's daughter in the village, and marrying her soon after, he became the gayest man alive. In the direction of my new mother, who, for unknown reasons, grew so uneasy at my prying disposition, I was sentenced to a grammar-school at fifty miles distance. Mortified as I was at first, I began early to relinquish the change of life. A new world was opened to me by discovery: I wormed myself into the secrets of the school-boy, and made immediate information to the master. Many were the whippings upon these occasions, as my heart always felt for the mischiefs of the tongue, I was the first to condole with the student, and escaped suspicion by my humanity. But human enjoyments are transitory. It happened in the course of my discoveries, that by a perverse boy, who, by lying the fact he was charged with, I was unfortunately called up to give evidence against him, though I delivered it with the strictest regard to truth, I found the whole school in combination against me, and every one branding me with the name of traitor.

From this unlucky accident, hardly a day passed, but I was called upon to answer facts which I had not committed, and was as certainly punished for repeating them. I was buffeted and abused by every one, and then whipped for quarrelling; or if any thing

sing in the school, it was constantly found in one ny coat pockets, or locked up safely in my trunk. sing this continued state of persecution, I wrote catedly to my father for leave to return home: but government of that family was transferred, and ittance to it, even at common vacation times, de- l me. At the end of five years, however, and, as will soon be informed, to my utter disgrace, I obed the favour of passing the Christmas holidays at ac.

The morning after my arrival, I perceived at break- , by the demure looks of the maid, and now and a side wink at her mistress, that there were se- s in the family. It was not long before I disco- ed some particular familiarities between my mo- in-law and a spruce exciseman in the neighbour- d. The room I lay in was next to her's; but un- isedly attempting a small peep-hole in the wains- I unluckily bored through the face of my father's ure, which hung on the other side: by which fortune I underwent the mortification of a disco- /, and the severest discipline I ever felt. Stung by the reproaches I met with from this adventure, umbled my assiduities, and had the satisfaction of ing one afternoon in the garden, that the excise- and my mother were made of the very same and blood with the curate and my aunt. My er happening to be engaged at the next village, I time to go from house to house to inform the pa- of his disgrace: but how great was my surprise, n at my return home, instead of gaining credit to story, my mother had art enough to turn the mis- f upon myself, and to get me driven out of doors he most wicked of incendiaries?

Inraged as I was at my father's inhumanity, I fell u my knees in the street, and made a solemn oath er to enter his doors again, whatever misery might

be the consequence. With this resolution, and what more than a guinea in my pocket (which I saved from the benefactions of some particular friends at my return from school) I took the road, I mean, for London. Nothing remarkable occurred on the way, until the last mile of my journey, when I was joined by a very civil gentleman, who was kind enough to conduct me over the fields from the inn to the town, and giving him a history of my life, I found that a humane stranger so touched with my misfortune, that he offered me a bed at his own house, and as much money as I wanted, until provision was made for me. I thanked him for his goodness, and shewing him my guinea, which was yet unspent, I told him the favour of his house would be a great obligation. I was indeed a little surprised, that at that very instant my benefactor's pistol flashed out, and a menace of immediate death, if I refused his offer: but you will imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that I could withhold nothing from so kind a friend, my obligations being thus mutual between us, he offered to pursue my way with a few half-pence in my pocket.

To particularize my distresses on my first arrival in town, would be to write a volume instead of a page. In a short time my inquisitive talents were put to the test, and I commenced business in the post-office as a bailiff's follower: but forgetting that my duty was necessary to my commission, I committed my errand wherever I was sent upon the road, and gave many a fine gentleman time to waste. This employment, though of short duration, was a natural interest among the lawyers; and as I had merit of scholarship, as well as writing a good hand, I succeeded in time to the smart post-office as a solicitor. But here too it was my misfortune to be a little too unguarded in my discoveries:

g sometimes to be sent abroad with bills of cost
business never done, and fees never paid, I found
possible to conceal any thing from the clients,
was discarded as a betrayer of my master's se-

In the course of a few years I was obliged to
at necessity in the various characters of a poet,
ad singer, a soldier, a tooth-drawer, a mounte-
an actor, and a travelling tutor to a buck. In
ist post I might have lived with ease and profit,
ould have concealed from my pupil that he was
ague of every country he came to, and the dis-
of his own. By gradual progression, and hav-
quired some knowledge of French, I rose in
to be assistant secretary to an envoy abroad.
it was that my enquiring mind began to be of-
se to me; but happening in a few months to
discovery of certain transactions, not much to
honour of my master, and being detected in
mitting them to my friends in England, I was
ded from my office with contempt and beggary.

On this occasion, my necessities hurried me to an
of guilt, that my conscience will for ever upbraid
with: for being thus deserted in a country where
ty was unfashionable, and reduced to the very
of starving, I renounced my religion for bread,
became a brother of the Mendicants of St. Fran-
Under the sanctity of this habit, and from the
ple of the brotherhood, I led a life of profligacy
wantonness. But though my conscience was
ied, my tongue retained its freedom: for it was
misfortune one day, through ignorance of my
any, to betray the secrets of a lady's confession to
wn husband. The story began to spread; and it
by a sort of miracle that I found the means of
ing with my life.

On my return into England, I made a solemn re-
tation of my apostacy; and by the favour of a

certain great man, became of consequence enough for the service of a ministerial writer. My performances for some time were highly applauded: but being a little too fond of communicating objections for the sake of answering them, I was accused of weakening the cause, and ordered to look out for other employment. Enraged at the injustice of this treatment, I devoted my pen to the service of patriotism; but being somewhat indiscreet in my zeal, and occasionally hinting to the world that my employers were only contending for power, I had the sentence of dismissal passed upon me for the inadvertency.

Being thus driven from all employment, and neither inclined nor able to conquer the bent of my mind, I began seriously to consider how I might turn this disposition to advantage. In the midst of these reflections it occurred to me that the ladies were naturally open-hearted like myself, and that if I tendered them my services, and supplied them with scandal upon all their acquaintance, I might find my account in it. But as wicked as this town is thought to be and as knowing as I was in what was doing in it, I soon found that the real occurrences of life were too insipid for the attention of these fair ones, and that I must add invention to facts, or be looked upon as a trifler. I accordingly laid about me with all my might, and by a judicious mixture of truth and lies, succeeded so well, that in less than two months I carried off a dowager of quality, and am at present a very resigned widower with a handsome fortune.

This, sir, is my history; and as I cannot keep any thing that I know, and as I know almost every thing that people would wish to keep, I intend myself the honour of corresponding with you often! and am,

S. R., Your most humble servant,

NIC. LIMBERTONGUE.

I accept of Mr. Limbertongue's correspondence with all my heart. The varieties he has experienced will enable him to furnish useful cautions, and instructive entertainment. The ladies will be taught to avoid scandal by virtue; and the men either to reform or conceal their vices, while the tell-tale is abroad.



No. XXXVI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.

I WAS formerly acquainted with a very honest old gentleman, who as often as he was asked at the tavern how his wife did, never failed to assure us, "that he did not come abroad to be put in mind of his wife." I could wish with all my heart that those persons who are married to the town for at least eight months in the year, would, upon their removal into the country, forget the amusements of it, and attach themselves to those pleasures which are to be found in groves and gardens, in exercise and temperance. But as fond as we are of variety, and as pleasing as the changes of the seasons are generally acknowledged to be, it is observable that in all the large villages near London, the summer seems only to be enlured, as it is made to resemble the winter in town. Routs, visits, assemblies, and meetings for drinking, are all the pleasures that are attended to; while the meadows and corn-fields

(Where the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe)

are neglected and despised.

I have received a letter upon this subject for its candor and good sense I shall lay readers for the speculation of to-day.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

SIR,

IN this season of universal emigration fireworks at Marybone, and the tin works hall are deserted for the salutary spring-bridge, Cheltenham and Scarborough; it be amiss, methinks, if you were to give us vision of those seats of idleness and pleasure and gaiety. Or suppose you should extend views still farther, and tell us what you think of summer amusements, and the different employments of rural life? To supply in some measure this defect, give me leave to acquaint the principal occurrences that engaged my very lately, in a ten days retirement in the

As the friend I had visited was a man seen much of the world; as his wife and I were adorned with all the accomplishments of life; and as they were no less admired for their understandings than their persons; my expectations were raised and flattered with the pleasing, yet remote thought, of passing my time with no less contentment than delight, in a situation where art and nature conspired to indulge my utmost wishes. How grievously disappointed was I to find, that ever I walked out I must walk alone; and I was sure to be reproached, in the afternoon, before the bottle was out; and in the evening, finding a set at cards! The former part of my retirement disobliterated the men, and the latter offended the women. Scarce could I reach the end of the avenue

nd, with a gentle rebuke, summoned me back
 a toast ; and hardly could I contemplate the
 on the terrass, before Miss Kitty would come
 to tell me that the rubber was up, and that it
 turn to cut in. This, I doubt, is too general
 aint to be soon redressed ; yet it is not less a
 ce. That persons so well qualified for giving
 eiving the pleasures of conversation, should
 ee to banish thought (at least, all subjects that
 th the thinking of) must be almost incredible
 who are unacquainted with polite life. That
 , in which all the beauties of nature appear
 advantage, should be thus thrown away, and
 h disregarded as the depth of winter, seems
 inexcusable, and in some degree immoral.
 " thought I to myself, " can talents designed
 e noblest purposes be thus perverted to the
 est ? Is it the sole province of wit to give
 , and of beauty to shuffle cards ? how are the
 ies of reason suspended, while those of pas-
 alone prevail ? Since it is no less certain that
 weetest temper may be destroyed by cards,
 that the best constitution may be ruined by
 " These were my usual reflections as I re-
 o my company, chagrined and disappointed
 ss of a walk, which, though a solitary one,
 i always prefer to the pleasures of the bottle,
 ty at whist by day-light, in the best assembly
 and.

o good, Mr. Fitz-Adam. as to espouse the
 f injured nature, and remonstrate loudly
 this enormous barbarity of killing the sum-
 Let cards prevail in winter, and in cities only :
 h of them do we see in this great town to de-
 m elsewhere. Let drinking be confined to
 dinners and corporation feasts, and not con-

tinue (as it too much does) imperceptibly to make havock of our private families. Assure the ladies the young ones I mean, that however their mothers may instruct them by example, or whatever they themselves may think, anxiety and disappointment, hope and fear, are no improvers of their beauty: that Venus never kept her court at a rout; and that the arrows of Cupid are not winged with cards. Let them talk but one walk, and the milk-maid that gives them a slap at the end of it, will convince them that air and exercise are the true preservatives of health and beauty, and will add more lively bloom and fresher roses to their cheeks than all the rouge of French arts, or all the flush of English avarice. Inform the men, they know it already, that though they may esteem themselves sober when they are not dead drunk, and possibly may not be in a state of intoxication, yet drinking to any degree of excess will certainly hurt if not totally ruin their constitutions, and be the source though perhaps slow, occasions of rheumatisms, gout, dropsies, and death itself. Many instances of this will occur in the sphere of every one's acquaintance and if some of the deceased have lived fifty or sixty years, it is hardly to be doubted, that had this barbarous custom never prevailed, their lives might have been extended to at least seventy or eighty.

In short, while these practices continue, by which every rural delight is entirely lost, country seats may be esteemed an idle expence, and an useless burthen. London is certainly the fittest place for either the bottle or cards: it is there that the gentlemen may pursue the one, and the ladies the other, without being interrupted by such troublesome guests as myself, who may be now and then desirous of picking a nosegay, or of listening to the nightingale. For indeed vain does nature lavish her charms, if they are thus

neglected ; in vain do the birds sing, if no one hears them ; and in vain do the flowers blow, if

.....they blow unseen,
And waste their sweetness on the desert air.

But if these polite persons will continue to reside in the summer at their country seats, merely because it is the fashion, it would be no unfriendly office to spare them the mortification of continually gazing upon unwelcome objects. In order therefore to fix their attention to the most important concerns, I would humbly propose (and I doubt not but the proposal would meet with their approbation) that immediately after dinner the windows be closed, and the light of the sun be exchanged for that of wax candles ; by which means the gentlemen over their bottle, in one room, may uninterruptedly harangue on hounds and horses, while the ladies in another may be shut up till midnight with cards and counters. And that the latter may be spared the disquiet of having recourse on a Sunday to fields and gardens (I mean if their mammas or husbands should happen to be so enthusiastically rigid as to forbid gaming upon that day) let it be lawful for them to lie a-bed and study Mr. Hoyle.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,
RUSTICUS.

No. XXXVII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13.

THE following letter is written with so much nature and simplicity, that, rather than curtail it of its length, I have thought proper, (as I once did before) to extend my paper to another half-sheet.

To Mr. Fitz Adam.

SIR,

I AM the widow of a merchant, with whom I lived happily, and in affluence for many years. We had no children, and when he died he left me all he had; but his affairs were so involved, that the balance which I received, after having gone through much expence and trouble, was no more than one thousand pounds. This sum I placed in the hands of a friend of my husband's, who was reckoned a good man in the city, and who allowed me an interest of four per cent. for my capital; and with this forty pounds a year I retired, and boarded in a village about a hundred miles from London.

There was an old lady of great fortune in that neighbourhood, who visited at the house where I lodged; she pretended, after a short acquaintance, to take a great liking to me: she professed a friendship for me, and at length persuaded me to come and live with her.

Between the time of taking this resolution and putting it into execution, I was informed that this lady, whom I shall call lady Mary, was very unequal in her humours, and treated her inferiors and dependents with that insolence which she imagined her superior fortune gave her a right to make use of.

But as I was neither her relation nor dependant, and as all that I desired from her was common civility, I thought that whenever her ladyship or her house became disagreeable to me, I could retire to my old quarters, and live in the same manner as I did before.

I became acquainted with her ; and upon the strength of this reasoning I packed up my cloaths, paid off my lodgings, and was conveyed by my lady Mary in her own coach to her mansion house.

For the first year she treated me with civility and confidence; but in that time I could not help observing that she had no affection for any body. I found out that she did not love her nearest relations, who were highly esteemed by all the rest of the neighbourhood; and therefore I gave but little credit to all the protestations of friendship which she was continually making to me.

She told me all that she knew, and more than she knew; and insinuated to me, that I was to look upon the trust she reposed in me as the strongest proof of the highest friendship. But these insinuations lost their effect; for I knew by experience, that there are many people, of which number her ladyship was one, that often have a need to unbosom themselves, who must have somebody to impart their secrets to, and who when they know any thing that ought not to be told, are never at ease until they tell it.

But to proceed in my story. One day, when her ladyship had treated me with uncommon kindness, for my having taken her part in a dispute with one of her relations, I received a letter from London, to inform me that the person in whose hands I had placed my fortune, and who until that time had paid my interest money very exactly, was broke, and had fled the kingdom.

Lady Mary, in her fits of friendship, had offered me presents, and perhaps the oftener, because I always refused them. She had some time told me how desirous she was to do me good in any thing that lay within her power. But in those days I had the inexpressible happiness of having no wish or view beyond what my little fortune could afford me; and I was truly sensible of, and blessed in, the heart-felt wa-

tisfaction of independence. Imagine then, sir, what I felt at the receipt of the abovementioned letter. All that I shall say to you about what it produced, is, that I took my resolution immediately. I carried the letter in my hand to lady Mary; but before I gave it to her, I told her, that I had never doubted the sincerity of her friendship, and that I was thoroughly sensible of the kindness with which she treated me. I put her in mind of the presents which she had offered me, and added, that while I was not in want of her assistance, I thought it wrong to accept of them; but that the time was now come when her friendship was likely to become my only support; that it would be unjust in me to suspect that I should not receive it; and that the letter I then gave her would tell her all, and spare my tears.

Her ladyship immediately read it over with more attention than emotion: but after returning it to me, she embraced me, and assured me in a condoling voice, that however great my misfortunes might be, she could not help feeling some satisfaction in thinking, that it was in her power to alleviate them, by giving me proofs of her unalterable friendship; that her house, her table, her servants, should always continue to be mine; that we should never part while we lived, and that I should feel no change in my condition from this unhappy alteration of my circumstances.

To any body that knew her ladyship less than I did, these words would have afforded matter of great consolation; but when I retired to my chamber, and reflected upon my past and present situation, I saw that I had every thing to regret in the one, and very little to hope for from the other; and the following day convinced me of the manner in which I was to lead my future life.

Whenever lady Mary spoke to me, she had hitherto called me Mrs. Truman; but the very next morn-

ing at breakfast she left out Mrs.; and upon no greater provocation than breaking a tea-cup, she made me thoroughly sensible of her superiority and my dependence. "Lord, Truman, you are so awkward! Pray be more careful for the future, or we shall not live long together. Do you think I can afford to have my china broke at this rate, and maintain you into the bargain."

From this moment I was obliged to drop the name and character of friend, which I had hitherto maintained with a little dignity, and to take up that which the French call *complaisante*, and the English humble companion. But it did not stop here; for in a week I was reduced to be as miserable a toad-eater as any in Great Britain, which, in the strictest sense of the word is a servant; except that the toad-eater has the honour of dining with my lady, and the misfortune of receiving no wages.

The beginning of my servitude was being employed in small business in her ladyship's own presence. Truman, fetch this; Truman, carry that; Truman, ring the bell; Truman, fill up the pot; Truman, pour out the coffee; Truman, stir the fire; Truman, call a servant; Truman, get me a glass of water, and put me in mind to take my drops.

The second part of my service was harder. I was a good housewife; I understood preserving, pickling, and pastry, perfectly well; I was no bad milliner, and I was very well skilled in the management of a dairy. All these little talents I had frequently produced, sometimes for my own amusement, and sometimes to make my court to my lady. But now, what had been my diversion, became my employment: my lady could touch no sweet-meat, pickle, tart, or cheese-cake, but what was the work of my hands. I made up her linen; I mended, and sometimes washed her lace; the butter she eats every morning is all of my

churning, and I make every slip-coat cheese that is brought to her table : and if any of these my various works miscarry, I am scolded, or pouted at, as much as if I was hired and paid for every branch of the different employments to which I am put.

This degradation of mine has not escaped the eyes of the quick-sighted servants. The change in my situation has produced a total one in their behaviour. There is hardly a chamber-maid that will bring me up a bottle of water into my room, or a footman that will give me a glass of small beer at dinner.

I must now give you an account of certain regulations which I am enjoined to observe at table. I am absolutely forbid to taste any dish that is eatable cold as well as hot, or that may be hashed for supper. By this I am prevented from eating of most dishes that come before us. I must never taste boiled or roast beef; and ham and venison are equally contraband. Fowls, chicken, and all sorts of game, come under the article of prohibited goods; and though I see brawn and sturgeon served up every day during the whole winter, I am no more the better for them than Tantalus was for his apples; and really sometimes I eat as little as those who dine with duke Humphry, or as Sancho did when he was made governor of Baratania. To this I may add, that I have not tasted a glass of wine in our house for some years, and that punch, bishop, cool tankard, and negus, are equally denied me; and I never must touch any fruit, unless when I am to preserve it.

The rewards I receive for the services I do, and the restraint which I submit to, consist in having the enjoyment of the mere necessities of life, provided you exclude money out of the number. I am cloathed out of my lady Mary's wardrobe; and I have offended Mrs. Pinup, her ladyship's woman, past all forgive-

ness, because her ladyship chuses that I should not go naked about the house.

Not being much used to a coach, I am generally sick with sitting backwards in one. This my lady knows perfectly well; but since I entered into my state of dependence, I am obliged to let her sit forwards alone in the daily airings that we take upon the adjacent common.

You have already seen, Sir, that I do the work of the most of the servants in the house: but I must now descend a little lower, and acquaint you with some abject employments which I am forced to submit to.

I have already hinted to you, that my lady has no real friendship for either man or woman. Her affections are settled upon the brute creation, for whom she expresses incredible tenderness. You would take her monkey to be her eldest son, by the care she shews of him; and she could not be more indulgent to her favourite daughter than she is to her lap-dog; she has a real friendship for her parrot; and the other day she expressed much more joy at the safe delivery of a beloved cat, than she had done some months before, at the birth of her grandson.

It is my province to tend, wait upon, and serve this favourite part of the family. I am made answerable for all their faults; and if any of them are sick, it is I that am to blame. It was through my negligence that Pug broke my lady's finest set of china; and my forgetting to Veny her dinner, was the occasion of the dear creature's illness. Poll's silence is often attributed to my ill usage; and the murder of two or three kittens has been most unjustly laid to my charge.

I now come to some grievances of another kind, which I am almost ashamed to own, but which are necessary to be told.

My lady has, for the humour in her eyes (by the by, I make all her eye-water) three issues; one in each

arm, and one in her back. Now it happened th
own woman being one day confined to her bed,
desired to perform the operation of dressing th
her stead; and unfortunately I acquitted myself
task so much to my lady's satisfaction, that
Pinup has been turned out of that office, wh
given to me, and I am afraid it is a place for li

There was another thing happened to me last
which deserves to be inserted in this letter, and
though it made me cry, will, I am afraid, make
people laugh.

Lady Mary, out of the few teeth she has lcf
one that had the impudence to ache and keep l
dyship awake for two nights together; upon thi
Mercy the surgeon was sent for, who, upon vi
the affected part, declared immediately for extra
This put my lady into a terrible agony: she de
she never had a tooth d: own in her life, and th
could never be brought to undergo it, unless sh
the same operation performed upon somebody e
her presence. Upon this all the servants were
moned, and she endeavoured to persuade the
after another to have a tooth drawn for her se
but they all refused, and chose rather to lose
places, than their teeth. Lady Mary addressed l
to me, and conjured me by the long friendshi
had subsisted between us, and by all the oblig
I had already to her, and those she was deter
to confer upon me, to grant her this request. I
to tell you that I yielded, and parted with a fine
sound tooth: but what will you say when I al
you, that after I had lost mine, Mr. Mercy was
sent away without drawing her ladyship's?


Lady Mary takes great quantities of physic
part of my business is to prepare and make u
doses; but what is still worse, her ladyship will
low nothing till I have tasted it in her presenc

also make and administer all the water-gruel that she drinks with her physic, and am forced to attend her with camomile tea, when she takes a vomit. This last is hard duty, as it not only makes me constantly sick, but as often stains my only gown and apron.

I have now, sir, done with all my bodily hardships, and shall proceed to a grievance, which lies heavier on me than all I have already mentioned; I mean that perpetual sacrifice of truth, which I am forced to make for her ladyship's service.

Lady Mary is about sixty-five, and labours under a vice, which sometimes persons of the same sex and age are subject to; I mean that of telling long and improbable stories. She has a fine invention, which often carries her beyond the bounds even of possibility. She deals largely in the marvellous, and whenever she perceives that she has made the company stare a little too much, she constantly appeals to me for the truth of a fact which I never heard before; but of which I am declared to have been an eye-witness.

Another grievance is, that my lady being much the richest person in the neighbourhood, is thoroughly convinced that nobody of an inferior fortune can ever be in the right in any dispute which may happen between them; and as her ladyship's arguments are generally very weak, so her passions are very strong; and what she wants in reason she makes up in anger, which sometimes rises to abuse: and in all these disputes, she never fails to apply to me as an equitable judge, for my decision of the contest; which appeal being accompanied with one of colonel Hernando's looks, sentence is immediately pronounced in her favour; for what can reason or argument do against fear and poverty? Those unjust judgments have made all the neighbours my enemies, who imagine also, that, by this behaviour of mine, I must be highly



in my lady's good graces; so that they hate what they ought to compassionate, and envy what they should rather pity. It is the same in every quarrel that happens between her ladyship and her own relations. I am made the witness and judge in every cause; and I own very freely that my testimony is generally false, and my judgment partial: so that upon the whole, my neighbours hate me, the family detest me, and my lady herself does not love, and cannot esteem me.

You are now, sir, fully informed of the wretched life I lead; and as I dare say there are many who pass their days exactly in the same manner, you will do them and me a singular service by printing this letter. My lady takes in your paper, and lends it about to all the neighbours; and there are some features of my condition too strongly drawn to be mistaken by any of my acquaintance. A common likeness would not have been sufficient: but such a caricature as I have painted, must strike and be known at first sight, and perhaps may contribute to change my scene for a better. But one thing I am sure of, which is, that no alteration that can happen to me from the publishing this paper, can be for the worse.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient,
humble servant,

MARY TRUMAN.

No. XXXVIII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.

Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa supersunt,
Et dominum fallunt, et prosunt furibus.....

HOR.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

SIR,

THERE is a species of luxury, which, though you must often have observed, I do not find that you have hitherto taken notice of. I mean that extravagance of expence, which people of all ranks and conditions are daily running into in the article of furniture: In the houses of the great (not to mention the profusion of French ornament, and costly glitter of every room) the meanest utensils of the kitchen are all of plate. But it is not upon the follies of other people that I am going to descant; it is of myself and my country-house, or rather of my wife and her villa, that I intend to be particular. The house I am speaking of, together with a very considerable estate, was left me by an uncle in the city, with whom I had lived from the age of sixteen. As he intended me for trade, you may be sure he gave me no other education (a little school learning excepted) than what was necessary to a compting-house. But finding myself at his death in possession of a plentiful fortune, I resolved to commence gentleman; and accordingly disposed of my effects in business, and took a house at the other end of the town.

Here I became acquainted with a lady of quality, who, though she had the highest notions of birth, yet from so trifling a circumstance as want of fortune, condescended to give me her hand, notwithstanding the meanness of my family, and the difference of our educations. As I thought myself extremely honoured by an alliance with so great a lady, I gave the ma-

VOL. I.

T

nagement of every thing into her hands, and grew as indolent as if I had really been a man of fashion. My wife was a woman of exceeding Fine Taste, as it is called! or in other words, one who liked to have every thing about her in the newest and most expensive manner. As soon as I brought her to my country-house, I thought she would have fainted away at the sight of my furniture; the whole of it (to use her own words) was so frightful, so odious, and so out of Taste! Her upholsterer must be sent for that instant! for there was no enduring life in the midst of so much antiquated lumber. I forgot to tell you that I had entirely new-furnished the house about three months before; but though every thing was extremely good and neat, I must do my wife the justice to own, there was very little in it but what was of real use. Early the next day down comes the upholsterer. "Lord, Mr. Kifang," says she, "I am glad you are come. Pray rest yourself a little; but I am afraid you cannot find a chair fit for a christian to sit down upon. Such seats! such backs! such legs! such..... but they are of a piece with the rest of the furniture! Dear Kifang, I am glad you are come!" So without waiting for his reply, or suffering him to sit down, she conducted him through all the apartments, except the offices, which indeed she has never once condescended to visit since her becoming mistress of my family.

Mr. Kifang, who is said to be of Chinese extraction, and who must be allowed to understand his business as well as any man alive, agreed perfectly with her ladyship, and observed, "that such out-of-fashion things might do well enough for a citizen; but that persons of quality and distinction, who had a taste and all that, should have something foreign and superb, and quite in another-guess sort of a manner." In short, sir, by the indefatigable zeal of this Chinese

upholsterer, in about four months my house was entirely new furnished ; but so disguised and altered, that I hardly knew it again. There is not a bed, a table, a chair, or even a grate, that is not twisted into so many ridiculous and grotesque figures, and so decorated with the heads, beaks, wings, and claws of birds and beasts, that Milton's

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire,

are not to be compared with them. Every room is completely covered with a Wilton carpet ; I suppose to save the floors, which are all new laid, and in the most expensive manner. In each of these rooms is a pair or two of stands, supported by different figures of men or beasts, on which are placed branches of Chelsea china, representing lions, bears, and other animals, holding in their mouths or paws sprigs of bays, orange, or myrtle ; among the leaves of which are fixed sockets for the reception of wax-candles, which, by dispersing the light among the foliage, I own, make a very agreeable appearance. But I can see no use for the lions and bears ; to say the truth, I cannot help thinking it a little unnatural ; for it is well known, that all kinds of savages are afraid of fire. But this I submit to you ; having observed of late several wild beasts exhibited on the stage, without their shewing the least surprize at the lamps, or even at the loud shouts of applause which have been bestowed upon them from the galleries. The upper apartments of my house, which were before handsomely wainscoted, are now hung with the richest Chinese and India paper, where all the powers of fancy are exhausted in a thousand fantastic figures of birds, beasts, and fishes, which never had existence. And what adds to the curiosity is, that the fishes are seen flying in the air or perching upon the trees ; which put me in mind

of a passage I learned at school (for I have not absolutely forgot my Latin)

Delphinium appingit sylvis.....

the oddness of which, I suppose, was the reason of my remembering it.

The best, or, as my wife calls it, the state bed-chamber, is furnished in a manner that has half undone me. The hangings are white satin, with French flowers and artificial moss stuck upon it with gum, and interspersed with ten thousand spangles, beads, and shells. The bed stands in an alcove, at the top of which are painted Cupids strewing flowers and intermixed with shell-work. In this apartment there is a cabinet of most curious workmanship, highly finished with stones, gems, and shells disposed in such a manner as to represent several sorts of flowers. The top of this cabinet is adorned with a prodigious pyramid of china of all colours, shapes and sizes. At every corner of the room are great jars filled with dried leaves of roses and jessamine. The chimney-piece also (and indeed every one in the house) is covered with immense quantities of china of various figures; among which are Talapoins and Bonzes, and all the religious orders of the east.

The next room that presents itself is my wife's dressing-room; but I will not attempt to describe it to you minutely, it is so full of trinkets. The walls are covered round with looking-glass, interspersed with pictures made of moss, butterflies, and seaweeds. Under a very magnificent Chinese canopy stands the toilette, furnished with a set of boxes of gilt plate, for combs, brushes, paints, pastes, patches, pomatums, powders white, grey, and blue, bottles of hungary, lavender, and orange-flower water, and, in short, all the apparatus for disguising beauty. Here

she constantly pays her devotions two hours every morning; but what kind of divinity she adores, would be safer for you to guess than for me to tell. By this time I imagine you will conceive my house to be much fuller of furniture than my head. Alas! Sir, I am but a husband, and my wife is a woman of quality. But I could submit with some degree of patience to all this folly and expence, if my children, (and I have two fine boys and a girl) were not either kept close prisoners in the nursery, or driven into the kitchen among the servants, to prevent their playing about the rooms, and making havock of the crockery.

I have a thousand other curiosities in my house, of which I neither know the uses nor the names. But I cannot help mentioning the gravel-walks, rivers, groves and temples, which on a grand day make their appearance at the dessert. For you are not to suppose that all this profusion of ornament is only to gratify my wife's curiosity; it is meant as a preparative to the greatest happiness of life, that of seeing company. And I assure you she gives above twenty entertainments in a year to people for whom she has no manner of regard, for no other reason in the world than to shew them her house. In short, Sir, it is become so great a sight that I am no longer master of it; being continually driven from room to room, to give opportunity for strangers to admire it. But as we have lately missed a favourite Chinese tumbler, and some other valuable moveables, we have entertained thoughts of confining the show to one day in the week, and of admitting no persons whatsoever without tickets; unless they happen to be acquainted with the names, at least, of some of my wife's relations. For my own part, if every thing in the house was stolen, it would give me less concern than I have felt for many years past at every India sale, or at the shortest visit that she has made at Deard's; for I find

to my sorrow, that as my furniture increases, my acres diminish ; and that a new fashion never fails of producing a fresh mortgage.

If you think my case may be of service to any of those husbands who are unhappy enough to be married to wives of taste, you have free leave to publish it from,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

SAMUEL SIMPLE.



No. XXXIX. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27

I HAVE received no less than four letters from my friend Nic. Limbertongue, since last Thursday was three weeks, at which time I had the honour of exhibiting his character and history in this paper. But all I dare do with these letters is, to give a short abstract of them to my readers; my friend having entered so minutely into family secrets, and (as he assures me upon his honour) with the strictest regard to truth, that I myself should be the tell-tale if I gave them to the public in the manner I received them.

In the first of these letters he gives me the history of the third lying-in of a young lady of fashion near St. James's, who is at present only in her nineteenth year, and who lives with a very pious old aunt, and passes for a pattern of modesty and virtue. He also favours me with the names and characters of two gentlemen, who have the honour, separately, of passing the evening with this young lady, without either suspecting the other of being any thing more than visiting acquaintance.

The second letter contains the secret memoirs of a woman of quality, whose husband is just upon the point of parting with her for indiscretion. Until the reading of this letter I confess myself to have had a very inadequate idea of the meaning of this word. To be indiscreet, it seems, is for a married woman to listen to the addresses of one, two, or half a dozen lovers; to make assignations with them separately; to declare her hatred to her husband, and to admit her said lovers to every liberty but one. All this, provided the lady be detected in some of her closest familiarities, is to be indiscreet: and though the virtue of such a lady is not to be called in question, yet every body has a right to say, that she has been guilty of indiscretions.

My friend's third letter is a good deal too waggish for the sobriety of this paper. It is the history of a parson and his two maids, whom he calls Rachel and Leah. To say the truth, I have another for suppressing this letter, which is, that the doctor happens to be the rector of my own parish, and (setting Rachel and Leah, and eating and drinking, out of the question) is really a very continent and abstemious man.

The fourth and last letter is a voyage from Vauxhall to Whitehall, in a dark night under a tilt performed by persons of distinction of both sexes. All that I shall inform my readers of this voyage, is, that it appears from the journal of it (which was kept by one of the passengers, and communicated to my friend) to have been a very indiscreet one; and that in the latitude of Westminster-bridge, Miss Kitty, a young country beauty of eighteen, was heard to say with great quickness to a colonel of the guards, who sat next to her, "Be quiet, sir!" and to accompany her words with so smart a slap on the face, that the center arch rung again; upon which her aunt, who

was one of the party, took occasion to observe, "That her niece would always be a country girl, and know nothing of the world."

Having now taken sufficient notice of my friend Limbertongue's letters, I shall leave my readers to animadvert upon them, and devote the remainder of this paper to a female correspondent.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam,

SIR,

I AM a young woman, born to no great fortune, but from the indulgence of my parents, am so happy as to enjoy the advantages of a good education. I have really a handsome face, have a natural gentility about me, walk as well as any body, and am told by my mother, and have heard it whispered a thousand times by the maids, that I am a clever girl.

It was my fortune some time ago, when I was upon a visit in the country, to make a hole in a gentleman's heart, as he sat in the next pew to me at church; and as I am above disguises, I shall confess very freely that I was equally struck. I took a pleasure in looking at him from the first moment I saw him: and it was no trifling satisfaction to me, that as often as I dared squint that way, I found his eyes to be fully fixed upon mine.

As he was known to the lady at whose house I was entertained, it was matter of no great difficulty for him to introduce himself to my acquaintance. I enquired into his character, and was told that he was a gentleman addicted to no kind of vice; that his fortune was a very handsome one; that he had great sensibility and generosity; but that he was extremely quick-sighted to the foibles of women. I was not much pleased with this last information; but having a pretty good opinion of myself, I did not doubt that

so hamper him with discretion and beauty, could not possibly escape me.

As short as I can, he soon made proposals to them, which, after the usual hesitations, were accepted. My parents were written to upon this, and every thing was preparing for our departure, when Alphonso (for so I shall call him) unfortunately summoned to a distant part of the country to attend the last moments of a near relation, there was no disobeying this cruel summons; he made a thousand protestations of unalterable love, and then went.

During his absence, which happened to be much longer than, I believe, either of us wished, the fashion changed among the ladies of wearing their gowns off their shoulders; and though my skin was rather of the fair, and I had also the misfortune of having a scar across my bosom, I immediately pared off six inches of my stays before and behind, and presented myself to him at his return in all the new mode of the fashion. I was indeed greatly astonished that as he was running into my arms with all the eagerness of a long-absent lover, he stopped of a sudden to survey me, and after giving me only a cold look and enquiring how I did, sat himself down for a quarter of an hour, and then wished me good night.

It will never occurred to me, to what accident I owe so mortifying a change, till early the morning I was let into the secret by the following.

My dear friend,
 'O have but one defect in your whole person, and display it to the world with so much pains, to betray a want of that prudence, without which a married state is generally a state of misery. I

" must therefore take the liberty of telling
 " my last visit was paid yesterday, and that
 " letter waits only till I have subscribed my

" Madam,

" Your most obedient humble ser

" ALPH

You may imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, into
 ward confusion and distress this letter three
 first I reproached the inconstancy of my I
 called him the basest and most perfidious
 but when my passion was abated, and I be
 gins to reflect upon my incautious behaviour
 not help allowing that he had reason on
 though I hope you would be of opinion, that
 is a little too mortifying, and his resolution

Some months have elapsed since I have
 willow; and I have at present hardly any ex
 of being restored to grace: though if Alph
 thought it worth his while to make any en
 about me, he would have known that ever since
 recovery of that fatal scar (which I can assure
 my honour was only occasioned by a bur
 worn my stays as high, and pinned my go
 cently, as his hard heart would desire: and
 standing the very warm weather we have
 summer, I have never made a visit, or appe
 where in public, but in a double handker
 that too pinned under my chin.

I have two reasons, sir, for troubling you
 letter, and desiring your publication of it.
 is, that my lover may see how penitent I am
 fault; and the second, to do service to two
 my acquaintance; one of which has a most
 solate length of face, which she makes a
 frightful by wearing the poke of her cap qu
 to her pole; the other, with the feet and I

Welch porter, is for ever tripping it along the Mall in white shoes and short petticoats. If I cannot benefit myself, it will be some little satisfaction to have been a warning to my friends.

I am, Sir,

Your most unfortunate humble servant,

CELIMENA.

P. S. Since my writing this letter I have some distant hope that my lover may come about again; having been informed of a saying of his to a friend, "That in spite of the scar upon my bosom, my appearance that night put him in mind of a book lately published, called "Heaven open to all men."

NO. XL. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4.

OF all the eastern stories that have hitherto made their appearance in English, there is not one that conveys so perfect and beautiful a moral as that of the prince Rusvanchad and the princess Cheheristany, in the first volume of the Persian Tales. Rusvanchad was king of China, and Cheheristany princess of an island of Genies. They fell desperately in love with each other, and after the usual delays, were married in due form in the island of Cheheristan, where the lady was queen. But before the solemnization of this marriage, the princess of the Genies addressed the king of China in the following manner. "I am not going," said she, "to make your majesty any unreasonable request, though the power I have over you, and the superiority of my nature, claim obedience in all things; I shall only demand a promise

“ from you, that for the honour of your queen, and for
 “ our mutual happiness, you will blindly comply with
 “ me in every thing I have a mind to do. The Gr
 “ nies are never in the wrong. If therefore at an
 “ time my actions should happen to appear unrea
 “ countable and extravagant, say within yourself, my
 “ wife has reason for what she does; for it is impos
 “ sible that we should live together in love and ha
 “ mony, unless you implicitly believe that I am a
 “ ways in the right.” The king, according to the
 universal custom of lovers, promised very readily to
 think in all things as his princess would have him
 and the marriage was celebrated with all imaginable
 splendor.

The sequel of the story informs us, that his majesty of China did not absolutely keep his royal promise; for that upon certain trifling occasions, such, for instance, as the queen's flinging her son into the fire, giving her daughter to be devoured by a wild beast, destroying the provisions of his whole army, and the like (which are only allegorical expressions, signifying a mamma's giving up her son to the fire of his passions, carrying her daughter to the masquerade, and consuming the substance of her husband) he not only thought her in the wrong, but had the rashness to tell her so. Here begins the misery of this royal and once happy couple; the queen separates herself from her husband, and at the end of ten whole years consents to cohabitation upon no other terms than the renewal of the old promise, ratified by an oath. The story adds that the king of China, having seen his error, never failed to acknowledge the wisdom of his queen in all she did, and that they lived to an extreme old age, the happiest monarchs of the east.

If every husband in England was to read this story night and morning till he had got it by heart; and, in imitation of the king of China, if he would consider

himself as a mere son of Adam, and his wife of the superior nature of the Genies, the happiness of his life would in all probability be secured: for I am fully persuaded that all the infelicities of the married state are occasioned by men's finding fault with the conduct of their wives, and imagining themselves to be fitter for government than for obedience.

For my own part, I have always looked upon the husband to be the head of his wife, just in the same manner as a fountain is the head of a stream; which only finds supplies for its wanderings, without directing the current which way it shall flow. It may possibly be objected that wives are commanded in a certain book, called the Bible, to be obedient to their husbands; but a lady of my acquaintance, who is a great casuist in divinity, seems to have set this matter in a true light, by observing that as most of the commentators upon the New Testament have agreed that some of its particular commands and prohibitions are merely local and temporary, and intended only as cautions to the christians against giving scandal to the jews and heathens, among whom they lived; she makes no manner of doubt that obedience to husbands was among the number of these commands, and that it might be right to observe it in the infancy of christianity, but not now.

Many persons, as well christians as others, are of opinion that to command is neither the province of the wife nor the husband; and that to advise or entreat is all that either has a right to. But this I take to be wrong policy; for as every private family is a little state within itself, there should be a superior in laws, or all will be anarchy and confusion: and as it is indisputable that the wife knows more of family affairs than the husband, there is no reason in the world for taking the command out of her hands.

Every body sees that when men keep mistresses they commence subjects under an absolute tyranny; and that a wife should have less authority, is, in my own private opinion, a very bad case; especially if it be considered, that she is not only one flesh with her husband, but, as the universal phrase is, his better part. Every body knows too, that good-humour in a wife is the most necessary of all the virtues to secure the happiness of a husband; and how is her good humour to be preserved, if she is to be under perpetual controul? It is no new discovery, that the first wish of a woman is power; if therefore you give the sceptre into her hand, and entreat her to say and do according to her own good pleasure, it will be almost impossible for her to be always out of temper.

But the subordination of husbands will appear to be of greater necessity, if it be considered how unfit almost every man is to govern himself. I have known husbands of hopeful dispositions, who from being left entirely to their own management, have run into every excess of riot and debauchery; when it has been obvious, that had their wives exerted the proper authority over them, they would have made the soberest and meekest men alive. How thankful therefore ought we to be, that our wives are inclined to take upon themselves the troublesome office of government, and to leave to their husbands the easy duty of obedience, which a child of six years old is as capable of performing, as his father of forty!

I have indeed heard it objected, that all women are not sufficiently qualified for the government of their husbands. But by whom is this objection made? By some obstinate old bachelor, who, for want of conversing with the sex, has formed very erroneous opinions of their dignity and abilities. To decide this question, I would only appeal to those husbands, who have lived in a constant state of subjection to their

es ; and if any one of them dare tell me that he once wished to be his own master, I will be a baylor in unbelief. It has also been objected, that : tyranny of a wife may sometimes be a little more solute than the husband may wish it to be : but it s always been a maxim, that an absolute monarchy the best, provided that we know, and have a right chusing our ruler ; the husband therefore should e satisfied with a small extension of the prerogative, hose monarch is not only of his own chusing, but ne whom he has courted to reign over him.

It is a matter of no small satisfaction to me, that oy vindicating the sovereignty of the ladies, I am loing service to my king and country ; for while men are kept under a continued state of subjection at home, they will submit with more alacrity to the laws, and feel a deficiency of those spirits, which, for want of proper controul, might lead them into riots, insurrections, and rebellions. It were to be wished indeed, that the ladies would drop the studies of national politics, and confine themselves to family government only ; for while a husband is no other than the vassal of his wife, a female jacobite (unless she should happen to be ugly or an old maid) may be a dangerous creature. I shall therefore conclude this paper by recommending it to the administration to have a particular eye to those seminaries of female learning, known by the name of Boarding-schools. It might not be improper if the oaths of allegiance and abjuration were to be administered to the superiors and mademoiselles of such colleges, or if the head of his present majesty king George was to be worked by every pretty miss at the bottom of her sampler.

No. XLI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11.

AS the writers of the two following letters are of a sex for which I have the sincerest regard and veneration, I have made no delay in committing them to the press, not doubting but the evils they complain of will excite the attention of my readers.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

SIR,

I AM a very hearty old maid of seventy-three; but I have a parcel of impertinent nephews and nieces, who, because I have kept my good-humour, will needs have it that I have parted with something else. Pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, be so kind as to tell these graceless relations of mine, that it is not impossible for a woman to have two virtues at a time; and that she may be merry and chaste, as well as merry and wise. But as I am always to be teased upon this subject, I have some thoughts of renouncing my virginity, to secure my good-humour; for I am afraid that by contending with them every day for what they say I have lost, I shall run the hazard of losing in reality what they allow me to possess. I beg your advice in this critical affair, and am,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

PRUDENTIA HOLDFAST.

In answer to Miss Holdfast, I shall only say, that if I was to be teased out of my virginity, it should be by the most impudent fellow living, sooner than by those undutiful relations.

Mr. Fitz-Adam,

I AM a young woman of fashion, and a great admirer of a town life. But it has been my misfortune, for these three months past, to be condemned to the odious country, and the more odious diversions of it: and this in compliance to an old-fashioned aunt, who, excepting her two daughters, and the company they keep, is the most odious thing of all. But it is not for the sake of abusing my friends, or of ridiculing the country, that I trouble you with this letter; I have really escaped such dangers in this retirement, that I mean it as a caution to my sex against giving up the innocent amusements of a town life, for the destructive pleasures of woods and shades.

I had hardly been a week at my aunt's before I lost all the delicacy of quality; and from the palest complexion in the world, and no appetite (the best proofs of high birth and of keeping good company) I began to look as rosy as a milk-maid, and to eat like a plough-boy. I shall never forget the awkward compliments that were made me upon those defects; but a new mortification succeeded, which removed me still farther from upper life, and had like to have killed me. I began absolutely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to grow fat. What was to be done now? Why I must walk forsooth! I wondered they did not bid me fly; for to a woman of condition, who had never stirred out of doors but in her chair, flying seemed as easy as walking. But my disease was desperate, and so must be my cure: in short, they taught me how to walk: and in less than a week I verily believe I had travelled a mile.

And now I was teased upon another account. My cousins, who were grown quite intimate with me, and who were what they call neat girls, were perpetually finding fault with the looseness of my morning dress. I *really pitied their ignorance*, but could hardly for

bear laughing when I saw them come down as prior to breakfast, as if they were dressed for visitors. was in vain for me to tell them that women of fashion were above such regards; I was again forced to comply, and to stick pins into my cloaths, as if dressed for a drum.

I am far from denying that air, exercise, and necessity contributed to my health; but I remember with confusion the alteration they produced. I had lived in the polite circle to the age of five-and-twenty without conceiving an idea of the other sex, any farther than what related to their uses in public places, treat upon the water, or a party at Brag. Indeed the perpetual hurry of a town life puts all other thoughts quite out of one's head. But idleness is the root of all evil. In less than a fortnight my heart told me that I had passions as well as appetites. To deal plainly with you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I was in want of something to do, I fell desperately in love. With shame I confess it, I was caught I know not how; for my rustic though he paid me particular regard, and was a handsome fellow of a good estate, had no one accomplishment upon earth to recommend him to a woman of fashion. His education had been at the university where he had pursued nothing but his studies. I knew nobody in town but people whom nobody knew had been at court but once; detested play, and had ideas of routs and drums. His virtues (for my aunts and cousins were continually talking of them) reached no farther than a little charity to the poor; a great deal of what they call good-nature; abundance of devotion to the old lady his mother, and a ridiculous fondness for a sister, who was one of the plainest women I ever saw. But in affairs of gallantry, of the fashions of the town, he was as ignorant as a Hottentot. I would sometimes, indeed, make a party with us to whist for half crowns, which he called deep play;

as to shuffling, fuzzing, changing of seats, hints to a partner, setting up honours without holding them, and the like, which are the essentials of the game, he was an absolute idiot. He considered cards, he said, only as an amusement, and was perfectly indifferent whether he won or lost. Yet in spite of myself, and so contemptible an animal, I was really in love with him. Nay, so entirely did he possess me, that I contrived to be ill, and to keep my chamber three mornings together, to engage him alone. But would you think it, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if he approached to touch my hand, I had such frights and fears about me, that I hardly knew where I was. I trembled at every word he spoke to me; and had he offered at those trifling liberties, which every fine gentleman is admitted to in town, and which the strictest modesty would only cry pish at, I verily believe I should have died. But his country education was the saving of my life. His intentions, I perceived, were to make a wife of me; a character, which of all the characters in the world I had the greatest aversion to; as, in all probability, it would connect me with the cares of a mother, and a thousand ridiculous duties and affections, that a well bred woman has really no time for. Yet this deplorable creature I certainly had been, if he had not all of a sudden (for what reason I know not, unless he thinks it a crime for a lady to be a little witty upon the Bible) taken a crotchet into his head of treating me like a stranger. The man is most evidently mad; for instead of directing all his discourse to me as usual, he is for ever caballing with my youngest cousin, and talking by the hour in praise of a country education.

But, thanks to my stars, there is a place called London; where, in a very few weeks, the business of play, and the amusements of polite life, shall cure all my folly, and restore me to my complexion. I shall fly to the Brag-table as to an asylum against the

passions. It is there that love is never thought of. The men have no designs, nor the women temptations. It puts me in mind of the state of innocence which our first parents fell from: The sexes may meet naked and not be ashamed, nor even know that they are naked.

It would take up too much of your paper to enforce the advantages of play, by laying before you the evils it prevents. Scandal was never heard of at a card-table. The question when we meet is not, who lost her honour last night? but who her money? We need never go to church to ridicule the parsons, or stay at home to be the plague of husbands or servants. In short, if women would escape the pursuits of men, the drudgery of wives, the cares of parents, and the plagues of home, their security is play. I know of nothing that can be said against it, but that it may possibly lead to ill-nature, quarrels, cheating, and ruin.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,

and most humble servant,

SOPHIA SHUFFLE.

No. XLII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18.

IT is a common phrase, when we speak of a person who has nothing remarkably bad in his disposition, that he is a good sort of a man; but of these good sort of men there are multitudes to be met with, who are more troublesome and offensive than a swarm of gnats within one's bed-curtains.

A good sort of man is sometimes he, who from shallowness of parts, and a narrow education, believes every action of mankind, that is not calculated to promote some pious or virtuous end, to be blameable and vicious. He prescribes to himself rules for the conduct of life, and censures those who differ from him as immoral or irreligious. Walking in the fields on a Sunday, or taking up a news-paper, is an offence against heaven. I have heard a young lady severely reprimanded for reading a Spectator upon that day; and I have known it prophesied of a boy of eight years old, that he would certainly be an Atheist, for having written God with a little g, and Devil with a great D. In the opinion of this good sort of a man, to say, Lord bless me, is a breach of the third commandment; and to affirm upon one's word, that this or that thing is true or false, is downright swearing.

To such characters as these, the infidelity of others may be in some measure owing. To avoid one extreme we are apt to run into another; and because one man happens to believe a great deal too much, another is determined to believe nothing at all.

During the usurpation of Cromwell, we were a nation of psalm-singers; which is the best reason I can give for the inundation of bawdy songs that poured in upon us at the restoration: for though the king and his court were indefatigable in the propaga-

tion of wantonness (and every body knows how apt men are to copy the manners of a court) they would have found it a very hard task to debauch the whole kingdom, if it had not been a kingdom of enthusiasts.

Another, though less mischievous good sort of a man is he, who upon every occasion, or upon no occasion at all, is teasing you with advice. This gentleman is generally a very grave personage, who happening either to have out-lived his passions or to have been formed without any, regulates all his actions by the rule of prudence. He visits you in the morning, and is sorry to hear you call those persons your friends who kept you at the King's-arms last night after the clock had struck twelve. He tells you of an acquaintance of his, of a hundred and two years old, who was never up after sun-setting, nor a-bed after sun-rising. He informs you of those meats which are easiest of digestion, prescribes water-gruel for your breakfast, and harangues upon the poison of made dishes. He knows who caught a fever by going upon the water, and can tell you of a young lady who had the rheumatism in all her limbs by wearing an India persian in the middle of October. If at a jovial meeting of friends, you happen to have drank a single glass too much, he talks to you of dropsies and inflammations, and wonders that man would buy pleasures in the evening, at the hazard of an headache in the morning. That such a person may really be a good sort of a man, and that he may give his advice out of pure humanity, I am very ready to allow; but I cannot help thinking (and I am no advocate for intemperance) that if it was not now-and-then for giving prudence the slip, and for a little harmless playing the fool, he would be a very insipid thing.

A third good sort of man, is one who calls upon you every day, and tells you what the people say of

you abroad. As how "Mr. Nokes was very warm
" in your praises, and that Mr. Stiles agreed with
" him in opinion; but that Mr. Roe and Mrs. Doe,
" who by the by pretend to be your friends, were con-
" tinually coming in with one of their ill-natured ifs.
" But they are like the rest of the world. You have
" a thousand enemies, though you do nothing to de-
" serve them. I wonder what could provoke Mr. A.
" to fall upon you with so much violence before lady
" B.: but then to hear Mr. C. and Miss D. who are
" under such obligations to you, join in the abuse,
" was what, I own, I did not expect. But there is
" no sincerity among us: and I verily believe you
" have not a friend in the whole world besides my-
" self." Thus does he run on, not only lessening
you in your own opinion, but robbing you of the most
pleasing satisfaction of life, that of thinking yourself
esteemed by those with whom you converse. If you
happen to be in any public character, the Lord have
mercy upon you! for unless you can stop your ears to the
croakings of these ravens, you must be miserable in-
deed. There are very few good sort of men that are
more pernicious than these: for as almost every man
in the world is curious of knowing what another thinks
of him, he is perpetually listening to abuses upon
himself, until he grows a hater of his kind. It is for
this reason that dissimulation is often to be ranked
among the virtues; for if every man of your acquaint-
ance, instead of his assuring you of his esteem and
regard, was to tell you that he did not care a straw
for you (which twenty to one is the truth) the motives
to benevolence would be entirely destroyed; and
though the "loving those that hate us" be a precept
of christianity, it would puzzle me to name a chris-
tian of my acquaintance, who has grace enough to
practise it.

A fourth good sort of a man, and with whom I shall conclude this paper, is the man of ceremony. But as this character is drawn from the life by one of my correspondents who has felt the inconvenience of it, I shall give it to my readers in his own words.

Mr. Fitz-Adam,

I BELONG to a club of very honest fellows in the city, who meet once a week to kill care and be innocently merry. Every one of us used to sing his song and tell his story for the entertainment of his friends; and to be good-naturedly jocose upon the foibles of the company. But all of our merriment has been at a stand for some time, by the admission of a new member, who it seems is a person of very fine breeding. You must know that he is our superior in fortune; from which consideration we shew him a great deal of respect. At his entrance into the club-room we all rise from our chairs, and it is not until he has paid his compliments to each of us separately, and kept us standing for near a quarter of an hour, that he entreats us to be seated. He then hopes we are all perfectly well, and that we caught no colds that day se'nnight by walking home from the club; for that the night was foggy, or it was rainy, or it was cold, or it was something or other, that gave him a good deal of pain until he saw us again. After we had all made our bows, and assured him of our exceeding good healths, the enquiry begins after our ladies and families. He is always so unfortunate as to forget the number and names of our children, for which he most heartily begs pardon, and hopes the dear little creatures, whom he has not the pleasure of knowing, will forgive him for his want of memory. The finishing this ceremony generally takes us up about an hour; after which, as he is the first man of

e club, it is necessary, in point of good-manners, at he should find us in conversation; and to say the uth, since his admission into our society, we have one of us a word to say, unless it be in answer to s enquiries. And now it is that we are entertained ith the history of a dinner at lady Fidsad's, at hich were present lord and lady Lavender, sir Ni-olas Picktooth, and a world of polite company. e names every dish to us in the order it was placed, ills us how the company was seated, the compliments at passed, and in short, every thing that was said; hich, though it may be called polite conversation, certainly the dullest I ever heard in my life. By his time we generally begin to look upon our watches; bill is called for, and after a contention of about hree minutes who shall go out last, we return to our omes.

This, sir, is the true history of our once jovial lub; and as it is not impossible that this well-bred entleman may be a reader of the WORLD, I trouble ou with this letter, and entreat your publication of ; for with so much good-manners as he is undoubt-ly master of, he will absent himself from our so-ety when he knows how miserable he has made us.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

FRANCIS HEARTY.

No. XLIII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25.

I HAVE devoted to-day's paper to the miscellaneous productions of such of my correspondents as, in my opinion, are either whimsical enough, or witty enough, to be entertaining to my readers.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

SIR,

I AM an Englishman and a patriot, but neither a Freeholder nor an Independent Whig. I am neither a Craftsman nor a Fool, but a Freethinker, and a Plain-dealer; a steady champion for virtue, and a sharp protester against vice.

I am a daily inspector of my neighbours' actions and take a Monthly Review of my own; yet do not assume the title of Censor or Guardian; being contented with the office of Monitor or Remembrancer. My enemies nevertheless will call me a Tatler, a Busybody, an Impertinent, &c.

I am a great reader, and a lover of polite literature. I am sometimes an Adventurer abroad, sometimes a Rambler at home, and rove like the Bee from Museum to Museum, in quest of knowledge and pleasure.

I am an occasional writer too; in a fit of gaiety am a Humourist, in a fit of seriousness a Moralist; and when I am very angry indeed, I scourge the age with all the spirit of a Busby.

To conclude, I am not an idle Spectator, but a close Examiner of what passes in the WORLD, and Mr Fitz-Adam's

Admirer and humble servant,
PHILOCOSMOS

This letter puts me in mind of the following advertisement, in a late Daily Advertiser: "Where:

Thomas Toovey, snuffman, who is lately removed, from the black-a-moor's head in Piccadilly to the shop, late the crown and dagger, three doors lower, and hopes for the continuance of his friends' custom.".....And there it ends. I should have been more obliged to my correspondent, if after his Whereas that he was an Englishman, a Patriot, a Freeholder, &c. he had thought proper to inform me to what purpose he was all this. But I have the pleasure of hoping that this epistle is only an introductory discourse to a larger work; and as such I have given it to the public without addition or amendment.

SIR,

IF it would not be meddling with religion (a subject which you have declared against touching upon) I wish you would recommend it to all rectors, vicars, and curates of parishes, to omit the prayer, commonly used in the pulpit before sermon, the petition for Jews, Turks and Infidels. For as the Jews, since a late act of parliament, are justly detested by the whole nation; and as it is shrewdly suspected that a bill is now in agitation for naturalizing the Turks, wise men are of opinion that it is no business of ours to be continually recommending such people in our prayers. Indeed, as for the Infidels, who are only our own people, I should make no scruple of praying for them, if I did not know that persons of fashion do not care to hear themselves named so very particularly in the face of a congregation. I have the honour of an acquaintance with a lady of very fine understanding, who assures me that the above-mentioned prayer is absolutely as terrible to her as being church'd in public: for that she never hears the word Infidel mentioned from the pulpit, without fan-

giving herself the stare of the whole rabble of believers.

As it is certainly the duty of a clergyman to avoid giving offence to his parishioners; and as our hats to the Jews, our alarm about the Turks, and the destiny of persons of quality, are not to be overcome, I beg that you will not only insert this letter in *THE WORLD*, but that you will also give it as your opinion that the petition should be omitted.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

L. L

Mr. Fitz-Adam,

NOW the theatres are open, and the town in high expectation of seeing Pantomimes perform to the greatest advantage, it would not be improper if you would give us a paper upon that subject. My predecessor the Spectator, and the Tatler before him, used frequently to animadvert upon theatrical entertainments; but as those gentlemen had no talent for pantomime, and were partial to such entertainments as themselves were able to produce, they treated nobler compositions with unwarrantable freedom. Happy it is for us, that we live in an age of time when the dumb eloquence and manual wit and humour of Harlequin is justly preferred to the whiff of tragedy, or the vulgarity of comedy. But it grieves me, in an entertainment so near perfection, to observe certain indelicacies and indecorums, which, tho' they never fail of obtaining the approbation of the galleries, must be extremely offensive to the politeness of the boxes. The indelicacies I mean, are frequent and significant wriggings of Harlequin's tail, under the affront that Pierrot is apt to put upon the modesty of Columbine, by sometimes supposing in his searches for her lover, that she has hid

Under her petticoats. That such a supposition would be allowable in comedy, I am very ready to own; the celebrated Mrs. Behn having given us in reality what is here only supposed. In a play of that delicate lady's, the wife, to conceal the gallant from the husband, not only hides him under her petticoats, but as Trulla did by Hudibras, straddles over him, and holding the husband in discourse, walks backwards with her over to the door; where, with a genteel love-kick, she dismisses him from his hiding-place. But that the haste Columbine should be suspected of such indelicacy, or that Pierot should be so audacious as to attempt the examination of premises so sacred, is a solecism in pantomime. Another impurity that gives me almost equal offence, is, Harlequin's tapping the neck or bosom of his mistress, and then kissing his fingers. I am apprehensive that this behaviour is a little bordering upon wantonness; which, in the character of Harlequin, who is a foreigner, and a fine gentleman, and every thing agreeable, is as absurd as it is immodest.

When these reformatations can be brought about, every body must allow, that a pantomime will be a most rational and instructive entertainment; and it is to be hoped that none but principal performers will be suffered to have a part in it. How pleased will the town be this winter, to read in one of the articles of news in the Public Advertiser, "We hear that at each of the theatres royal, there is an entire new pantomime now in rehearsal, and that the principal parts are to be performed by Mr. Garrick, Mr. Woodward, Mr. Mossop, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Pritchard, at Drury-Lane; and at Covent-Garden, by Mr. Quin, Mr. Lun, Mr. Barry, Miss Nossiter, &c." It is not to be doubted that a pantomime so acted would run through a whole season to the politest as well as the most crowded audiences. Indeed,

I have often wondered at the good humour of town, that they can bear to see night after night elegant entertainment, with only one performer of real reputation.

It was very well observed, by a person of quality, "That if Mr. Addison, Doctor Swift, and Mr. Field were alive, and were unitedly to write a Pantomime every winter, provided Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Barry were to do the principal parts, he verily believed there would not be a hundred people at any rout in town, except it was of a Sunday." If from no other consideration than this, I am for having Pantomimes exhibited to the best advantage; though we have no such wits among us as his Majesty was pleased to name, we are reckoned to be as good carpenters as any age has produced; and take it, that the most striking beauties of pantomimical composition are to be ascribed to the carpenter more than to the wit.

I am, SIR,

Your constant reader,

and most humble servant,

S. J

No. XLIV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

SIR,

A JUSTLY admired poet of our own times,
speaking in reference to his art, tells us that

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.

The same, it is presumed, may be said of almost every kind of writing. Europe is at present so much enlightened, that it is hardly possible to strike out a single notion absolutely new, or which has never been touched upon by somebody before us. Religion, philosophy, and morality in particular, have been so thoroughly canvassed, that such as would treat upon those subjects now, have scarce any thing left them, but to set some beaten thought in a different light, and like a skilful cook, endeavour to make the fare of yesterday palatable again to-day, by a various dressing. If it can be got down and digested, there are always hopes of conveying some nourishment; and whether it be taken for turtle, or venison, pheasant, or moor-game; beef, or mutton, is not a farthing's matter, so it be relished by the guests. Whether I am possessed of any part of this skill, must be left to the decision of each person's taste. All I dare engage for is; that no unwholesome ingredient shall enter into my composition; and if, on the one hand, it should be insipid, on the other, it shall be as harmless as a bit of dry bread.

But to my subject. The comparison of man's life to a journey, and the conclusions usually drawn from thence, are not the less true, for being trite and common. When we reflect, that to be excessively anxi-

ous for the wealth, honours, and pleasures of a transitory world, is just as ridiculous as it would be to torment ourselves because our accommodation is not sufficiently sumptuous, the aptness of the allusion stares us in the face: the assent is extorted while the mind dwells upon it: and people of every persuasion however they may disagree in other propositions concur in this as in a self-evident axiom.

Yet herein do we resemble the case of him, as is said in scripture, "to behold his figure in a glass," but straight forgetteth what manner of man he is, and, as if a fatality hung over us, our memory is still found worst, in the matter that concerns us most, namely, in the acquisition of tranquillity, that "summum bonum" on this side the grave. A philosopher could tell us, that this inestimable treasure lies close at hand; but that we giddily stumble over it, in the pursuit of bubbles. On these we bestow all our strenuous exertions; the other has only indolent wishes.

But if we are candidates in earnest for this terrestrial felicity, and which at the same time leads to the smoothest road to the celestial, the first step is to discover what that is, which opposes and excludes it: and as it is utterly impossible that two contraries should peaceably inhabit the same breast, we resolve to drive out the aggressor.

That perturbations of every kind are capital enemies to tranquillity, speaks itself: but it may require some scrutiny to discern that the common principle from whence most of these proceed, is pride. Most of these; for if want, pain, fear, and interference be excepted, it is presumed that few obstacles to serenity can be imagined, which are not fairly deducible from this single vice.

The inimitable Mr. Addison, in one of his Spectators, mentions guilt and atheism, as the only wa-

a precluders of cheerfulness: nor is it here intended to controvert his superior judgment: this being merely an essay to prove that pride is the great source from whence almost every other species of it flows. And as for atheism, it may, I think, without much torturing the argument, be placed to the same account.

But let us first try the truth of this proposition upon actual, or practical vices, as distinguished from cumulative errors; and thence to discover to what degree they may be said to "hold of this lady parent;" consequently how far we are indebted to her the miseries which fill the world with complaints. Sickness, pain, fear, want and intemperance, have already been excepted, as productive of disorders in the soul, which derive not immediately from this origin: at least, it can hardly with propriety be said, that a person is proud of a disease, of cowardise, or of innocence; though it has been observed, that some have the preposterous folly to glory in being lewd, a drunkard, or a glutton.

Whether human nature be capable of bearing up to cheerfulness and indolence against these evils (from what cause soever arising) is a question foreign to the present business, which is to excite every thinking person to examine the catalogue of vices, one by one; and then to ask his own heart what resemblance they bear to the prolific parent here assigned them; and it is presumed, that nothing more is necessary in the holding up the progeny to view, in order to ascertain their descent.

It may be gathered from the most authentic testimony, that her first-born was Ambition; brought to light in the days of your namesake Adam, and ever since, whether clad in a red coat, and armed with a cymitar and firebrand; or, in the more genteel habit of a statesman, courtier, beau, lawyer, divine, &c. still confesses the kindred in every feature and

action. It is not very material in what order the subsequent issue were produced. But that envy, hatred, malice, tyranny, anger, implacability, revenge, cruelty, impatience, obstinacy, violence, treachery, ingratitude, self-love, avarice, profusion; together with the smaller shoots, detraction, impertinence, loquacity, petulance, affectation, &c. do all derive from this Mater Familias, will, I persuade myself, most evidently appear to a curious observer.

To enumerate the infinite disorders and calamities that disperse themselves from this root, intrude into every place, and are incessant plagues to individuals, as well as to society, were an endless task. Who shall tell the secret pangs of the heart in which she is planted? But her baleful influence is discernable, wherever "two or three are gathered together." Even at the altar, and whilst the tongue, in compliance with the ritual, is uttering the most humiliating epithets, you shall perceive her inconsistently tricked out, and by a thousand fantastic airs, attracting the worship of the assistants, from the Deity, to herself.

Trace her from the court, into the city; and there, from the general trader, to the retailer, mechanic, and pedlar; thence into the country, from the squire, to the farmer and day-labourer: descend as low as to the scavenger, chimney-sweeper, and nightman; still, through all their dirt and filth, you may occasionally discern her.

Nor is her parental dominion confined to the climates or nations called civilized. Travel to the poles, or into the burning zone; among the Bramins, Baniens, and Facquars; among the Iroquois, Canibals, and Hottentots; even there you shall meet with the operations of this Primum Mobile. What but the arrogance of superior merit, instigates the first of these to assume a right of domineering over the consciences of their fellows, and damning the souls of

those who differ from them? And for the Hottentots, who that reads the accounts of the insolence with which they torment, before they eat their enemies, can doubt whether they are actuated by hunger, or haughtiness? In a word, from the feuds that lay waste whole kingdoms, down to the sickly spleen which devours the slighted coquet, or the fine lady superseded in her place, we need look no farther for the author of the griefs which poison our peace.

In relation to matters purely speculative, none who are ever so little conversant in them, can be at a loss for numerous instances of the havock made with learning, truth, and religion, by the dogmatical imposition of hypotheses and systems, invented by men of more power than knowledge; and the no less arrogant prohibition of new lights, which might detect the fallacy, or otherwise clash with an assumed all-sufficiency. Hence was the asserter of the Antipodes persecuted in the inquisition. Hence all the mischiefs arising from enthusiasm, hypocrisy, bigotry, and zeal. Hence...but I am entering into a field too wide for the limits of an ordinary epistle. Yet having mentioned the possibility of accounting for atheism the same way, I shall here only appeal to your readers, whether that man is simply a fool, or if he must not necessarily be a very conceited fool, who says in his heart 'there is no God.'

And now, sir, should it be asked to what purpose this epistle? or where the remedy? it is answered, that the utility of such a discussion (which for the sake of the World, I could heartily wish had been more accurately handled) must be obvious; for by this means the hydra being reduced to one head, it becomes a more compendious task to cut off that one, than to vanquish a legion successively sprouting out from different stems: or, to change the allusion, the recipe, instead of applying to the infinite variety of

symptoms, might be comprized in two words, *vanish Pride*; as indeed this disease, pregnant with many others, is most emphatically cautioned in six words of Holy writ.....“ *Pride was “ for man.”*

I am, Sir, &c.



No. XLV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER

.....Necte coronam
Postibus.....

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

SIR,

THERE is hardly a greater instance of cruelty, or a more certain token of a cruel disposition, than the abuse of dumb creatures; especially those who contribute to our advantage and comfort. The doing an ill office to one who has intended no harm, is a strong proof of inhumanity; but the ingratitude to a benefactor is both inhuman and unchristian.

But it is not my intention at present to add to the odour upon our barbarity to the animal creation: if I accept of so unworthy a correspondent, I shall have another opportunity of sending you my thoughts on that subject: the business of this letter is only to dedicate from reproach a poor inanimate being, called a Post, which every body knows is held in the lowest contempt, yet whose services to mankind have entitled it to a very high degree of regard and value.

“As stupid as a Post,” is a phrase perpetually in use. If we want to characterize a fool, or

Absolutely without an idea, the expression is, "as stupid as a Post." "As dull as a Beetle," is a term I have no dislike to; nor have I any great objection to "as grave as a Judge," which I have considered as a synonymous phrase, ever since I saw an old gentleman in company extremely angry in being told he looked grave; where it was observed by a third person, that grave in the dictionary was *vide* dull. But though it is admitted that the idea of dulness may be illustrated by a Beetle, and the idea of gravity by a Judge, I positively deny that stupidity and a post have any similitude whatsoever.

It is well known, that the ancients, and more especially the Egyptians, the wisest nation of them all, paid the greatest degree of veneration to several inanimate things. Almost all vegetables were considered as gods, and consequently worshipped as such. Leeks and onions were particularly esteemed; and here was hardly a garden to be seen that was not over-run with deities. Now I own that I have no such superstitious regard for a Post, as to recommend its deification; nor am I for making it minister of state, as Caligula did his horse; I only think, that when it is undeservedly branded into a proverb of contempt, common justice requires its vindication.

In former ages, how much Posts were esteemed, appears from what Juvenal says of them:

Ornentur Postes, et grandi janua lauro:

where we see that they were crowned with laurel. Virgil likewise, in describing the destruction of Troy, says, that the women in the height of despair,

Amplexæque tenent Postes, atque oscula figunt;

without doubt to take an affectionate leave of them.

And old Ennius, knowing that they were in some measure sacred, employs no less a person than the goddess Discord herself to demolish them :

.....Discordia tetra

Belli ferratos Postes, portasque refregit.

But before I consider the service of Posts to mankind in general, I shall take this opportunity of acknowledging the obligation which I have personally received from one of them, and which may very possibly bias me in favour of the whole fraternity.

I was travelling very lately, where I was entirely ignorant of the road, in a part of England too far from town for the common people to give that rational direction to a stranger, which they do in and about London; and too near it, as I afterwards found not to relish strongly its vices. Coming at last to a place, where the road branched out into different paths, I was quite at a stand, until seeing a country fellow passing by, I enquired the road to Bisley. "To Bisley!" says he, "Where did you come from, sir?" I was nettled a good deal at the fellow's useless and impertinent question, especially as it began to grow dusk; however, that I might get what instruction from him I could, I satisfied him. He then, after having attentively looked round the country, and informed me I might have come a nearer way, gave me to understand, "That he could not well tell, but that it was not above two miles from it." "Pray take the fellow!" says I, he is as stupid as a Post, and more so: but I had hardly gone a hundred yards before I discovered a Post, which very good-naturedly he put out his finger to shew me the road, and informed me in a few words I had still three miles to go. I followed the advice of this intelligent friend, and soon arrived at the end of my journey, ashamed and vexed.

at the ingratitude I had been guilty of, in abusing so serviceable a guide.

If a man reflects seriously within himself, as I did then, he will find that Posts are very far from being so stupid as they are imagined to be. I may safely venture to assert, that they have all negative wisdom. They neither ruin their fortunes by gaming, nor their constitutions by drinking. They keep no bad company; they never interfere either in matters of party or religion, and seem entirely unconcerned about who is in favour at court, or who out. Though I cannot say that their courage is great, they never suffer themselves to be affronted unrevenged; for they are always upon the defensive, though they seldom give the challenge. Drunkards they have a particular aversion to; nor is it uncommon for a man, though the fumes of wine may have made him insensible at night, to feel the effects of their resentment in the morning. In short, they seem devoted to the service of mankind; sleeping neither day nor night, nor ever deserting the station which is assigned them. One thing I own may be justly laid to their charge, which is, that they are often guilty of cruel behaviour to the blind; though I think they may amply repay it, by lending support to the lame.

I could enumerate several sorts of Posts, which are of infinite service; such as the Mill-Post, the Whipping-Post, the Sign-Post, and many others: I shall at present content myself with making a few observations on the two last, the Whipping-Post, and the Sign-Post.

If to put in execution the laws of the land, be of any service to the nation, which few I think will deny, the benefit of the Whipping-Post must be very apparent, as being a necessary instrument of such an execution. Indeed the service it does to a country place is inconceivable. I myself knew a man who

had proceeded so far as to lay his hand upon a silver spoon, with a design to make it his own; but, upon looking round, and seeing a Whipping-Post in way, he desisted from the theft. Whether he expected that the post would impeach him or not, I do not pretend to determine; some folks were of opinion, that he was afraid of a Habeas Corpus. It is likewise an infallible remedy for all lewd and disorderly behaviour, which the chairman at sessions generally employs it to restrain. Nor is it less beneficial to the honest part of mankind, than the dishonour, though it lies immediately in the high road to the gallows, it has stopped many an adventurous young man in his progress thither.

But of the whole family of the Posts, I know it more serviceable than a Sign-Post, which, like a sign of fare to an entertainment, always stands ready without door, to inform you what you are to expect within. The intent of this has been very much perverted, and accordingly taken notice of by your predecessor the Spectator. He was for prohibiting the carpenter the use of any sign but his saw; and the shoe-maker but his boot; and with great propriety for the proverb says, "ne sutor ultra crepidam." And indeed it is reasonable "that every shop should have a sign that bears some affinity to the ware which it deals:" for otherwise, a stranger may go for a yard of cloth at a bookseller's, or the last W at a linen-draper's. But when these things are justed, nothing can be of greater service than a Sign-Post; inasmuch as it instructs a man, provided he has money in his pocket, how he may supply all his wants; and often directs the hungry traveller to agreeable perfumes of a savoury kitchen: from whence it is imagined that the common expression comes of smelling a Post.

Thus, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you see how much we are indebted to these serviceable things, called posts: and I think it would be a great instance of your goodness, to endeavour to correct the world's ingratitude to them; since it is grown so very notorious, that I have known several, who owe all they have to a Post, industrious to undervalue its dignity, and make its character appear ridiculous.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

W. R.

N. B. All Posts of honour, Posts in war, letter Posts, and Posts the Latin preposition, though they spell their names in the same manner, are of a different family; nor do I undertake to plead in their behalf, knowing that most of them are in too flourishing a condition to stand in need of an advocate.



NO. XLVI. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

SIR,

"WHEN a rich man speaketh," says the son of Sirach, "every man holdeth his tongue; and lo! what he sayeth is extolled to the clouds: but if a poor man speak, they say, What fellow is this?" I had a mortifying opportunity yesterday of experiencing the truth of this observation.

It is not material that I should tell you who or what I am; it will be enough to say, that though I dine every day, and always make my appearance in a clean shirt, I have no thoughts of offering myself as a can-

didate for a borough at the next general election, nor am I quite so rich as a certain man of fashion, who took such a fancy to me this summer in the country, as hardly to be easy out of my company.

This great person came to town last week for the winter; whither I was called upon business soon after; and having received a general invitation to his table, I went yesterday to dine with him. Upon my being shewn into the parlour, I found him sitting with two young gentlemen, who, as I afterwards learned, were persons of great quality, and who, before I was bid to sit down, entered into a short whisper with my friend, which concluded with a broad stare in my face, and the words, 'I thought so,' uttered with a careless contempt, loud enough for me to hear.

I was a little disconcerted at this behaviour, but was in some measure relieved by a message a few minutes after, that dinner was upon the table. We were soon seated according to form; and as the conversation was upon general subjects, or rather upon no subject at all, and as the having something to say, enables a man to sit easier in his chair, I now-and-then attempted to put in a word, but I found I had not the good fortune to make myself heard. The playhouse happening to be mentioned, I asked very respectfully if any thing new was to be exhibited this season! Upon which it was observed, "that the winter was come in upon us all at once, and that there had been ice in Hyde-Park of near half an inch thick." Upon my friend's taking notice that there had been a very great court that morning, I took occasion to enquire how the king did; when it was immediately remarked, "that the opera this season would certainly be a very grand one." As I was a proficient in music, and a friend to the Italian opera, I hoped to be attended to, by saying something in favour of an elegant entertainment; but before I had proceeded

through half a sentence, the conversation took another turn, and it was unanimously agreed, "that my lord Somebody's Greenland dog was the finest of the kind ever seen in England." It was now high time for me to have done; I therefore contented myself with playing the dumb man until the cloth was removed, and then took my leave.

At my return to my lodgings, I could not help thinking that it was not absolutely impossible for great men to be very ill-bred; but, however that matter may be, I shall eat my dinner at the chop-house to-day, notwithstanding I have just received a card from my friend, to tell me, "that he dines alone, and shall be quite unhappy without me."

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

F. B.

Bath, October the 29th, 1753.

Mr. Fitz-Adam,

AMONG the many inventions of this wise and polite age, I look upon the "art of not knowing people," to be one of the greatest. But for fear the term should be a little too technical for many of your readers, I shall explain it at large. What I mean is, that persons of distinction shall meet their inferiors in public places, and either walk, sit, or stand close at their elbows, without having the least recollection of them; whom, but a week or a day before, they have been particularly intimate with, and for whom they have professed the most affectionate regard. As you have taken no notice of this art, in all probability the professors of it have escaped you; but as I have lately been the subject of its fullest exertion, I beg leave to trouble you with a few words upon the occasion.

I am a clergyman of some fortune, though no preferment; and knowing that I had many friends at the

Bath this season, I came hither last week to the pleasure of their conversation. The morning of my arrival, I took a walk to the pump-room, and had the honour of seeing a noble lord, a baronet, and some ladies of quality, with whom I was well acquainted; but to my great surprise, though at the distance of only two or three yards from them, did not perceive that any one of them knew me. I have dined several times with his lordship, he frequently drank tea with the ladies, and spent some months this summer with the baronet, and throwing myself in their way every morning, sitting next them in the room every evening, and playing at cards with them at the same table, without their having the least remembrance of me. There is also a very genteel family in the place, in which I have been so extremely intimate, that, according to the song,

I have drank with the father, have talk'd with the son,
Have romp'd with the sister, and gam'd with the brother.

but, for what reason, I know not, unless it be the neglect of the lords and ladies abovementioned, whom they happen to be acquainted, I do not think any of them has the least knowledge of me.

I have looked in the glass above a hundred times, from a suspicion that my face must have undergone some extraordinary change to occasion this total want of recollection in my friends; but I have been unable to find that my eyes, nose and mouth are remaining, but they stand, as near as I can guess, in the very individual places, as when my friends last saw me; and that their forgetfulness is altogether owing to this new-invented art; an art, which it seems to be only persons of fashion, or a few very genteel who have studied under them, can make the

naster of. But it is an art that will undo me, if a living, which my friend the noble lord has been so good as to assure me of, should happen to become void, while I am in this place; for how can I suppose that his lordship will give that to an entire stranger, which he has so long ago promised to an intimate acquaintance?

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

ABRAHAM ADAMS.

I HAVE taken the first opportunity of publishing these letters, not from a conviction that the writers of them have any cause of complaint, but from a desire of removing false prejudices, and of doing justice to the character of great people. As for the son of Sirach, whom my first correspondent has thought proper to quote, every body knows that his writings are apocryphal; and as the matter complained of, namely, that a private man cannot make himself heard among lords and great folks, it is the fault of nature, who it is well known has formed the ears of persons of quality only for hearing one another. My other correspondent, who is piqued at not being known, is equally unreasonable; for he cannot but have observed at the play-houses and other public places, from the number of glasses used by people of fashion, that they are naturally short-sighted. It is from this visual defect, that a great man is apt to mistake fortune for honour, a service of plate for a good name, and his neighbour's wife for his own. His memory is in many instances as defective as his sight. Benefits, promises, and payment of debts, are things that he is extremely liable to forget. How then is it to be wondered at, that he should forget an acquaintance? But I have always observed that there is a propensity in little people to speak evil of dignities; and that

where real errors are wanting (which is the present) they will throw out their invective natural defects, and quarrel with the deaf for not seeing them, and with the blind for not seeing.

I could go near to write a whole paper in praise of great men, if I was not restrained by consideration, that of all things in the world flattery.



No. XLVII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

SIR,

DIM-SIGHTED as I am, my spectacles assisted me sufficiently to read your papers; and, as a recompence for the pleasure I have from them, to send you an anecdote in which, until now, has never appeared in print.

I am the widow of Mr. Solomon Muzzy, daughter of Ralph Pumpkin, Esq. and I am daughter of Sir Josiah Pumpkin, of Pumpkin South-Wales. I was educated, with my sisters, under the care and tuition of my grand-father and grand-mother, at the house of our ancestors. It was the constant custom of my grand-father, when he was tolerably free from business, to summon his three grand-daughters to him, and amuse us with the most important transactions of his life. I took particular delight in hearing him illustrate his own character, which he did with a strict adherence to truth. He told us

ld have children, to whom some of his adventures might prove useful and important. Josiah was scarce nineteen years old, when he was introduced at the court of Charles the second, by Sir Simon Sparrowgrass, who was at that time Lancaster Herald at arms, and in great favour at court. As soon as he had kissed the king's hand, he was presented to the Duke of York, and immediately afterwards to the ministers, and the mistresses. His fortune, which was considerable, and his manners, were extremely elegant, made him so very agreeable in all the companies, that he had the honour to be lunged at once in every party of wit, pleasure, or dance, that the courtiers could possibly display. He danced with the ladies ; he drank with the gentlemen ; he sung loyal catches, and broke bottles and wine in every tavern throughout London. But Josiah was by no means a perfect fine gentleman. He had not fought a DUEL. He was so extremely bashful, as never to have had the happiness of a conquest. The want of opportunity, not of courage, occasioned this inglorious chasm in his character. He appeared not only to the whole court, but in his own eye, an unworthy and degenerate scoundrel, until he had shewn himself as expert in giving a vein with a sword, as any surgeon in England could be with a lancet. Things remained in the same unhappy situation until he was near two-and-thirty years of age. At length his better stars prevailed, and he received a most egregious affront from a cucumber, one of the gentlemen ushers of the Chamber. The cucumber, who was in waiting at the spit inadvertently into the chimney, and as he was next to Sir Josiah Pumpkin, part of the spittle fell upon Sir Josiah's shoes. It was then that the Pumpkin's honour arose in blushes upon his cheeks. He turned upon his heel, went home im-

mediately, and sent Mr. Cucumber a challenge to fight Daisy, a friend to each party, not only challenge, but adjusted the preliminaries. The fight was to be in Moorfields, and to be on a side. Punctuality is a strong point of valour upon these occasions. The combatants were to be Paul's and seven, just when the combatants were marking out their ground, and each of the thirty gentlemen was adjusting himself in position of defence against his adversary. It happened that the hour for breakfast in the hospital of Bedlam had rung, and a small bell had rung to summon the Bedlamites to the great gallery. The keepers had already opened the cells, and were bringing forth their prisoners when the porter of Bedlam, Owen Macduff, stood at the iron gate and belted out such a number of men in the midst of the fields, immediately out, "fire, murder, swords, daggers, I tell you!" Owen's voice was always remarkably loud, and his fears had rendered it still louder and more powerful. His words struck a panic into the Bedlamites; they lost all presence of mind; they forgot their prisoners, and hastened most precipitately to the scene of action. At the sight of nature, their fear increased, and at once they stood motionless. Not so with the Bedlamites, who had freedom to madmen, and light to the blind, and were rapturous. Ralph Rogers, the tinker, was the first to alarm. His brains had been turned with the Restoration, and the poor wretch imagined that the glorious set of combatants were round-heads and fanatics, and accordingly he cried out "Liberty, my boys! down with the rump! down with the rump! and Ireton are come from hell to destroy us! my cavalier lads, follow me, and let us have their brains." The Bedlamites immediately followed, and with the tinker at their head, leap

strades of the stair-case, and ran wildly into the
s. In their way they picked up some staves and
els, which the porters and the keepers had inad-
ntly left behind, and rushing forward with amaz-
ury, they forced themselves outrageously into
midst of the combatants, and in one unlucky mo-
, destroyed all the decency and order with which
most illustrious duel had begun.

seemed, according to my grandfather's observa-
a very untoward fate, that two-and-thirty gentle-
of courage, honour, fortune, and quality, should
together in hopes of killing each other, with all
resolution and politeness which belonged to their
ns, and could at once be routed, dispersed, and
wounded, by a set of madmen, without sword,
, or any other more honourable weapon than a
l.

e madmen were not only superior in strength,
umbers. Sir Josiah Pumpkin and Mr. Cucum-
took their ground as long as possible, and they
endeavoured to make the lunatics the sole ob-
of their mutual revenge; but the two friends
soon overpowered, and no person daring to come
ir assistance, each of them made as proper a re-
as the place and circumstances would admit.

ny of the other gentlemen were knocked down
ampled under foot. Some of them, whom my
father's generosity would never name, betook
selves to flight in a very inglorious manner. An
son was spied clinging submissively round the
f mad Pocklington the taylor. A young baronet,
gh naturally intrepid, was obliged to conceal
lf at the bottom of Pippin Kate's apple-stall. A
shire squire of three thousand pounds a year,
iscovered chin-deep, and almost stifled in Fleet-

Even Captain Daisey himself was found in a
cellar, with visible marks of fear and cons-

ternation. Thus ended this inauspicious day. But the madmen continued their outrages many days after. It was near a week before they were all re-taken and chained down in their cells. During that interval of liberty, they committed many offensive pranks throughout the cities of London and Westminster, and my grandfather himself had the misfortune that mad Rogers come into the Queen's drawing-room and spit in a duchess's face.

Such unforeseen disasters occasioned some prudent regulations in the laws of honour. It was enacted, from that time, six combatants (three on a side) might be allowed and acknowledged to contain such a quantity of blood in their veins, as should be sufficient to satisfy the highest affront that could be offered.

Afterwards, upon the maturest deliberation, as my grandfather assured me, the number six was reduced to four; two principals and two seconds; each second was to be the truest and best-beloved friend of his principal had in the world: and these seconds were to fight provided they declared upon oath, that they had no manner of quarrel to each other; for the canons of honour ordained, that in case the two seconds had the least heat or animosity one against the other, they must naturally become principals, and therefore ought to seek out for seconds to themselves.

Having told you a very remarkable event in my grandfather's life, almost in his own words, and finding that the story has carried me perhaps into great a length of letter, I shall not mention some serious facts, relating to my father, and to poor dear Solomon Muzzy, of whom I am the unfortunate mournful relict. But I have at least the honour of consolation to be, SIR,

Your constant reader, and

most humble servant,

MARY MIZ

No. XLVIII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29.

THOUGH the demand for this paper has more than answered my expectations, yet the profits arising from it have not been so immense as to enable me at this present time to set up the one-horse chair which I promised myself at first setting out. For high reason, and for certain private objections, which cannot help making to a post-chaise or a hired chariot, when I am inclined to make an excursion into the country, I either travel on foot, or, if the distance or the weather should make it necessary, I take my place in that sociable and communicative vehicle, called a stage-coach. Happy is the man, who without any laboured designs of his own, finds his very wants to be productive of his conveniences ! This man am I ; having met with certain characters and adventures upon these rambles, that have contributed more to be enriching my stock of hints towards carrying on his work, than would have ever presented themselves had I drove along the road admiring the splendor of my own equipage, or lolled at my ease in the hired one of another.

Many of these characters and adventures had appeared before now in these essays, if the desire of obliging my correspondents, assisted by a modesty peculiar to myself, That of thinking the productions of others to be almost as valuable as my own, had not inclined me (if I may speak the language of traffic) to turn factor for my friends, and to trade by commission rather than to do business entirely on my own account. And in carrying on this commerce, I have consulted the satisfaction of my customers, as well as my own interest ; for though I do not pretend to so much humility as absolutely to allow that any other trader can send such goods to market as my own ;

or to drop the allusion, that there is a man who can write so wittily, so wisely, and so as myself; yet the productions of many have more variety than those of a single person, though that single person should be myself. I have still a stronger reason for giving place to correspondents; it is the strong propensity which is always found in my nature to communicate. Every body knows, at least every writer, that in infinite satisfaction a man sees himself in his own part, I shall never forget the fluttering heart-beatings I felt upon the honour that was done me many years ago by the author of the *Edinburgh Magazine*, in publishing a song to Cecilia as the first of my compositions. Indeed the small inconvenience attending the pleasure is of particular time; for as my finances were almost ruined by the many repetitions which I bought of that magazine, it was among my friends for their wonder and amusement. And hence, if I was in haste to set up a list, it would arise another motive to the insertion of correspondents; but as every pecuniary consideration is of small weight, when compared with the pleasure of communicating happiness, I have given little of my attention. One thing I must mention to my readers before I have done entirely with this subject, which is, that if it should enter into the mind of any that I have laid before them a dull paper, please to impute it to the abundance of matter, and not to any laziness in my disposition or deficiency in my judgment.

But to return to my country excursions. I went out of town from one of them this week in a stage-coach, which, as we passed through the ford, stopped to take up two of the fair-creatures of that genteel place, one of them at a co-

other at a breeches-maker's. The collar-maker's lady, who was a person of very fine breeding, the breeches-maker's lady joy of her coming after her laying-in, and excused herself by illness not having waited upon her on the occasion; and the breeches-maker's lady answered in the manner imaginable, "that she should have been extremely glad to have seen her, but that she had no cards to none of her acquaintance, as indeed there was no occasion; for that excepting herself (being the collar-maker's lady) she had been visiting at her sitting up by all the Quality of Brent-

ford. The quality of Brentford fixed my attention to these things, and during so short a journey as to Hyde-Park where I made my compliments of departure, I gained so much knowledge in the affairs of children, Thrushes, Red-gums, and the management of a month, that I should hardly decline a debate upon those subjects, with the most experienced of the lying-in-hospital in Brownlow-street. There are few circumstances too trivial to furnish useful hints to a considerate mind, at my return to my lodgings I could not help looking upon this boast of the breeches-maker's wife, concerning the number and number of her visitors, namely, that they were all the Quality of Brentford, to be exactly of a piece with the vanity that possesses almost every individual of the kind.

I mention a stage-coach once more; who is there that has not travelled in one, but must have heard it observed by the most ordinary of the passengers, that it was the first time in their lives that they had ever felt themselves to be crowded into so mean a carriage. For my own part, I have always remarked it, when half a dozen miles of the end of our jour-

ney, if there has been a fine-spoken lady in though but a country shop-keeper's wife, gined herself a stranger to the company, expressed great anger and astonishment at the chaise, the chariot, or the coach coming her on the road. To what is this vanity due to the desire of being thought in her own of the quality of Brentford?

If we look into the city, and observe the drinking of almost every common tradesman; the strut of the husband in his gown and hood on lord mayor's day; the extravagance of the dress, furniture, and servants; their parties to the hall and Sadler's wells; their visits and entertainments; the question will occur, whence are all these vanities, but to see and be seen by the quality of Brentford?

The fine gentleman, whose lodgings not acquainted with; whose dinner is served up upon a pewter plate from the cook's shop in the Island; and whose annuity of a hundred pounds made to supply a laced suit every year, at every evening to a rout; returns to his bed at foot, and goes shivering and supperless to the pleasure of appearing among people of portance with the quality of Brentford.

The confectioner's wife, who lights up her shop with wax candles, and pays for them with money; who borrows chairs, tables, and sofas from her neighbours; who sweats under the fatigue of giving the honours of her house, and who is stifled to death by the mob she has invited; has no other gratification from her folly, than the pleasure of having brought together to her rout all the quality of Brentford.

But to take characters in the groupe, whether the ordinary mechanic, every pettifogging attorney,

clerk in an office, every painter, player, poet, and musician; or, in short, why is every man one knows making a show beyond his income, but from a desire of being ranked among the quality of Brentford?

I shall conclude this paper with a short letter, which I received two days ago from a correspondent, who, if I can form any judgment of his rank by his manner of writing, must be one of the quality of Brentford.

Mr. Fitz-Adam,

I AM no enemy to humour and irony and all that, but I cannot help thinking that you must have spent the chief part of your time among low people; and this is not only my own opinion, but the opinion of most of the persons of quality with whom I converse. If you are really acquainted with the manners of upper life, be so good as to convince us of it, by copying its language, and drawing your future characters from that inexhaustible source of politeness and entertainment.

I am,
Your friend and well-wisher,

Z.

No. XLIX. THURSDAY, DECEMBER

THOUGH I am an old fellow, I am not sour nor silly enough yet, to be a snarling "temporis acti," and to hate or despise the age because it is the present. I cannot, like some of my contemporaries, rail at the wonderful racy and corruption of these times, nor by paying compliments to the ingenious, the sagacious and intimate that they have not common sense. I do not think that the present age is marked by any new and distinguished vices and follies, unknown to former ages. On the contrary, I am of opinion that human nature was always very like what it is this day, and that men, from the time of our first progenitors down to this moment, have always had in them the same seeds of virtue and vice, wisdom and folly, of which only the modes have varied, the climate, education, and a thousand other causes.

Perhaps this uncommon good-humour and benignity of mine to my contemporaries may be owing to the natural benignity of my constitution, in which I can discover no particles of envy or ill-nature; or perhaps to my rivals both in fame and profit, the weak and the wicked; or perhaps to the superiority of my part in every body must acknowledge, and which places me infinitely above the mean sentiments of envy and jealousy. But whatever may be the true cause, I am probably neither my readers nor I shall ever quarrel with precision, this at least is certain that the present age has not only the honour and pleasure of being treated extremely well with me, but if I dare say so much more than any that I have yet either heard or read of; that vices and virtues are smoothed and softened in the present age; and though they exist as they ever have

yet the former are become less barbarous, and the latter less rough. Insomuch that I am as glad as Mr. Voltaire can be, that I have the good fortune to live in this age; independently of that interested consideration, that it is rather better to be still alive, than only to have lived.

This my benevolence to my countrymen and contemporaries ought to be esteemed still the more meritorious in me, when I shall make it appear that no man's merit has been less attended to, or rewarded, than mine: and nothing produces ill-humour, rancour, and malevolence so much, as neglected and unrewarded merit.

The utility of my weekly labours is evident, and their effects, wherever they are read, prodigious. They are equally calculated, I may say it without vanity, to form the heart, improve the understanding, and please the fancy. Notwithstanding all which, the ungrateful public does not take above three thousand of them a week. Though, according to Mr. Maitland's calculation of the number of the inhabitants in this great metropolis, they ought to take two hundred thousand of them, supposing only five persons, and one paper to each family; and allowing seven millions of souls in the rest of the kingdom, I may modestly say, that one million more of them ought to be taken and circulated in the country. The profit arising from the sale of twelve hundred thousand papers, would be some encouragement to me to continue these my labours for the benefit of mankind.

I have not yet had the least intimation from the ministers, that they have any thoughts of calling me to their assistance, and giving me some considerable employment of honour and profit: and having had no such intimations, I am justly apprehensive that they have no such intentions. Such intimations be-

ing always long previous to the performance to the intentions.

Nor have I been invited, as I confess I expect to be by any considerable borough or county present them in the next parliament, and to their liberties, and the Christian religion, against ministers and the Jews. But I think I can do for this seeming slight, without mortification vanity and self-love; my name being a pent name, which, in these suspicious and doubtful savours too strongly of Judaism; though up faith of a Christian. I have not the least tendency; and I must do Mrs. Fitz-Adam (who I owe have some influence over me) the justice to say she has the utmost horror for those sanguinary and ceremonies.

Notwithstanding all this ill-usage (for ever may be justly said to be ill-used, who is not rewarded according to his own estimation of his own which I feel and lament, I cannot however express present age names, and brand it with degeneracy Nature, as I have already observed, being always same, modes only varying. With modes, the signification of words also varies, and in the course of variations, convey ideas very different from which they were originally intended to express could give numberless instances of this kind, present I shall content myself with this single

The word honour, in its present signification, less implies, the united sentiments of virtue, and justice, carried by a generous mind beyond mere moral obligations which the laws require can punish the violation of. A true man of honour will not content himself with the literal discharge the duties of a man and a citizen; he raises and dignifies them to magnanimity. He gives where he may with justice refuse; he forgives where he

with justice resent; and his whole conduct is directed by the noble sentiments of his own unvitiated heart; surer and more scrupulous guides than the laws of the land, which being calculated for the generality of mankind, must necessarily be more a restraint upon vices in general, than an invitation and reward of particular virtues. But these extensive and compound notions of honour have been long contracted, and reduced to the single one of personal courage. Among the Romans honour meant no more than contempt of dangers and death in the service, whether just or unjust, of their country. Their successors and conquerors, the Goths and Vandals, who did not deal much in complex ideas, simplified those of honour, and reduced them to this plain and single one, of fighting for fighting's sake, upon any, or all, no matter what occasions.

Our present mode of honour is something more compounded, as will appear by the true character which I shall give of a fashionable man of honour.

* A gentleman, which is now the genteel synonymous term for a man of honour, must, like his Gothic ancestors, be ready for and rather desirous of a single combat. And if by a proper degree of wrong-headedness he provokes it, he is only so much the more jealous of his honour, and more of a gentleman.

He may lie with impunity, if he is neither detected nor accused of it: for if it is not the lie he tells, but the lie he is told of, that dishonours him. In that case he demonstrates his veracity by his sword, or

* A gentleman, is every man, who with a tolerable suit of cloaths, a sword by his side, and a watch and snuff-box in his pockets, asserts himself to be a gentleman, swears with energy that he will be treated as such, and that he will cut the throat of any man who presumes to say the contrary.

his pistol, and either kills or is killed with the honour.

† He may abuse and starve his own wife, damage his creditors, and he may seduce those of other men, particularly his friends, with inviolate honour, as Sir John Brute very justly observes, he sword.

By the laws of honour he is not obliged to servants or his tradesmen; for as they are a second class, they cannot without insolence their due of a gentleman: but he must pay his gaming-debts to the sharpers who have seduced him; for those debts are really debts of honour.

He lies under one disagreeable restraint must not cheat at play, unless in a horse-match then he may with great honour defraud in a game or betray a trust.

In public affairs, he may, not only with honour but with some degree of lustre, be in the session a turbulent patriot, opposing the best minister and a servile courtier, promoting the worst measures, provided a very lucrative consideration be known to be the motive of his conversion: for in that case the point of honour turns singly upon the quantity of money.

From these premises, which the more they are considered the truer they will be found, it appears that there are but two things, which a man of the nicest honour may not do, which are declining combat, and cheating at play. Strange! that should be so difficult, and honour, its supposed end, so easy to attain to.

The uninformed herd of mankind are governed by words and names, which they implicitly receive without either knowing or asking their meaning. The philosophical and religious controversies, of the last three or four hundred years, have turned more upon words and names, unascertained and

understood, than upon things fairly stated. The polite world, to save time and trouble, receive, adapt, and use words, in the signification of the day; not having leisure nor inclination to examine and analyse them; and thus often misled by sounds, and not always secured by sense, they are hurried into fatal errors, which they do not give their understandings fair play enough to prevent.

In explaining words, therefore, and bringing them back to their true signification, one may sometimes happen to expose and explode those errors, which the abuse of them both occasions and protects. May that be the good fortune of this day's paper! How many unthinking and unhappy men really take themselves to be men of honour, upon these mistaken ideas of that word! And how fatal to others, especially to the young and unexperienced, is their example and success in the world! I could heartily wish that some good dramatic poet would exhibit at full length and in lively colours, upon the stage, this modish character of a man of honour, of which I have but slightly and hastily chalked the outlines. Upon such a subject I am apt to think that a good poet might be more useful than a good preacher, as perhaps his audiences would be more numerous, and his matter more attended to. Besides,

*Segnius irritant animos, demissa per aurem
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.*

P. S. To prevent mistakes, I must observe that there is a great difference between a man of honour, and a person of honour. By persons of honour were meant in the latter end of the last century, bad authors and poets of noble birth, who were not fools enough to prefix their names:

the prologues, epilogues, and sometimes even the plays with which they entertained the public. But now that our nobility are too generous to interfere in the trade of us poor professed authors, or to eclipse our performances by the distinguished and superior excellency and lustre of their's; the meaning at present of a person of honour, is reduced to the simple idea of a person of illustrious birth.

No. L. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13.

Et quæ tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi? VIRG.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

SIR,

THOUGH I am a constant inhabitant of the town which is daily producing some new improvement in the polite and elegant arts, in which I interest myself perhaps, to a degree of enthusiasm, and have always a thousand reasons for not leaving it a single day; yet I cannot help still accosting my friends, upon their first arrival from the country, with the usual question at this time of the year, "Well, sir, what brings you to town?" The answer has always varied according to the circumstances of the person asked: "To see the new bridge; to put a son at Westminster; the inns of court, the army, &c. to hear the new opera; to look out for a wife; to be in fortune's way at the drawing of the lottery; to print a sermon; a novel; the state of the nation; &c. &c; to kiss hands for an employment; to be a select fellow of the Royal Society; to consult more upon willard; to be witness for Mrs. Squire

the reasons given are infinite, and I am afraid it has been already tedious. But I must observe that the most general motive of the men has been to buy something they wanted, and of the ladies something they did not want.

year, indeed, that general reason has given another, which is not only general but universal; for now ask whom you will what he is come to, he draws up his muscles into a most devout and with an important solemnity answers you, "I oppose the Jew bill." This religious anxiety on my mind the political zeal no less warm or ardent, in the year ten. I remember I then met a Welsh collier who asked me for a halfpenny, because he was starving here, as were his wife and two hundred miles off. As I knew him by reputation to be of a good family, I expressed to him the surprise that he would leave his principality to go to a country where they paid so little regard to the antiquity of his house, or the length of his pedigree, and desired that he would tell me why he came to London. He immediately swelled with all the pride of his ancestors, put his arms akimbo, and declared, "To pull down the French king."

The worst reason for coming to London that I have heard in my life, was given me last night at a dinner by a young lady of the most graceful figure I have ever held; it was, "to have her shape altered to the latest modern fashion." That is to say, to have her compressed by a flat, strait line, which is to be drawn cross-wise from shoulder to shoulder, and also length-wise, still in a strait line, in such a manner, that she will not be able to pronounce what it is that prevents the usual tapering of the waist. I protest, when I saw the beautiful figure that was to be deformed by the tailor-maker, I was as much shocked, as if I had heard that she was come to deliver up those ani-

ated knows of beauty to the surgeon.....
 my terms from gardening, which now ind
 nishes the most pregnant and exalted expres
 any science in being.....And this brings
 mind the only instance that can give an adequ
 of my concern. Let us suppose Mr. Browne
 in any one of the many Elysiums he has m
 the old terrasses rise again and mask his un
 knows, or strait rows of cut trees obscure hi
 configurations of scenery. When lord Bu
 saw the remembrance of the front which h
 destroyed, and his partiality to the work o
 mired Inigo Jones, drew from him the follo
 tation. "When the Jews saw the second
 "they wept." I own (though no Jew) I
 same, when I heard that the most beauteous
 of nature's architecture was so soon to be de
 and could not help reciting those once-admin
 in the Henry and Emma.

No longer shall the boddice, aptly lac'd,
 From thy full bosom to thy slender waist
 That air and harmony of shape express,
 Fine by degrees, and beautifully less;
An horseman's coat shall hide
 Thy taper shape and comeliness of side.

Observe the force of every word; and as a te
 that this excellent writer was peculiarly happ
 expression, Comeliness of Side, the nicest obs
 our times, who is now publishing a most
 Analysis of Beauty, has chosen for the princi
 tration of it, a pair of stays, such as woul
 shape described by the judicious poet; and
 shewn by drawings of other stays, that every
 deviation from the first pattern is a dimin
 beauty, and every grosser alteration a deform

I hear that an ingenious gentleman is going within these few days to publish a Treatise on Deformity. If he means artificial as well as natural deformity, he may make his work as voluminous as he pleases. A few books of travels will furnish him with abundant instances of head-moulders, face-squeezers, nose-parers, ear-stretchers, eye-painters, lip-borers, tooth-stainers, breast-cutters, foot-swathers, &c. &c. All modelled by fashion, none by taste. Whenever taste or sense shall interpose to amend, by a slight improvement, the mere deficiencies in the human figure, we may see by a single instance how it is likely to be received.

A country family, whose reason for coming to London, was to have their pictures drawn, and principally that of the hopeful heir, brought him to Sir Godfrey Kneller. That skilful artist, soon discovering that a little converse with the world might, one day or other, wear off the block, which to a common observer obscured the man, instead of drawing him in a green coat with spaniels, or, in the more contemptible livery of a fop, playing with a lap-dog,

Os homini sublime dedit.

He gave him a soul darting with a proper spirit through the rusticity of his features. I met with the mother and sisters coming down stairs the day it was finished, and I found Sir Godfrey in a most violent rage above. "Look, there," says he, pointing to the picture, "There is a fellow! I have put some sense in him, and none of his family know him."

Sir Godfrey's consciousness of his own skill was so well known, that it exposed him frequently to the banter and irony of the wits his friends. Pope, to play him off, said to him, after looking round a room full of beauties that he had painted, "It is pity, Sir

"Godfrey, that you had not been consulted at the creation." Sir Godfrey threw his eyes strong upon Pope's shoulders, and answered, "Really I should have made *some* things better." But the punishment for this profaneness pursued our wit still farther.

It is remarkable that the expletive Mr. Pope generally used by way of oath, was, "God mend me!" One day, in a dispute with a hackney coachman, he used this expression:....."Mend *you*!" says the coachman; "it would not be half the trouble to make a new one." If it may be allowable to draw a moral reflection from a ludicrous story, I could heartily wish that the ladies would every morning seriously address to their Maker this invocation of Mr. Pope; and, after devout meditation on the Divine patronage to which they recommended their charms, apply themselves properly to pursue all human means for the due accomplishment of their prayer. I flatter myself that this advice may be palatable, inasmuch as it comprehends that celebrated example of uniting religion and politeness, delivered down to us from the ancients in these few words, "Sacrifice to the Graces." And I hope the sex will consider how great a blemish it will be to the present age, if the painter or historian should declare to posterity that the ladies of these times were never known to sacrifice to any god but Fashion.

To conclude the history of my unhappy visit. I must confess I was provoked beyond all patience, reserve, or good breeding; and very rudely flung out of the room, having first told the lady she need not have given herself the trouble of a journey to London, for I would answer for him, the talents of Mr. Square, her Somersetshire staymaker, were sufficient to dress her in the most elegant taste of the modern fashion, or indeed (if he was not an old man) to put

er in a way that she could not possibly dress out of

I am, a lover of elegance,
Your admirer and humble servant.

No. LI. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20.

.....Quod medicorum est,
Promittunt medici: tractant fabrilis fabri. **Hoz.**

THOUGH there is nothing more pleasing to the mind of man than variety, yet it may be pursued in such a manner as to make the most active and varied life a tiresome sameness. To illustrate this seeming paradox, I shall relate what I learned from an humble companion of a gentleman of vast spirits (as he is called by his acquaintance) who thinks he has hewn his value for time by never having yet enjoyed one moment of it. The active gentleman, it seems, proposed to the other to make the tour of England, and ride daily from house to house, and from garden to garden; which indeed they did in so expeditious manner, not to lose time, that they did not allow the least portion of it for the objects they saw to make any impression on their memories. In the hottest weather they never walked under the shade of the plantations they so much admired and came on purpose to see; but crossed the scorching lawn for the purpose to see but crossed the scorching lawn for the nearest way to the building they would not rest in, or the water they refused to be rowed upon. Thus they flew through the countries and gardens they went to see, with as much fatigue, and not more observation,

than a post-horse in his stage; and this for the pleasure of variety, and the advantage of improvement.

In what respect does this gentleman's conduct differ from him who seeks a variety of acquaintance? The consequence must be exactly the same? viz. use and enjoyment of none. An unexperienced man, who has happened to see one of this turn eagerly following, or boasting of his acquaintance with the builder, the planter, the poet, the politician, the seaman, the soldier, the musician, the jockey, would naturally suppose he was generally talking with those gentlemen in the several sciences they respectively excelled in. No: this is the only discourse which he studies to avoid.

Before I endeavour to account for this strange absurdity, I would just observe, that the persons I am speaking of are of a very different character from those who from a mere principle of vanity are continually numbering among their friends, though upon the slightest grounds, men of high birth and station, and who always bring to my mind Justice Shallow's acquaintance with John of Gaunt, who never saw him but once, and then he broke his head. Equally wide of the question is that character, who from a love of talking avoids the company where his news has been already published, and dreads the man who is better heard than himself on general topics.

Ignorance and an imbecility of attention, if I may be allowed the expression, are the most probable causes of this inconsistent behaviour. To avoid metaphysical disquisitions, let us try if we can set our judgments by comparison. Men of the weakest stomachs are very solicitous of the greatest variety of dishes and the highest sauces, which they constantly reject upon tasting, being, as they confess, too strong for them, though the objects of their desire and expectation before they were brought upon the table.

It is also observable, that when gentlemen after a certain age devote themselves to the fair sex, they generally pursue with more fervor, always express themselves with more warmth, than when in the heat of youth, so long as the game is out of reach; but a nearer prospect of success soon discovers the difference between natural heat, and the delusion of false desire and imaginary passion. The sportsman cannot be more apprehensive and concerned for the death of the hare he wishes to save, than the old gallant is at the approaching opportunity of accomplishing his desires; which if he obtain, I am afraid he will sing no other *Te Deum* than that of *Pyrrhus*.....“ Such another victory will ruin me.”

..... *Animasque in vulnere ponunt*

as a famous quotation of doctor Bentley's on the sudden death of an old bridegroom.

To avoid a dry argument, and as I do not remember to have seen this subject touched upon by any writer ancient or modern, I have endeavoured to throw it into measure.

Ye sages say, who know mankind,
Whence, their real profit blind,
All leave those fields which might produce
Fit game for pastime or for use?
The well-stor'd warren they forsake,
And love to beat the barren brake:
Sooner their pleasures will avoid,
Than run the chance of being cloy'd.
Damoetas ever is afraid
Lest merchants should discourse on trade;
And yet of commerce will enquire,
When drinking with a country squire.
Of ladies he will ask how soon
They think count Saxe can take a town,

Or whether France or Spain will treat.
 But if the brigadier he meet,
 He questions him about the sum
 He won or lost at last night's drum.
 Or if some minister of state
 Will deign to talk of Europe's fate,
 Th' important topic he declines,
 To prate of soups, ragouts and wines,
 Yet he, at Helluo's board, can fix
 On no discourse but politics.

Once were the linguist, and the bard
 The objects of his chief regard;
 Now with expressive shrugs and looks
 He flies the haunts of men of books;
 Yet o'er his cups will condescend
 To toast the prebend for his friend:
 For depth of reading tell his merit,
 Extol his style for force and spirit:
 Ask where he preach'd, or what his text.
 Enquire what work he'll publish next:
 What depth of matter, how he treats it....
 He can't be easy till he gets it.
 Wet from the press 'tis sent him down,
 Three days before 'tis on the town:
 The title read (for never more is)
 Next having writ "ex don. authoris,"
 He spends at least the time in finding,
 A place to suit its size and binding,
 As might have serv'd, if well directed,
 To read the volume thus neglected.

When last with Atticus I din'd,
 Damoetas there I chanc'd to find,
 Who strait address'd me with complaint
 How Pollio talk'd of the Levant:
 And how he teaz'd him near an hour
 With the grand signior and his pow'r:
 Then Athens' ruin'd domes explain'd,
 And what in Egypt still remain'd.
 This talk Damoetas could not bear,
 For Pollio had himself been there;
 But from some fellow of a college
 Would think the subjects worth his knowledge.

The table now remov'd, again
 Began Damoetas to complain.

" I knew Engenius in his prime,
 " The best companion of his time ;
 " But since he's got to yonder board,
 " You never hear him speak a word,
 " But tiresome schemes of navigation,
 " The built of vessels and their station.....
 " Such stuff as spoils all conversation."
 " Good Atticus, repeat the verses,
 " You lately said were made by Thyrsis."

John at that instant introduces
 This very servant of the muses ;
 Damoetas starts, and in confusion,
 Cursing the dd ill-timed intrusion,
 Whispers the servant in his ear,
 " John, be so good to call a chair ;"
 And flies the spot, alarm'd with dread,
 Lest Thyrsis should begin to read.

And yet for all he holds his rule,
 Damoetas is in fact no fool ;
 For he would hardly chuse a groom
 To make his chair or hang his room ;
 Nor with th' upholsterer discourse
 About the glanders of his horse ;
 Nor send his wife to buy a tete
 To Puddledock or Billingsgate ;
 Nor if in labour, spleen, or trance,
 Fetch her Sir Thomas for Sir Hans ;
 Nor bid his coachman drive o' nights
 To parish church instead of White's ;
 No make his party or his bets
 With those who never pay their debts ;
 Nor a desert or wax and china
 Neglect the catables, if any,
 To smell the chaplet in the middle,
 Or taste the Chelsea-china fiddle.

No. LII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

SIR,

I HAVE been betrayed and ruined by the treachery of mankind. My father was a merchant of considerable note in this town; but by unavoidable losses and misfortunes, he died two years ago, broken-hearted and insolvent. I was his only child, and the delight of his life. My education, my dress, my manner of living were such as would hardly discredit a young woman of fashion. Alas! my dear parent, to whose fondness I was indebted for every advantage and enjoyment, intended to give me a considerable fortune; but he died, and has told you, and has left me to lament that I am not a beggar from my cradle.

I was ignorant of his circumstances, and therefore felt not my misfortune in its full force until a few days after his death: at which time his creditors entered upon his house, sold all his furniture and effects, and left me nothing but my clothes and trinkets, which they had no right to take from me.

In the days of my prosperity I had a maid-servant of whom I was extremely fond; and to whom, on her marriage with a reputable tradesman, I gave a little portion of fifty pounds, which were left me by a relation. This young woman was lately become a widow; and being left in but indifferent circumstances, she hired a large house near the Exchange, and let lodgings for her support. It was to this man that I flew for shelter, being no more than eighteen years of age, and, as my father often told me, too handsome to have friends.

I do not mention this circumstance, indeed not, as any thing to be vain of: Heaven knows

I am humbled by it to the very dust, I only introduced it as the best excuse I could think of for the unkindness of my acquaintance.

I was received by this favourite servant with great appearance of gratitude and esteem. She seemed to pity my misfortunes, and to take every opportunity of comforting and obliging me.

Among the gentlemen that lodged at her house, there was one whom she used to talk of with great pleasure. One day, after I had lived with her about a week, she told me that this gentleman had a great inclination to be known to me, and that if I had no objection to company, he would drink tea with me that afternoon. She had hardly done speaking, when the gentleman entered the room. I was angry in my heart at this freedom, but his genteel appearance and behaviour soon got the better of my resentment, and made me listen to his conversation with more than common attention. To be as short as I can, this first visit made me desirous of a second, that second of a third, and the third of a thousand more: all of which he seemed as eager to pay as I was willing to receive.

The house was so crowded with lodgers, that the mistress of it had only one parlour for herself and me; and as she had almost constant employment at home, my lover had very few opportunities of entertaining me alone. But the presence of a third person did not hinder him from declaring the most tender and unalterable love for me, nor did it awe me from discovering how pleased and happy I was at the conquest I had made.

In this delightful situation near a twelvemonth passed away; during which time he would often lament his dependance upon an old uncle, who, he said, would most assuredly disinherit him, if he married a woman without a fortune.

I wanted no better reason for this delay ; ar waiting for an event that promised me the poss of all I wished for, when my happiness was rupted by the most villanous contrivance tha was heard of.

I had walked out one morning to buy some of silk, in order to finish the covering of a which I was working for my benefactress ; ar returning home through a by-court, when, to expressible surprise, I found myself stopped men, who, producing what they called a writ me, hurried me into a coach, and conveyed m dead with terror, to a wretched house whos dows were guarded with iron bars.

As soon as I had power to speak, I des know by whom and for what crime I was thus insulted. They shewed me without hesitatic authority : by which it appeared that the wom whom I lived had ordered me to be arreste debt of thirty pounds, which she had sworn her for board and lodgings. " It is impos cried I ; " she cannot have served meso ! Thei " be some mistake in this ! Send for her th " ment ! I am sure it is a mistake ! " Very p " madam," answered one of the fellows with a " but if you would take my advice, it shoul " send for a gentleman instead of the plaint " young lady like you, madam, need not sta " for a debt of thirty pounds." " Go where " you, sir," said I ; " tell her what has happ " me, and bid her hasten to me, if she woul " my life." The fellow shook his head as I out, but promised to do as I directed. His corr asked me what I pleased to call for, and ex his meaning by telling me I was in a public I bid him call for what he liked, and charge it

nked me very civilly, and locking the door after
est me to myself.

ad now a little leisure to reflect upon this ad-
e; but the more I thought of it, the greater
y perplexity. I remained in this uncomfortable
se for near an hour, when I heard the door
with some precipitation, and saw my lover enter
om with an astonishment not to be imagined.
d God!" said he, snatching me to his arms,
is an apartment for my charmer?...That in-
an woman!"..."What woman?" said I, inter-
g him; "can it be possible!"..."She owns it
elf," answered he; "this professing friend,
grateful servant, owns that she has arrested
' . I was ready to faint at what I heard: but
ring myself as well as I could, I enquired into
tives of this woman's cruelty. "Her motive"
lied, "was avarice; I had some words with
two days ago, and threatened her in jest that
ould leave her lodgings. She thought me in
est; and believing I was soon to marry the
el whom I doated on, she determined to make
t money she could of me, by arresting my
et girl. She was not mistaken when she guessed
what haste I should discharge the debt."
e, sir," continued he, turning to the bailiff,
e full sum, and a gratuity for yourself. Come,
am, let us exchange this detested place, for
tments more worthy of you."

coach that brought him to my prison was at
or. He immediately put me into it, and con-
me to a lace-shop upon Ludgate-hill. I re-
l in the coach while he stept into the shop,
ontinued for a minute or two in conversation
ie mistress of it; when returning to me with
cheerfulness, he gave me joy of his success,
nded me up stairs into pleasant and convenient

apartments. The exact order in which I found everything in these apartments put me upon observing that the owner of them was a prophetess, and knew that I should have need of them that very morning. My lover made no answer to my remark, but striding me in his arms, and almost pressing me to death, he called them my bridal apartments, and bade me welcome to them as such. He then went down to order dinner and a bottle of champaign from the tavern, and returned to me with so much love and tenderness in his looks that I was charmed with him beyond expression. When dinner was removed, and the servant who attended us withdrawn, he said and looked so many fond and endearing things, and mingled such caresses with his words and looks; forcing upon me at the same time three or four glasses of a wine I was not used to, that my heart, warm as it was before with love and gratitude, consented to his caresses, and in one fatal moment betrayed me to a villain.

I lived in this guilty commerce until the effects it made me apprehensive of being a mother in a few weeks. I had often pressed him for the performance of his promises; and was now resolved to be more particularly urgent with him upon that subject; but instead of listening to me as I hoped he would, he called hastily for his sword, and took leave of me until the evening.

I expected his return with the utmost impatience. The evening came; another, and another after that, but I neither saw him nor heard from him. Upon the fourth day of his leaving me, I received a visit from the mistress of the house, who, to my great astonishment, addressed me in these words.

“ I thought, madam, at your entrance into this house, that you were a married woman. Tell me who hired the lodgings for you two days before

"gave me assurance that you were married."...
 "What lady!" cried I. "You amaze me! I heard
 not of these lodgings until I had taken possession
 of them. Be quick and tell me who was this
 lady?" "Alas!" answered my visitor, "I knew
 not until this morning that you were fallen into the
 snares of the worst of women, and the most artful
 of men." She saw my amazement; but desiring
 my attention, proceeded thus: "As for the gentle-
 man (if he deserves the name of one) you will
 never see him more."... "How, madam, never see
 him more!" interrupted I... My voice failed me as
 I uttered these words; and leaning backwards in my
 chair, I fainted away. She recovered me from my
 swoon, and then went on. "He has just now sent
 his servant to discharge the lodgings; of whom,
 when I enquired how you were to be taken care
 of in your approaching hour, his answer was, that
 he had no commission to speak to such questions.
 Pray, madam," continued she, "is it true that
 you were arrested in the street the morning of
 your entrance into these lodgings?" I told her
 yes. "The servant then is honest," she replied;
 "he has given me your whole history. The con-
 trivers of that arrest were the woman where you
 lodged, and the villain whom you trusted. Their
 design was to fling you entirely into his power, that
 he might use it to your destruction. But do not
 despair, madam," added she, seeing me in the ut-
 most affliction; "all women are not monsters. I have
 compassion upon your youth, and will assist you
 in your distresses. These apartments are yours,
 until you desire to resign them: nor shall any
 thing be wanting that your situation shall require,
 or that a lady in happier circumstances would wish
 to be provided with. And hereafter, if you should
 chuse to continue with me, and assist me in my

" business, I will look upon you as my daughter, and forget every thing which has befallen you."

Oppressed as I was with grief and shame, my heart bounded at this proposal, I fell upon the neck of my benefactress, and bedewed it with my tears, telling her as well as those tears would permit me that I was bound to her for ever, and would wish no other happiness than to love and please her.

Three months are past since I have been the father of a sweet boy: in all which time I have never seen (and I pray heartily that I may never see) my inhuman father. The generous woman, who supports me, is even kinder to me than her promise. She pays herself, she says, in the comfort of thought, that she has been an instrument in the hand of Heaven to save me from destruction. She told me yesterday, that the stratagem by which this rascal got me into his power, with every particular of his behaviour to me before and after it, is his favourite subject in all companies. To deprive me therefore of his principal pleasure, I have thought proper to take the story out of his hands, by telling it myself.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

AMANDA

I N D E X.

A

.S, the necessary requisites for it in an author, 42.
 n Adams, his letter to Mr. Fitz-Adam, 247.
 r of Felicia and Bonario, 51 to 55.
 , his letter to Celimena, 215.
 , her history, 276 to 282.
 is Divines, why called so, 101.
 s, their boasting, 6. Their superiority over the mo-
 n-expensive dinners, 105. The skilfulness of their
 , 106. Unacquainted with the cure of the king's evil,
 ol-day, in danger of losing its influence by the altera-
 f the style, 49.
 ot knowing people, explained, 247.
 his long suffering, humility and temperance, 103.

B

Lord) an observation of his, 6.
 , their connection with the theatres, 43-4.
 r, story of an old one, 41.
 onde, the inventors of unintelligible writing, 127.
 , a view of it, 110. The contemplation of it how
 ating, 111. Abuses of it, 112.
 Mrs.) an account of one of her comedies, 234.
 (Dr.) a quotation of his on the sudden death of an old
 groom, 273.
 ne efficacy of it in restraining travelling, 115.
 g-schools for young ladies, recommended to the care
 : administration, 220.
 lers, the patrons of learning, 104. Suspected of inte-
 l views, *ibid.*
 In an argument against the passions, 225.

INDEX.

Breeches-maker's lady of Brentford, her boast in the stage-coach, 256.
 Bride, disappointment of an old one, 179.
 Broken heart, a disease not mentioned in the weekly bills, 162.
 Bucks, what, 122. Proposals for erecting an hospital for them, *ibid.* Their brutality to be imputed to the negligence or fondness of their parents, 158.
 Burlington, Earl of, a saying of his on the rebuilding of St. Paul's, 268.

C

Cadmus, the inventor of letters, 127.
 Cards, the absurdity of fretting at them, 31. The playing at them for trifles, innocent and useful, 35.
 Carte, Mr. the historian, his knowledge of Somebody, 126.
 Celimena, her letter to Mr. Fitz-Adam, 216.
 Charles the II^d. his zeal for the propagation of wantonness, 227.
 Cheheristany, princess of the Genies, her marriage with the king of China, 217. Her reasonable request, *ibid.*
 Chinese ornaments, all of our own invention, 57.
 Church, custom of going to it in the days of christianity, 110.
 Cibber, (Mr.) his attempt to reform the stage, 28. Ill-treated by a barbarous age, 29.
 Clarissa, her letter to Mr. Fitz-Adam, 159.
 Club, the jollity of one, how disturbed, 230.
 Confectioner, a saying of one, 29.
 Cooks of the ancients, their great skill, 106.
 Country-races, detrimental to the nation, 87.
 Country-seats, proposal to exclude day-light from them, 197.
 Criticism, a disease, 171. Cause of it, 172. How cured, 173.
 Critics, the nature and office, 6.
 Cuckold, a saying of one to a lady in the Park, 41.
 Curate of York, his history, 165.

D

Deaf, dumb and blind, the advantage of being so, 1.
 Demoiivre, his calculation of good husbands and wives, 111.
 Desserts, our great improvements in them, 30.
 Devil, let loose among us by the repeal of the witch act, 183.
 Dissimulation, sometimes a virtue, 229.
 Dodsley, Robert, his preferment, 39.
 Duel, a remarkable one in Moorfields, 252.
 Dying, the folly of it, 125. How to prevent it, *ibid.*

INDEX.

E

f persons of quality, how formed, 248.
 how improveable by the encouragement of learning,
 on, an unlearned one, the disadvantages of it, 102.
 ent and modern education compared, 158.
 ns, their deification of vegetables, 243.
 , their behaviour abroad, 114.
 hool, a custom of it, 113.
 e, better paint for the ladies than rouge, 195.

F

f Modesty and Assurance, 8. Of the old man, the
 and the ass, 65.
 , preferred to elegance and grace, 267.
 and Bonario, an allegory, 51 to 55.
 lam, Mr. his quack advertisement, 3. His advertise-
 to the wits, 6. His high opinion of himself, 7. His
 tion never to be personal, 42. His tenderness for the
 ers of both theatres, *ibid.* His aversion to write com-
 ments on himself, 66. His deficiency in epistolary writ-
 ing, 57. His great discovery, 147. His indulgence to the
 administration, 178. His dislike and reconciliation to the
 wage-bill, *ib.* His intention of nailing horse-shoes to
 thresholds of certain doors in this metropolis, as a charm
 against the witchcrafts of gaming and jacobitism, 186. His
 cation of great people, 248. His objections to a hired
 cot or post-chaise, 255. His desire to communicate
 news to his correspondents, *ibid.* His adventure in the
 horse stage-coach, 256. His great knowledge in the
 case of child-birth, 257. His good opinion of the present
 times, 260. Is glad to be alive in them, *ibid.* The
 utility of his labours, 261. Ingratitude of the public in
 paying off no more than three thousand of his papers week-
 ly. Neglected by the ministers, *ibid.* Invited by no
 borough or county to represent them in Parliament, 262.
 great complaisance for the times, notwithstanding their
 age of him, *ibid.*
 s, women so called, 32. Their behaviour at an Assem-
 bly in Thames-street, 34, 35.

INDEX.

G

- Gardening, the effect of it in this kingdom, 72. Its fashion the reign of king William, 73. How altered by Kent, 74.
- Garrick, Mr. his refinement on Mr. Rich, 26. Advised to turn harlequin, and why, 44.
- Gascony, the intendant of, his dessert, 30.
- Gedoyne, Abbe. his amour with Ninon L'Enclos, 152.
- Gentleman, or man of honour, what, 263.
- Germans, their discoveries in medicine, 149.
- Glastonbury thorn, its infallibility, 47. Proposal to replace the style by it, *ibid.*
- Good-humour, the most necessary virtue of a wife, 218. Destroyed by controul, *ibid.*
- Good sort of men, what, 227.
- Gonzaga, Lucretia, her letter to her house-keeper, 67.
- Gonzales de Castro, his story, 1.
- Goths and Vandals, their simplification of their ideas of honour, 263.
- Great men, their dinners, how exhilarating to authors, 1. Losers by shutting their doors against learned men, and why, 105.
- Grey Friars, of the order of St. George, their abstinence and devotion, 145.
- Growlers, men so called, 31.

H

- Happiness, only constitutional, 78. Difficulty of obtaining, 147.
- Harlequin, his indelicacy, 234.
- Hats, the indecency of ladies wearing them at church, 15.
- Hearty, Francis, his letter to Mr. Fitz-Adam, 230.
- Heaven open to all men, title of a book, to what compared, 217.
- Henry the III. of France, his passion for the duchess of Valentinois, 150.
- Hieroglyphics, the uncertainty of them in writing, 127.
- High birth, the best proof of it in a lady's complexion, w 223.
- Holdfast, Prudentia, her letter to Mr. Fitz-Adam, 222.
- Honneterment, the expence of appearing so, 92.
- Honour, its proper signification, 163, 164. Complex idea it simplified by the Goths and Vandals, *ibid.*
- Horses, English, how valuable abroad, 82.

INDEX.

Husband, the head of his wife, how, 219. His unfitness to govern himself, 220. How obliged to his wife, for easing him of that troublesome office, 221.
Husbands, good ones, fewer of them than of good wives, 111.

I J

Jacobites, their zeal and ingenuity, 130. A female one dangerous, unless ugly or an old maid, 221.
James the II^d. a saying of his to his courtiers at St. Germain, 38.
James the Ist. his curing the king's evil, 125. Corroborated by the ingenious Mr. Carte, ib.
James, Dr. the efficacy of his powders, 120.
Jew bill, anxiety to repeal it, 267.
Jews, not to be prayed for at church, and why, 233.
Judiscretion, applied to the conduct of a lady, what, 213.
Irish, their expostulations with the dead, 162.
Italians, their forms for writing letters, 67.
Julio, his letter to Mr. Fitz-Adam, 27.

K

Kent, Mr. the calvin of our reformation in gardening, 29.
Kifang, Mr. a Chinese upholsterer, 208.
Kitty, Miss, her behaviour to a colonel of the guards under Westminster-bridge, 212.
Kneller, Sir Godfrey, a story of him, 269. His reply to Mr. Pope, 270.

L

Ladies, their pursuit of nature in their dress, 30. How to be benefited by their encouragement of learning, 106. Their undressing to go abroad, 118. Their sovereignty over their husbands servicable to the state, 220.
Learning and virtue, cause and effect, 103.
Letter from a country curate on borrowing money of a friend, 11. From Julio, on our approaches towards nature, 26. From H. S. on the present passion for Chinese ornaments, 55. From an officer in quarters, requesting that the paper of the World may have some religion in it, 60. From a clergyman, desiring it may have no religion in it, 61. From Philologos, complaining of its inaccuracies, 61. From A. B. in praise of its inaccuracies, 62. From Tom Tell-truth, complaining of the story of Mrs. Wilson, 63. From a lady, commending the story of Mrs. Wilson, 63. From Amicus,

INDEX.

requesting grave papers, 64. From Dourillac, desiring his ones, 65. From Lucretia Gonzaga to her house-keeper, 67. From Maximilian, emperor of Germany, to Margaret, Duchess of Savoy, his daughter, 68. From the lady Anne, widow of the earls of Dorset and Pembroke, to Sir Joseph Williamson, 70. From York, giving an account of the rector of South-green and his wife, 76. From R. D. giving the history of a tour to Paris, 88. From J. T. on romances, 90. From H. M. on the connection of learning and virtue, 102. From Cosmophilos, giving advice to Mr. Fitz-Adam, 108. From John Softly, on the proper observation of Sunday, 111. From S. L. on the nakedness of the ladies, 112. From Eton-school, on travelling and playing truant, 113. From P. P. on the abuses of Bedlam, 119. From J. T. giving an account of three monasteries lately erected in this town, 142. From R. D. on the behaviour of his son abroad, 153. From G. D. at Rome, to his father, 154. From his governor to the same, 156. From Clarissa, on the ladies wearing hats at church, 159. From W. S. on the injustice of her lover, 161. From W. B. giving the history of his misfortunes, 164. From B. D. on the malady of criticism, 172. From a bride of fifty-six, complaining of her disappointment, 179. From Nic. Limbertongue, containing his history and qualifications for a correspondent, 212. From Rusticus, on the art of killing summer in the country, 194. From Mary Truman, on the miseries of toad-eating, 198. From Samuel Simple, describing his house in the country, 207. From Celimena, on the fatal consequences of her paring her stays, 216. From Prudentia Holdfast, on the unprofitableness of her nephews and nieces, 222. From Sophia Shuffle, on the dangers and temptations of a country life, 223. From Francis Hearty, on the dulness of his club by the admission of a member of fine breeding, 230. From Philocosmos, 232. From J. M. advising the omission of the prayer for Jews, Turks, and Infidels, 233. From S. W. upon pantonimes, 234. On pride, 234. From W. R. in vindication of poets, 242. From P. B. on the ill-breeding of great men, 245. From Abraham Adams, on the art of not knowing people, 247. From Mary Muzzy, on the exploits of her family, 250. From one of the Quality of Brentford, 255. On the various reasons for coming to town, 266. From Amanda containing the history of her ill-usage, 276

INDEX.

ongue, Nic. his letter and history, 213. Abstracts
his other letters, 212.
ople, their propensity to speak evil of dignities, 249.
e great cordial of life, 147. Old women the proper
s of that passion, 148.
e XIVth, his attachment to Madame de Maintenon,

of the Romans, imitated, not equalled, by the present
06.

M

honour, a true one, what, 262.
lady, her remark on the pantomime of the Genii, 28.
ian, emperor of Germany, his character, 68. His let-
his daughter, 70.
spirit about town, what, 121. Proposal for erecting
spital for their confinement, 122.
s, how obliged to Lord Bacon, 6. Their bashfulness,
superior to the ancients in the art of healing, 124.
infallible method of curing the king's evil, 125.
of young gentlemen of fashion, 2.
and Assurance, a fable, 8.
ries, three of them erected in this metropolis, 143.
the mortification of borrowing it, 11.
Dr. his scheme to prevent the contagion of criticism,
ne, an observation of his, 78.
n, natives of that country, their regard for horses, 88.
Greek and Latin ones, satisfactory and entertaining
se who do not understand them, 5.
Mary, her letter to Mr. Fitz-Adam, 250.

N

ess of the ladies, emblematical of their innocence, 117.
our approaches to it, 26. In dress, 27. In gardening,
in deserts, 30.
rket races described, 85.
L'Enclos, her amours from the age of fifty-six to
, 151.

O

cc of wives, only a temporary command, 119.
helor, a story of one, 41.
nen, the proper objects of sensual love, 149.

I.

C C

INDEX.

P

- Pantomimes**, their dignity and innocence, 44. Not altogether perfect, 234. Wherein faulty, 235. More obliged for the beauties to the carpenter than the wit, *ibid.* Observation a person of quality upon them, *ib.*
- Paris**, a tour to it, 89.
- Parthenissa**, her letter to Mr. Fitz-Adam, 131. Her Platon amour with a captain of dragoons, 132.
- Paulina Lollio**, her appearance at a subscription masquerade, 106.
- Persons of honour**, different from men of honour, 265.
- Persons of quality**, naturally short-sighted, 250. Mistaken occasioned by it, 251.
- Pierot**, his indelicacy, 384.
- Pompon**, a description of one, 95.
- Pope, Mr.** a story of him, 270.
- Pompæa**, the wife of Nero, her warm bath, 106.
- Posts**, their usefulness to mankind, 242. How esteemed by the ancients, 243. Their aversion to drunkards, 244. The cruelties to the blind atoned for by their services to the lame, *ib.*
- Powder**, grey, to be used only by young ladies, 95.
- Pride**, the source of almost every guilt and misery, 247.
- Play**, the great advantage of it to the ladies, 226.
- Puffing**, the benefit of it 2
- Pumpkin**, Sir Josiah, his character and history, 251.

Q

- Quality of Brentford**, 256.
- Quiet**, domestic, the motive to more of our actions than care to own, 91.

R

- Race-horses**, their pedigree how attended to, 85.
- Races at Newmarket**, considered, 83.
- Rambling**, proposal for an act against it, and what, 117.
- Reproof**, never so efficacious as when tempered with good-mour, 159.
- Romances**, the present age over-run with them, 98. Heroic or written above nature, 99. Modern ones, written below nature, 100. Judicious ones, a pleasing way of instruction, *ib.* Not to be licensed except stamped Richardson or Fielding, 1
- Rouge**, the consequence of using it, 97.
- Rusticus**, his letter on the art of killing summer in the country, 194.

INDEX.

Ruzvanschad, king of China, his marriage with the princess Cheheristany, from the Persian tales, 217.

S

Satire, general, bad consequences of it, 41.

Scarlet Friars, of the order of St. James, their numbers and characters, 146.

Seconds, in a duel, on what conditions to fight, 254.

Seneca, an observation of his, 41.

Senesino, his puerility in the character of Alexander, 28. What happened to him in the opera of Rinaldo, *ib.*

Sensual love, the proper objects of it, who, 147.

Serjeant, his advice to his ensign who was beating him, 6.

Sevigné, Madame de, the pattern of eloquent writing, 67.

Shuffle, Sophia, her letter to Mr. Fitz-Adam 223.

Sign-posts, their utility, 245.

Simple, Samuel, history of his wife and country-house, 207.

Simplicity, the principal excellence in all the performances of art, 137. Its effects considered in painting, *ib.* In architecture, 138. In music, *ib.* In writing, 140. In dress, 141. In morals, *ib.*

Sofly, John, his letter to Mr. Fitz-Adam, 109.

Somebody, how cured by Somebody of the king's evil, 126.

South-green, rector of, and his wife, their history, 82.

Specifics, unknown to the ancients, 124.

Spirit, its superior excellence to matter, 137.

Stage-coach, vanity of those who travel in it, 256.

Stuarts, family of them, for what remarkable, 184.

Style, new, the inconveniences of it, 48.

Summer, how to make it endurable in the country, 199.

Sunday, the abuse of it, 109. Instituted as a day of rest, 110.

Intention of it perverted by going to church, *ibid.* Lying in bed the only way of keeping it, 101.

T

Taste, a word used without ideas, 55. How to be applied, 56.

Common acceptance of it, 159.

Theatres, their connexion with the bagnios, 43.

Theodore, king of Corsica, his character and history, 37. A

benefit play proposed for his enlargement, 38. A subscription for a subsidy opened for him at Mr. Dodsley's, 38.

Tour to Paris, 89.

Travelling, the passion for it how to be cured, 116.

Toovey, Thomas, his advertisement, 232.

INDEX.

V

- Verses on the absurdity of not conversing with men in the sciences they profess, 273.
 Villa, a description of one, 79.
 Villiers, Chevalier de, his passion for his mother, 152. His catastrophe, *ibid*.
 Virtue, not secure of immediate happiness, and why, 51. Inseparable from learning, 102.
 Vivifying drops, their amazing effects, 125.
 Voyage from Vauxhall to Whitehall in a dark night under a tilt, 213.

W

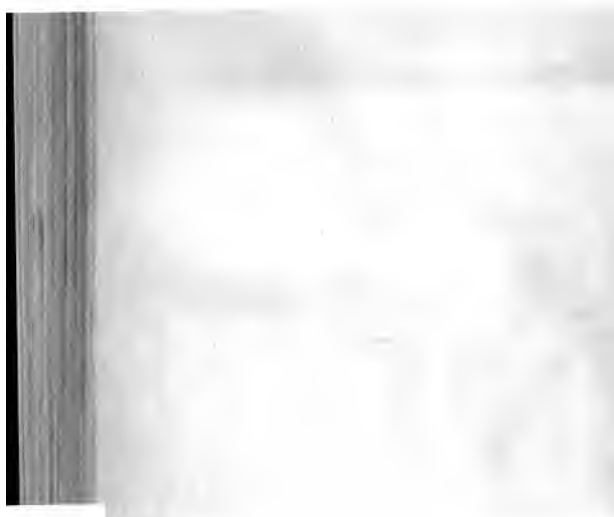
- Ward, Dr. the efficacy of his drop and pill, 125.
 Welch collier, story of one, 267.
 Westminster-bridge, an adventure under it, 213.
 Whim, a better word for taste, 55.
 Whipping-post, the benefit of it, 243.
 Whist, people's behaviour at it censured, 31. The essentials of it, 225.
 White's, gentlemen there, their scheme for the advancement of learning, 107.
 White Friars, an order of monks near St. James's, 144. Difficulties of being admitted into their society, *ib*. Their abstinence, penance, and mortification, 145.
 Wilson, Mrs. her story, 16. Concluded, 21.
 Wirtenburgh, duke of, his desert, 30.
 Witch act, the mischiefs of its repeal, 182.
 Witchcraft, instances of people under its influence, 184.
 Witches, by what tokens to know them, 186. How to defeat their fascinations, *ib*.
 Wives, good ones, more numerous than good husbands, 111. Their fitness to govern, 220. How to keep them in good humour, 221.
 Women, superior to men in epistolary writing, 66.
 World, the design of the paper so called, 4. Various opinions concerning it, 61. Supplemental to the laws, 89.
 Writers of modern romances, their ignorance of life, 99.

Y

- Young women, not the proper objects of sensual love, 148.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Ed. H.
7-1





**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

[illegible]

—

